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OPERATION DRAGON™

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★ GROSHELLE CARILL PERALTA ROSSI ★

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OPERATION DRAGON
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OPERATION DRAGON

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This book is dedicated to my wife, Susan.



She's beautiful.

THE PACIFIC 1944



What?

Your daughter, I mean! I wasn't gettin' ideas about your wife.

Oh. Sure. Thanks.

I bet you can't wait to get back to them, huh?



I'm not going back to anyone.

I'm sorry, I didn't know—

No harm done, soldier.

You about ready?



Ready? Sir, I plan to stick my boot so far up a given Jap's ass, he'll be flossing with my shoelaces.

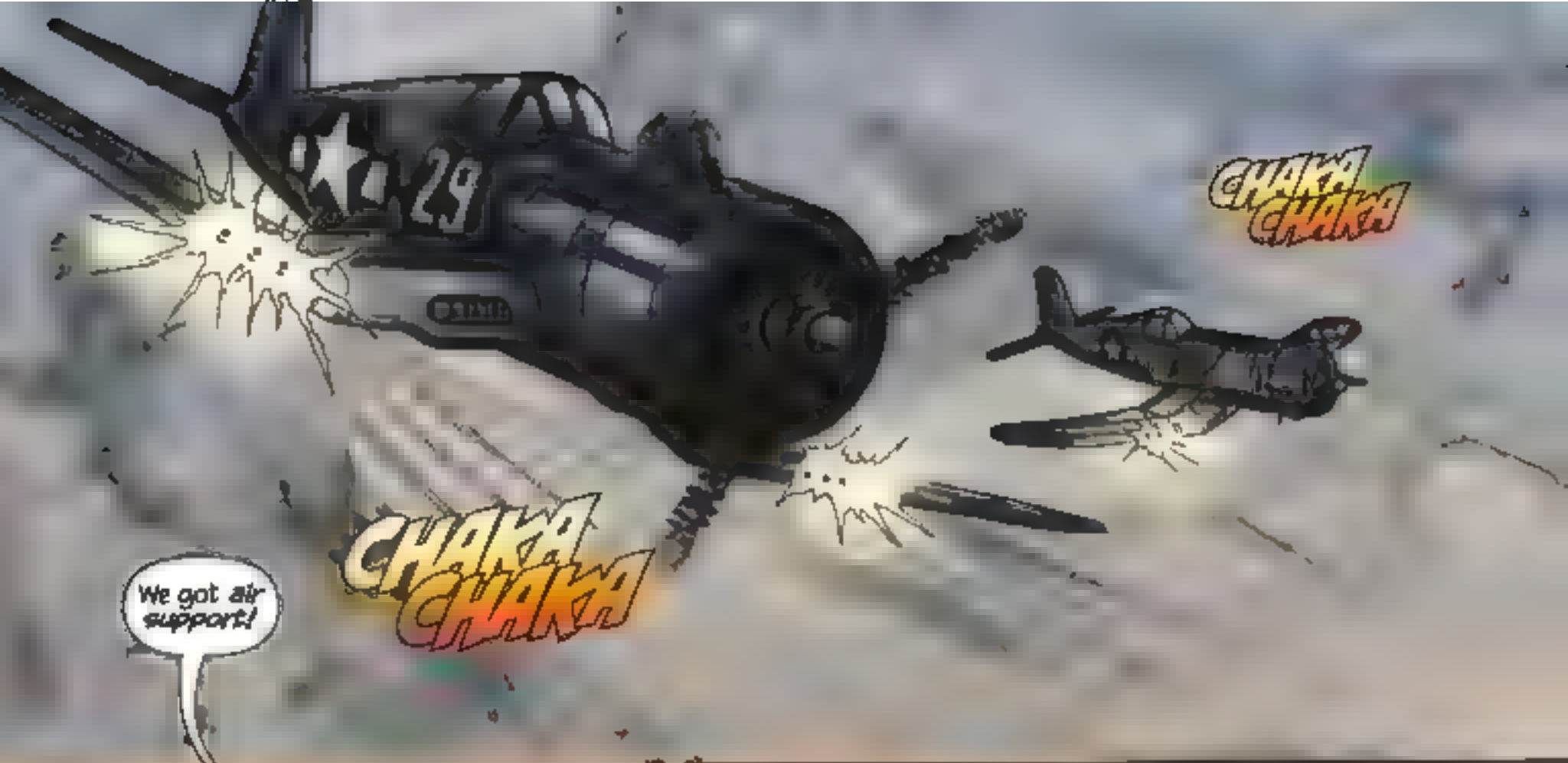
Don't sir me, Private. I work for a living.

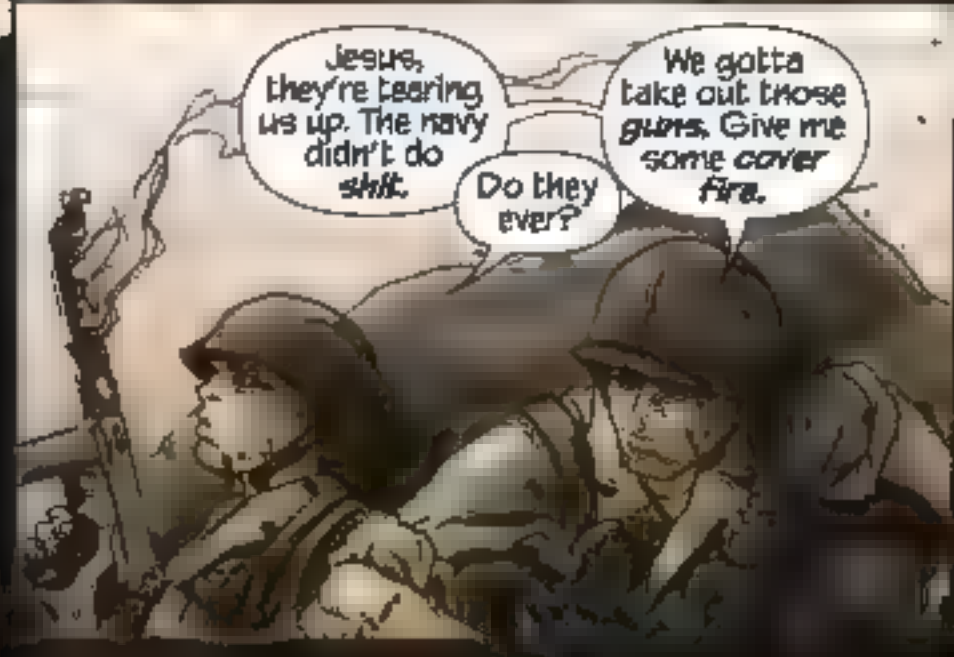
The part about kicking ass, though—that I can't argue with.



★ OPERATION ★ DRAGON







Jesus, they're tearing us up. The navy didn't do shit.

Do they ever?

We gotta take out those guns. Give me some cover fire.



I'm just about dry. What are ya plannin' to do, anyway?

I thought I'd run over there and blow them up. Here, take mine.

Seriously? You got a death wish?



Nah, I do this kind of thing every day. Now—



COVER ME!

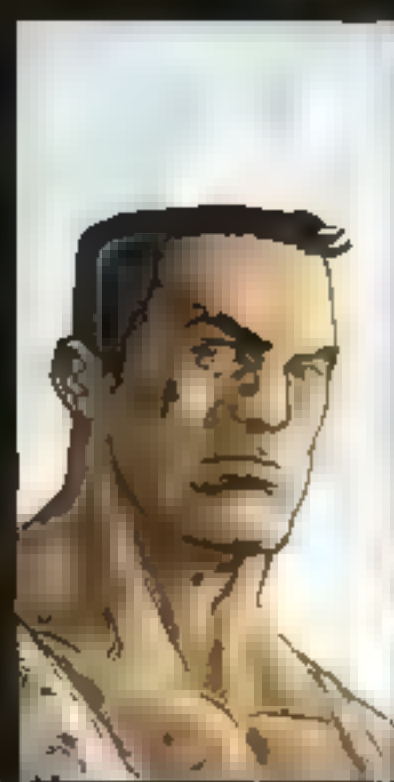
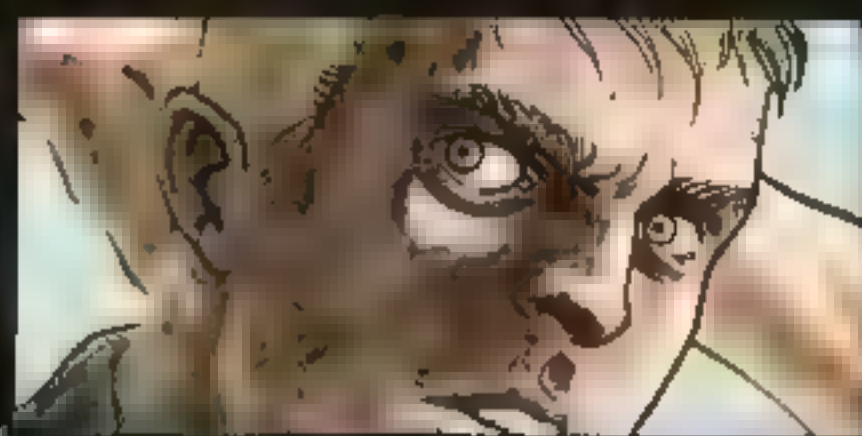
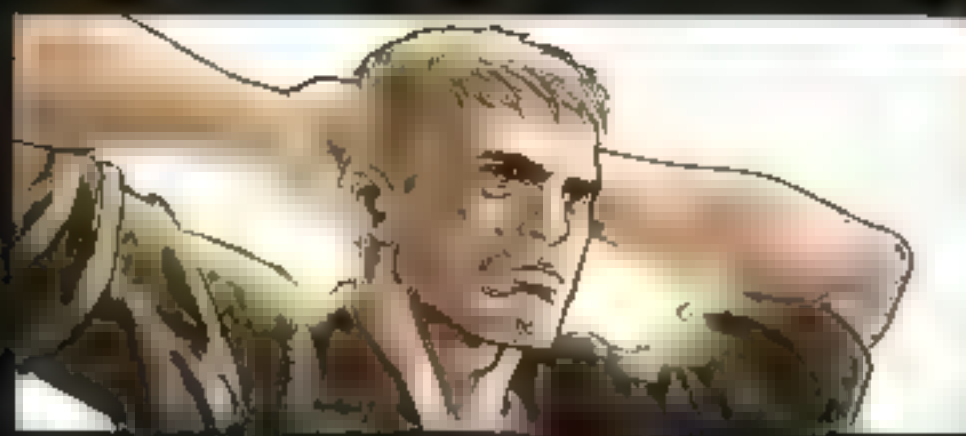
DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA

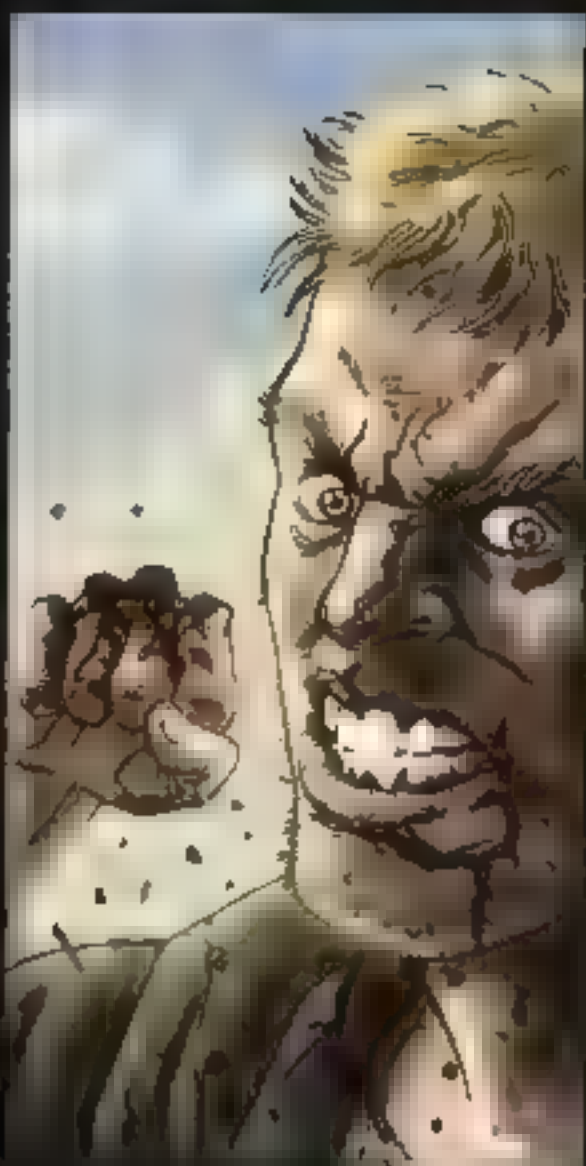
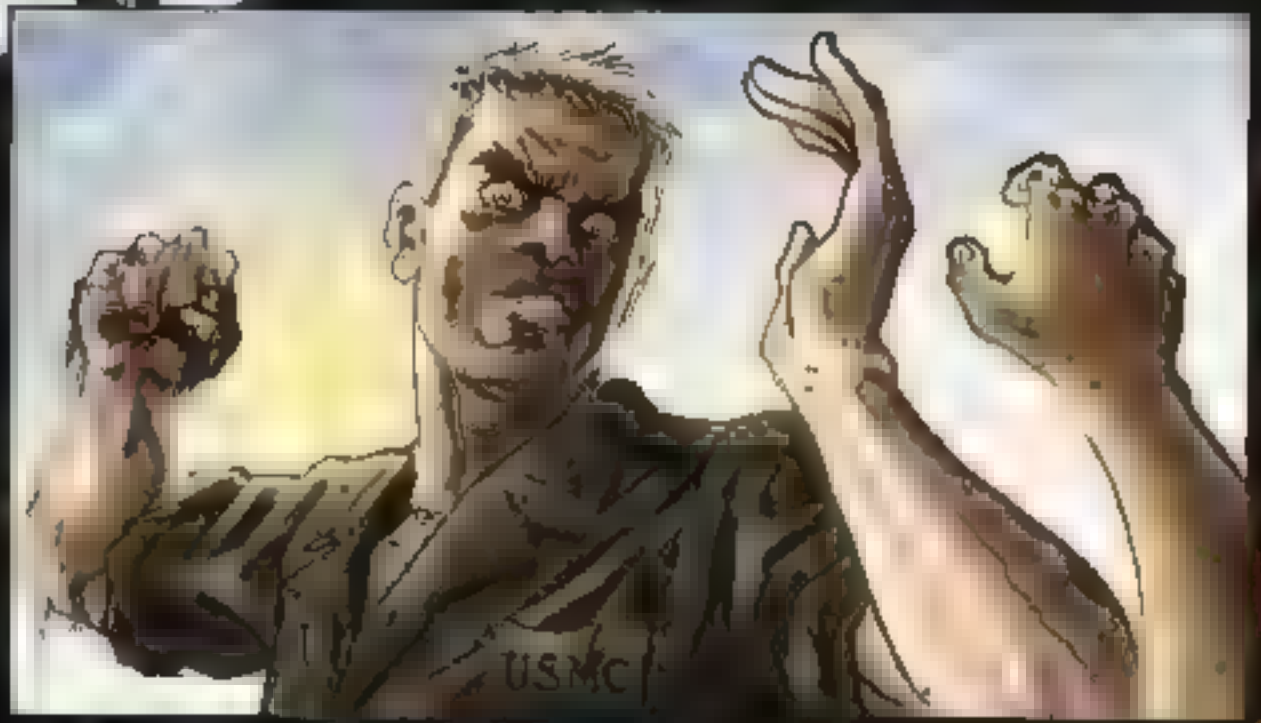
BUDDA
BUDDA









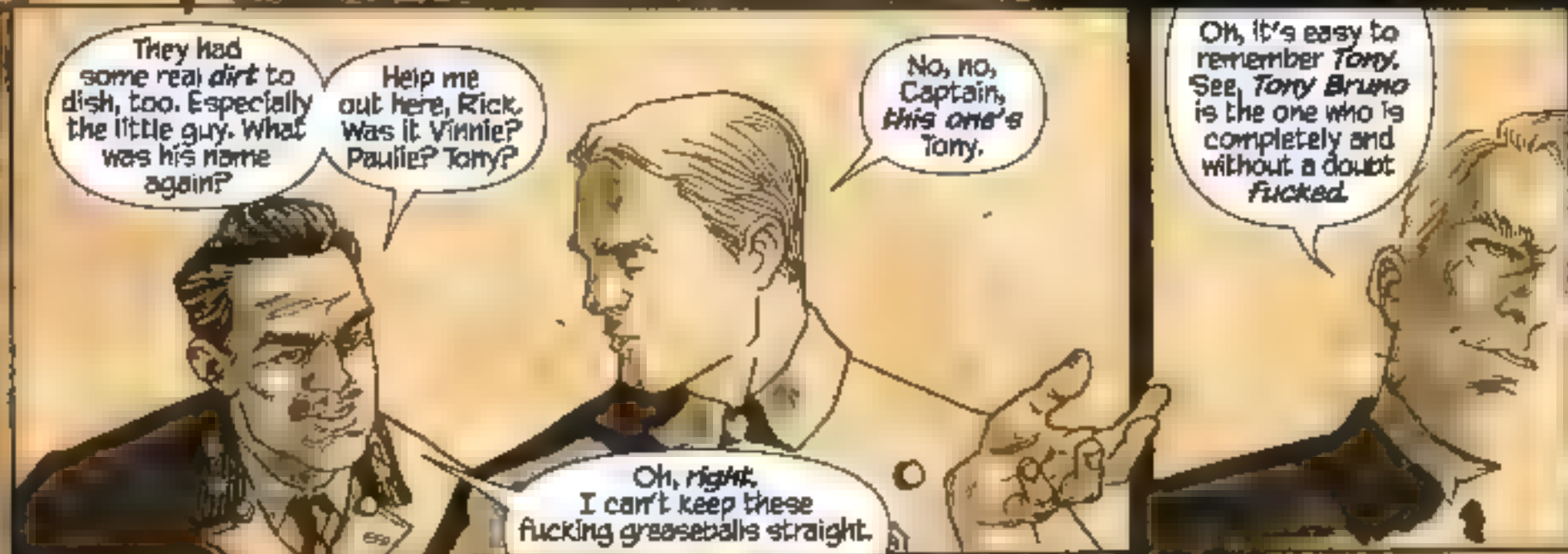




Oh no, Tony.
It turns out we've
got all the help
we need.

Detective
Novak here tells
me he's gotten a
couple of your boys
to agree to testify
against you.

TWO YEARS AGO



They had
some real dirt to
dish, too. Especially
the little guy. What
was his name
again?

Help me
out here, Rick.
Was it Vinnie?
Paulie? Tony?

No, no,
Captain,
this one's
Tony.

Oh, right.
I can't keep these
fucking greaseballs straight.

Oh, it's easy to
remember Tony.
See, Tony Bruno
is the one who is
completely and
without a doubt
fucked.



Wait, is he the
one whose crew rolled
on him as fast as they
roll off his ma when
they're done
with her?

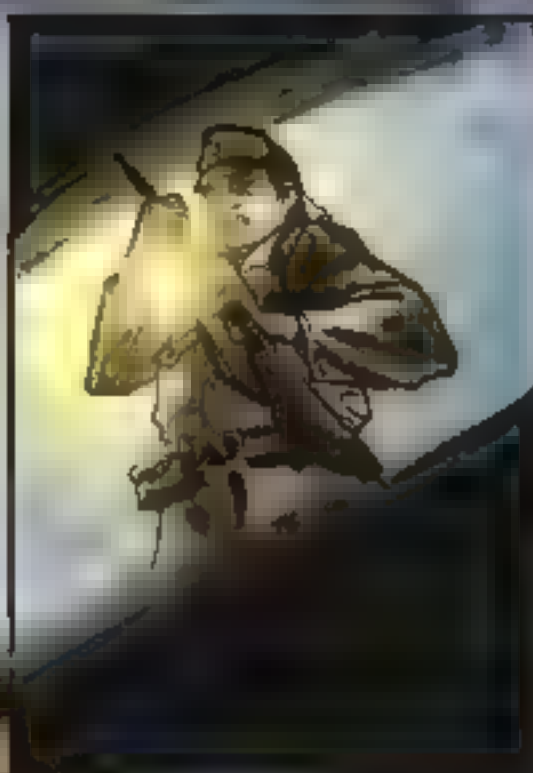
That's right!
And he's the one
who's going down for
twenty years minimum,
all the shit we've got
on him.

Sure! I
remember now.
Tony. Boy, Rick,
you're right.
He is fucked.

Y'know what?
I like you, Rick Novak.
The copper with the
fuckin' balls to bring
in Tony Bruno.

Tell ya what,
Ricky. When this
case goes sideways
on you? When I'm
free and clear?

I'm gonna
remember your
name.

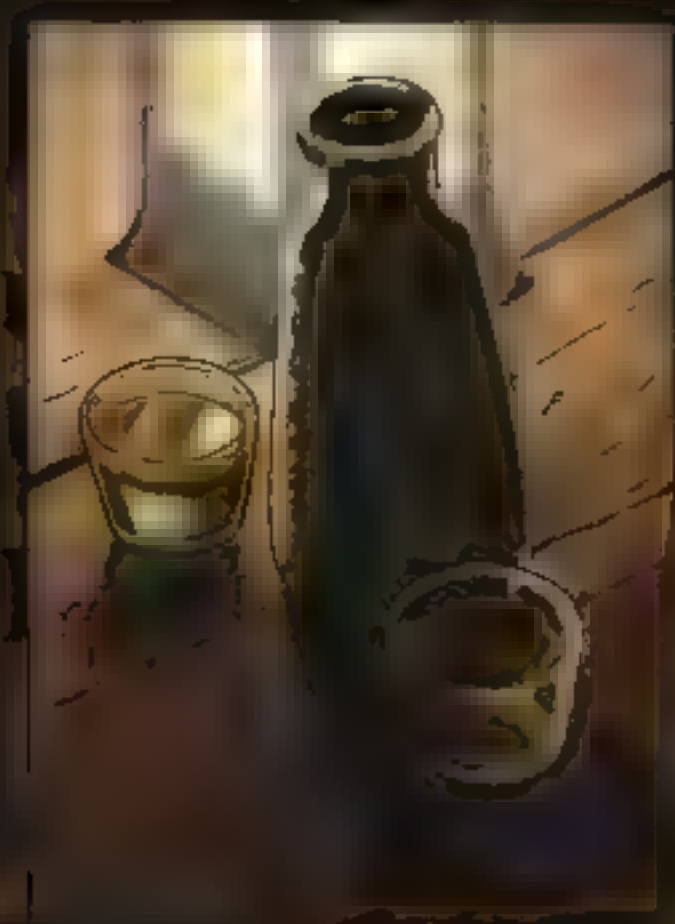




TCHAK

Son of a bitch

THMP



<The first prisoner, sir.>*

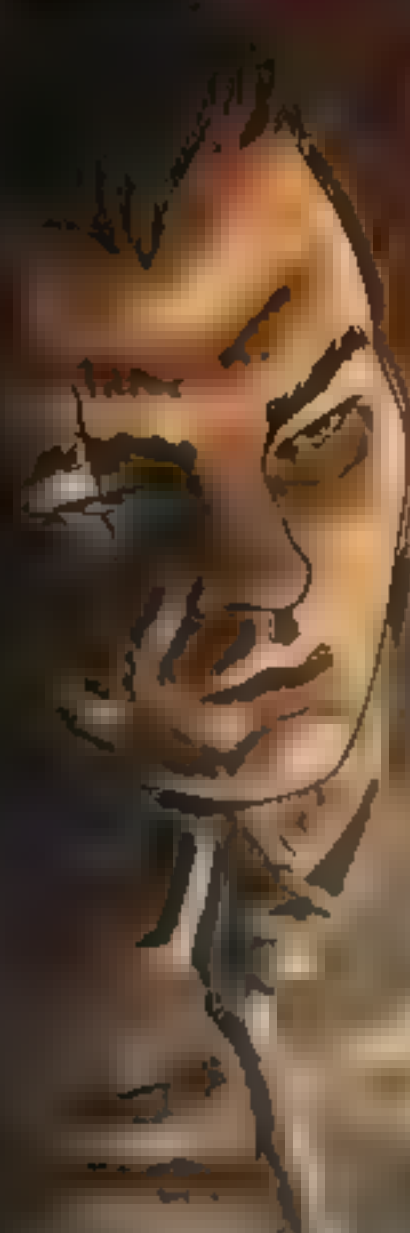
<Thank you. You may leave him with me.>



*Translated from Japanese.

And what *tidbits* do you have for me this evening, Mister Caravaggio?

Schmidt?
The little redheaded guy with the busted nose? He's been playing *dice* with the guards for cigarettes.



-tsk-

Which shift?

Night.
The four guys who—

I know who you mean. They will be reprimanded.

Is that all?

Ain't heard about any *daring escape plans*, if that's what you mean. You got the boys pretty much under your thumb.

The *Schmidt* thing is worth something, taught ain't it?

Of course, Mister Caravaggio. Have a seat. Pour yourself a cup of sake. It's very fine *ginjo*, if you know about such things.

I know I like this *RO.W.* shit a hell of a lot more with a little buzz on than I do cold sober.

Mm. Yes, I would imagine so.

<The other one, sir.>

Knock yourself out, pal. I'm kinda curious to hear his story myself.

<Bring him in.>

I've invited Mister Novak to join us. I have a few questions for the both of you. I hope you don't mind?



I'm
not telling
you shit.



Oh, don't be
so *melodramatic*.
I'm not asking for
filled brass movements.
I just want to know why
you attacked Mister
Caravaggio.

I sense that
perhaps there is an
intriguing story here.
A tale of cruelty, perhaps?
Sin? Betrayal?



"Mister
Caravaggio"?



Pleased
to meet
ya.



Sorry to
disappoint you, but
it was just an *honest*
mistake. I thought he
was someone I used
to know. A degenerate
fuck by the name
of *Bruno*.

But it
turns out, this
guy here,
he's just some
other fuck.



Hm.



<Sir!>

-staks-

<Yes, what is it?>



<Very well, have the men begin preparations at once.>

<Sir.>

Apparently, *American forces* are drawing too close to our location, so we are forced to move somewhat earlier than expected.

Before you become fruitlessly *hopeful*, know that they are still two days away, and we will be gone before dawn.





<Chain them together and put them with the rest.>



Hey! What the hell?

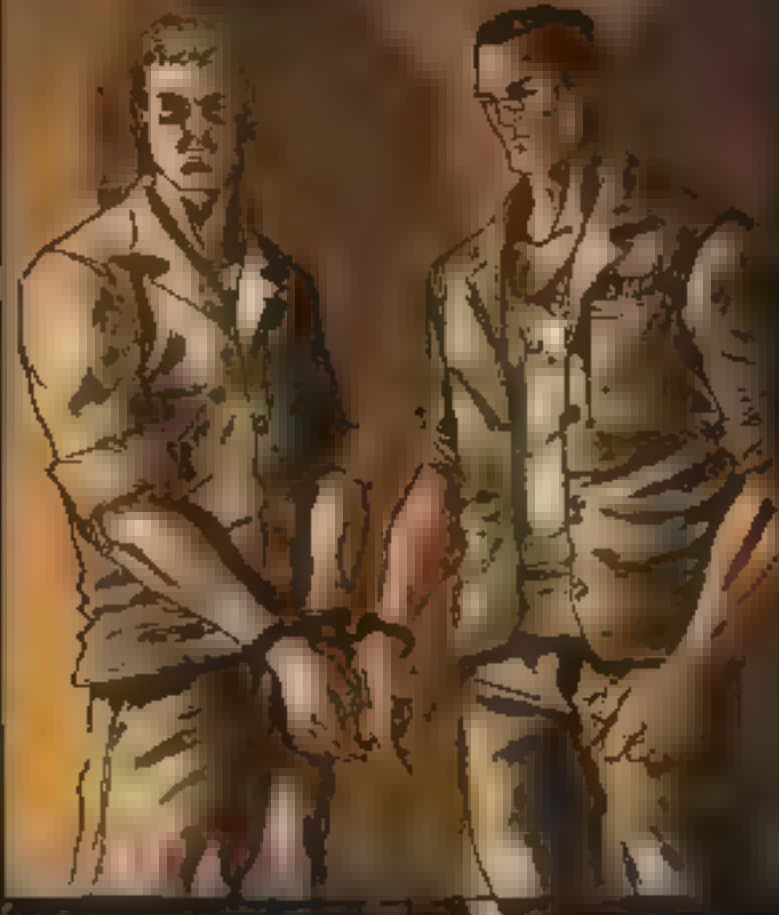


Aw, Jesus. You think this guy is *gunnin'* for me, and you *chain us together*? After all I've done for you. You're a real *peach*, you know that?



Well, Mister Caravaggio, if you've been *honest* with me, then you have nothing to worry about, do you?

If, on the other hand, you two do have some *unfinished business* to discuss, you'll have the opportunity to do so at your leisure. It will be a long voyage.



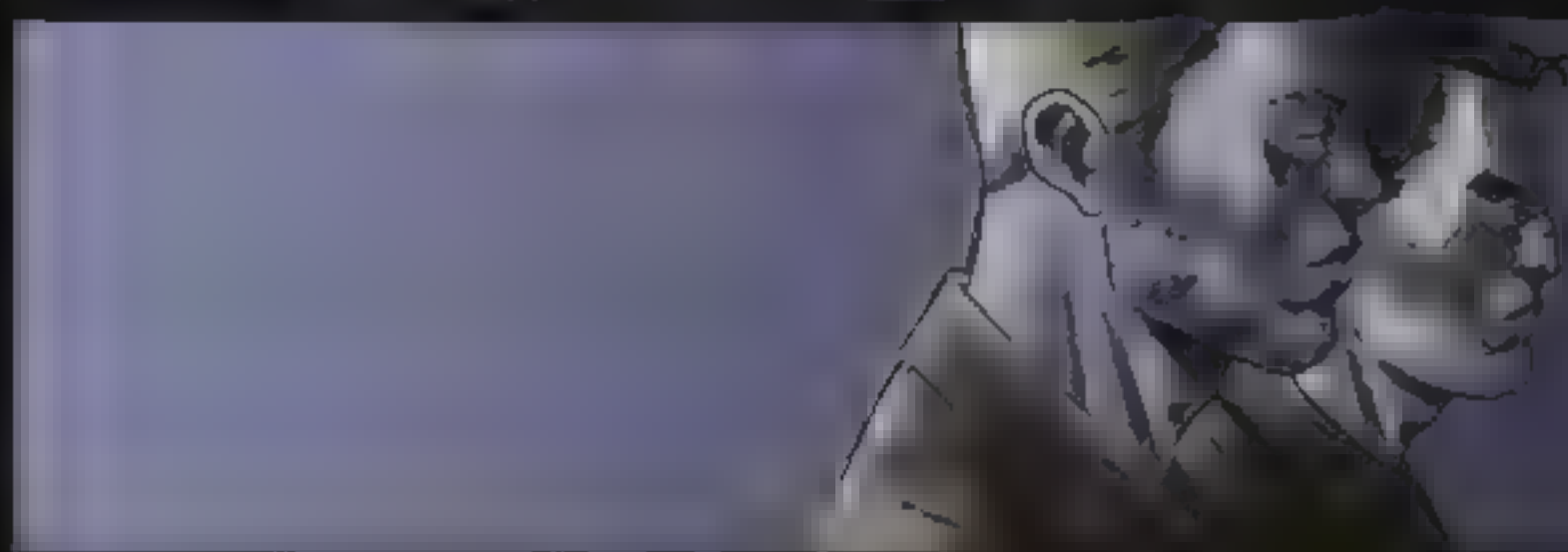
Now, you must excuse me. I have preparations to make.



Why didn't
you tell him
about us?



Why
didn't
you?



MILES AWAY



PNG

What the--

Sir! I've got something!



What is it?

I don't know, sir. It doesn't look like anything I've seen. But Miss Catherine told me to notify her if I saw something out of the ordinary. I'm not sure if this is--

This is *exactly* the sort of thing I wished to be notified of, Petty Officer.



And it's *Lieutenant King*, as I believe I've mentioned.

Sorry, ma'am.

Don't be sorry, just correct the behavior.

What can you tell me about this *signal* you're receiving?

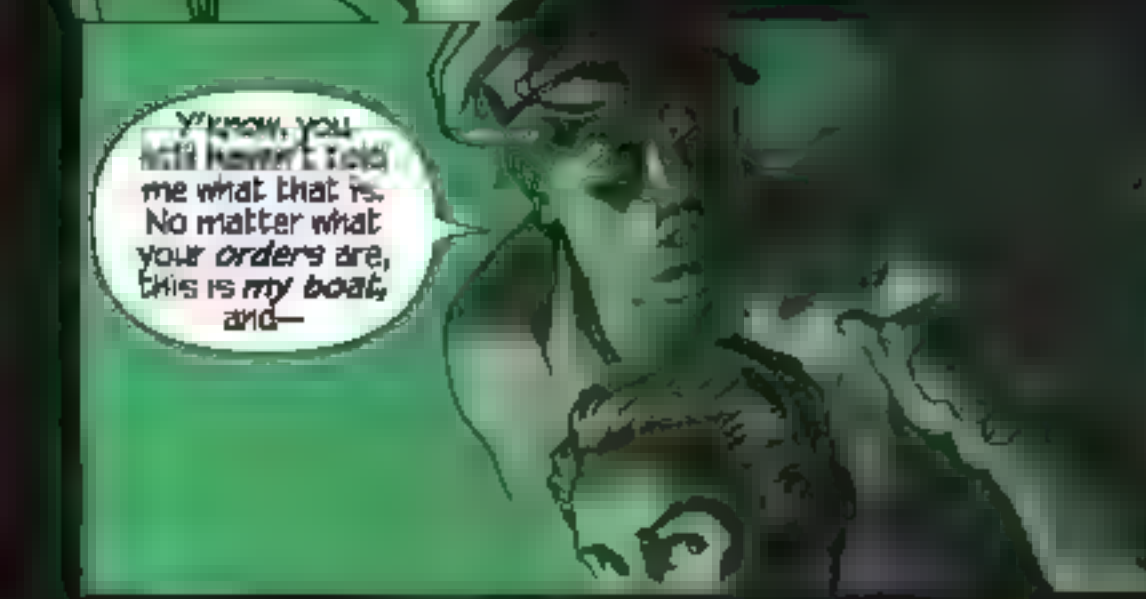


It's, well, it's *irregular*, ma'am. Three blips, moving fast, large enough to show up on sonar, too small to be subs. Or destroyers. Or any kind of boat we know about, really.

If you had to guess as to their dimensions?

About twenty meters long?

Hm. Then this may be just what I'm looking for.



Y'know, you still haven't told me what that is. No matter what your *orders* are, this is *my boat*, and—

My *orders* are to keep my mission *classified* as long as I deem necessary.

If I'm right about this signal, you'll learn everything soon enough. If I'm wrong, then you may as well *cherish your ignorance* a little longer.



It's bliss, I'm told.

Please set a bearing for this signal, Captain. We'll soon see what we see.



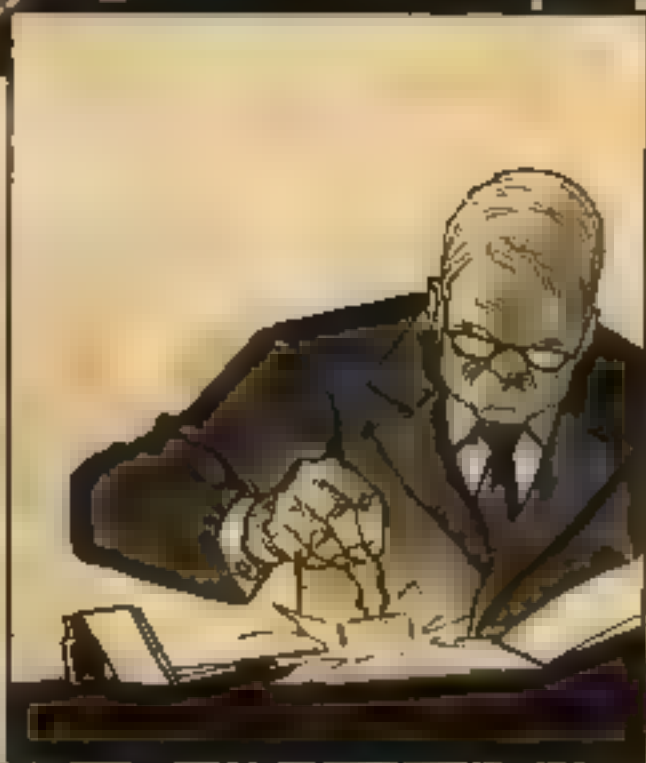
TWO YEARS AGO











RICK NOVAK
3366h ORDINARY

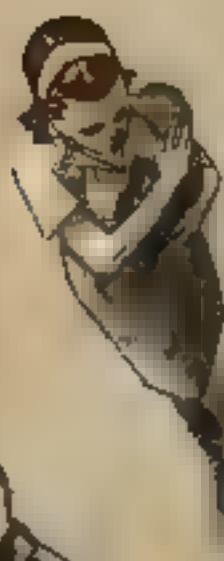
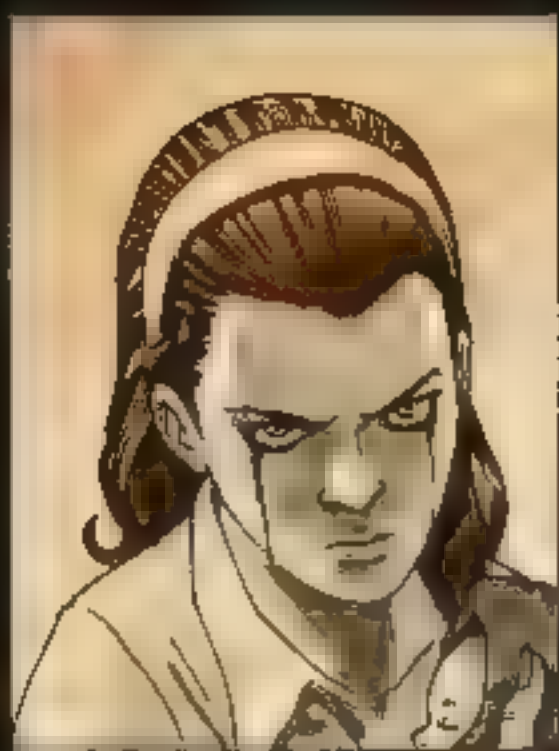
AUBURN PRISON	CERTIFIED
MILITARY SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS	

Green at
End



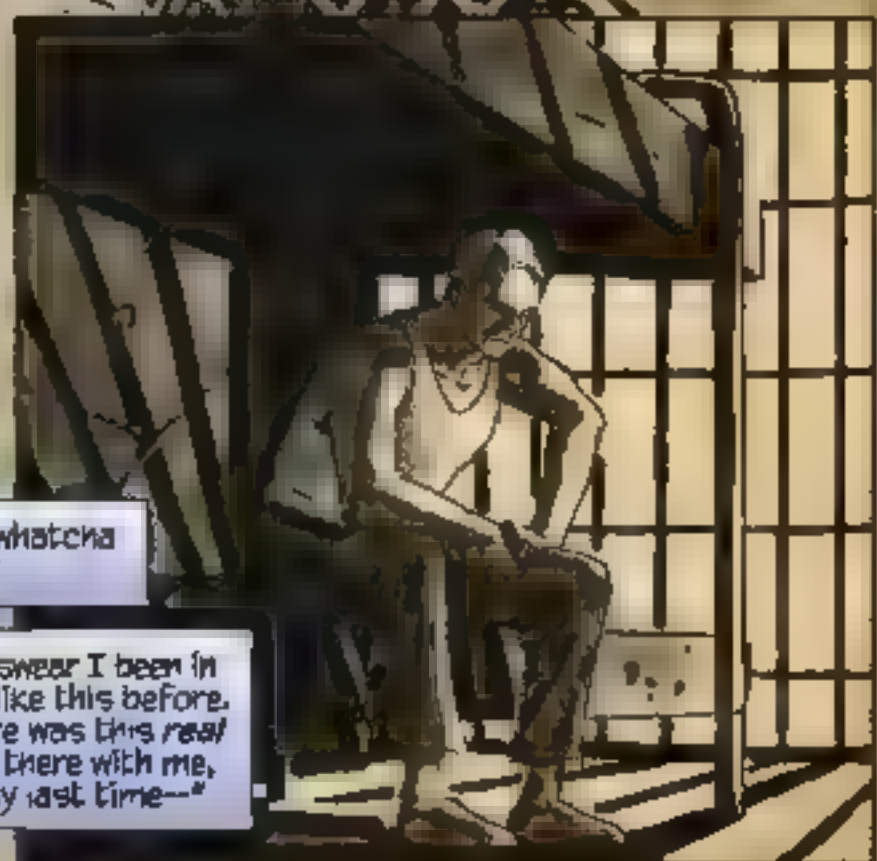
[Handwritten signature]





"You ever get, whatcha call, *déjà vu*?"

"I could swear I been in a truck like this before. And there was this *real* prick in there with me, too. Only last time—"





—the prick
wasn't wearing
bracelets.

You ever
get déjà vu
like that,
Rick?

NOW

Déjà vu?
No, but I can
see the future
sometimes.

In fact,
I'm getting a
vision right now.
I see your jaw,
and it's
dislocated.

Whoa!
I'm just makin'
conversation
here.

That's some
temper you got
there, pal. Your wife
must be a real
trooper to put
up with such an
angry guy.

I mean, you're
married, right?
Good-looking guy
like you. Got a little
woman waiting for
ya back home?

Or not
so much
anymore?

Okay,
that's it,
shitbag.

What,
I hit a
nerve?

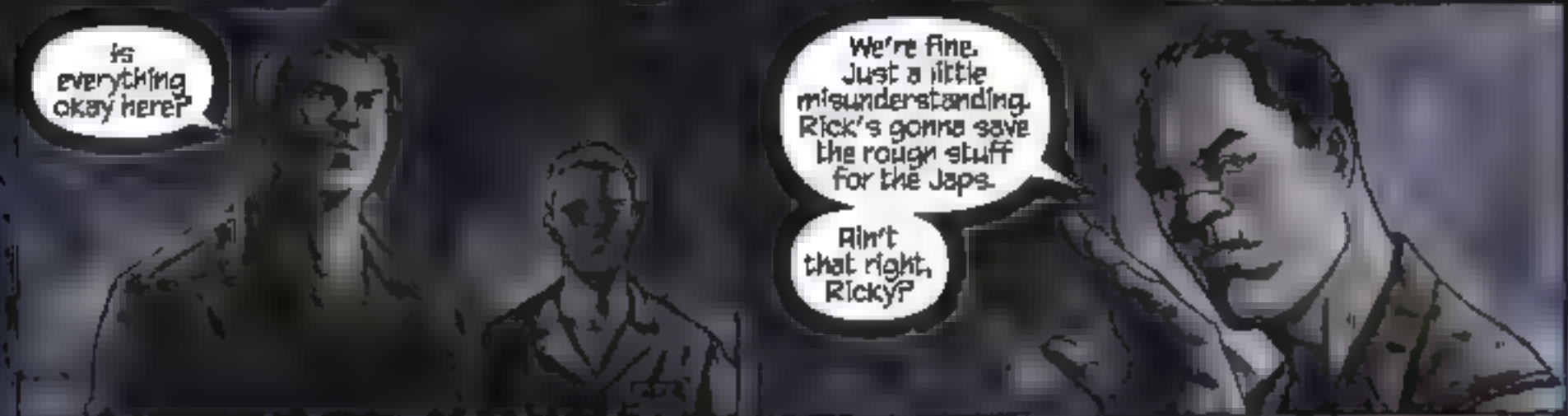
THWAP

Whoa!

You
don't wanna
do this in
here!



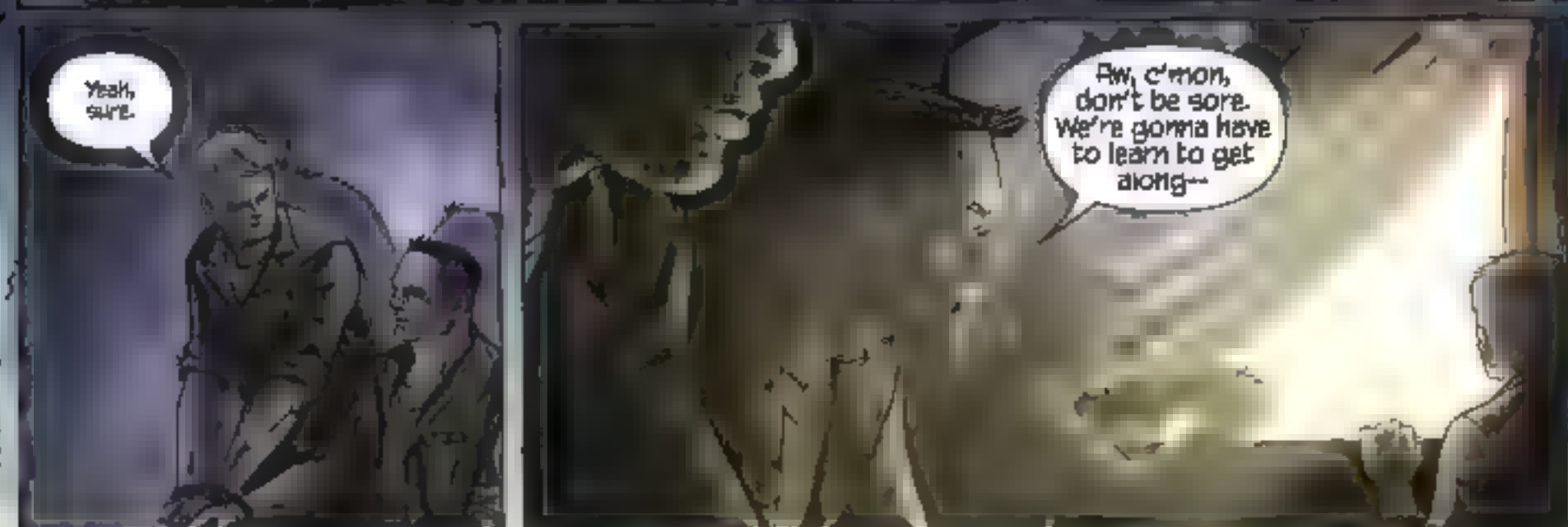
These guys
don't take too
kindly to jarheads
beatin' on
their friends,
y'know?



Is
everything
okay here?

We're fine.
Just a little
misunderstanding.
Rick's gonna save
the rough stuff
for the Japs.

Ain't
that right,
Ricky?



Yeah,
sure.

Aw, c'mon,
don't be sore.
We're gonna have
to learn to get
along--



--'cause it
looks like we're
gonna be
together for
a while!

"I can only
assume you're
joking."

I'm afraid not. We can't afford to ignore this.

Do I need to remind you that this sub is temporarily under my command, Captain? We can't chase down every half-baked bit of intelligence that comes down the comms.

I need us tracking down that signal.

Listen, lady, we have a line on a *Jap freighter* we've been trying to locate for *months* now. We sink this thing and we *cripple* their supply lines in this theater of operations.

We do *that*, and we save American lives, and that's a *damned* sight more important to me than whatever it is you think you're doing here.

So, if you want to run crying to the brass about me later, that's fine, but as of right now we're *changing* course.

MILES AWAY

That'll be all, Miss King.

Okay, people. Prepare to come about.





What's that
noise? It sounds like a
lot of people are
talking.

It's just
the wind. It's just the
wind. It's just the
wind. It's just the
wind.

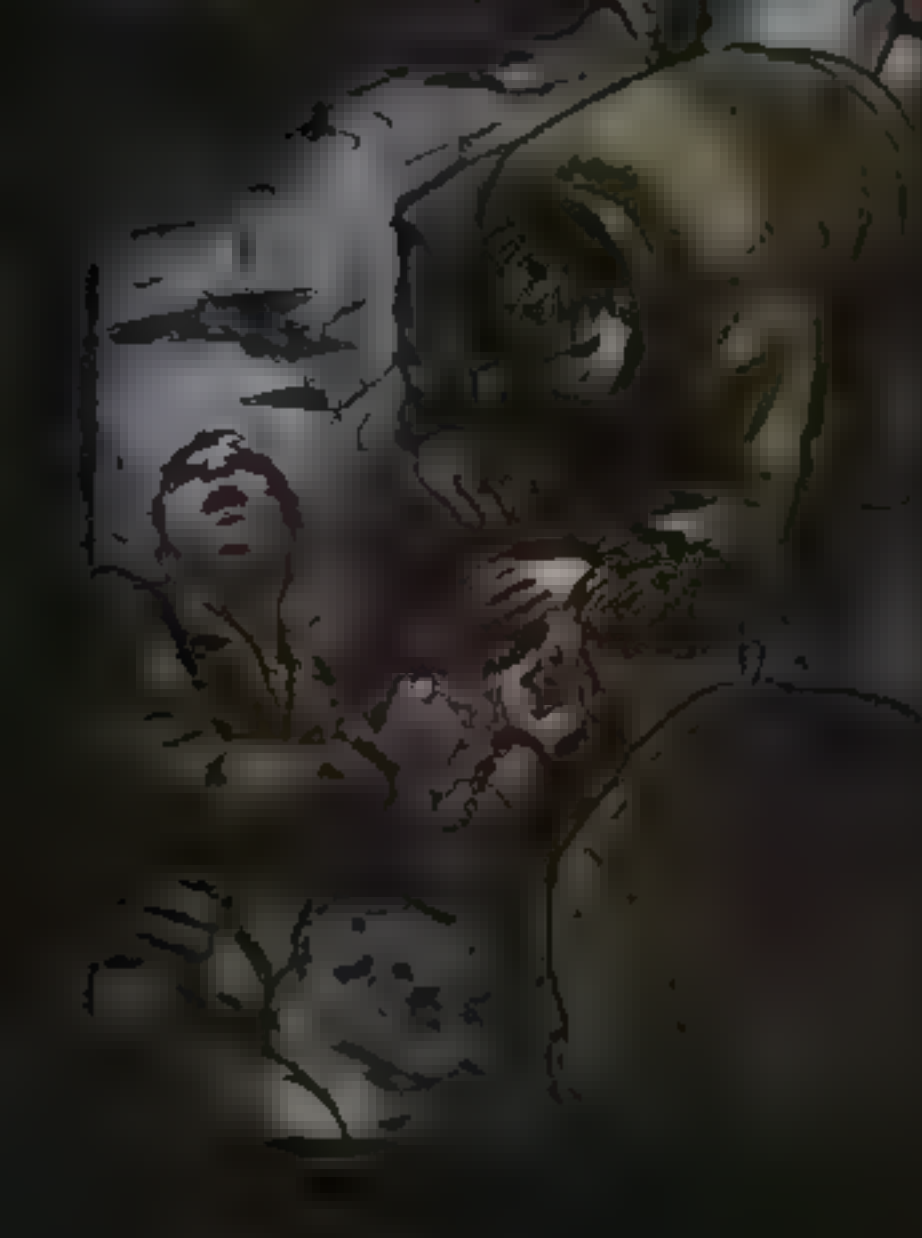
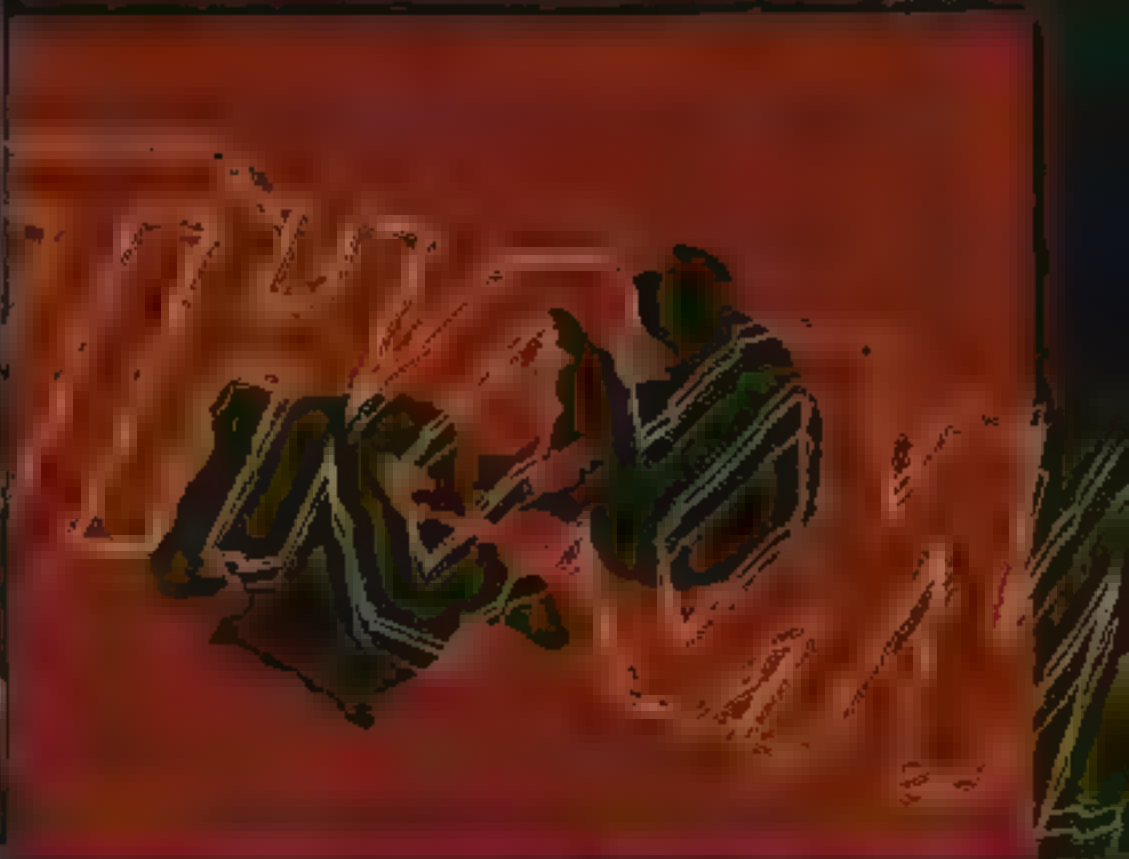
Hm. That
chatter sounds
a little *panicked*
to me.

Maybe
we should

HEY!

What's
going on up
there?

Or you
could just
yell.



No can do, sir!
It's jammed tight!

Son of a bitch.

Okay, men, there's gotta be another way out. We just have to find it.



Where's all this water coming from? Below us, right?

The blast hole!



He's right. If we want out, we swim straight down.

Or maybe while everyone else swims out, you and I just stay right here and I watch you drown, you sack of shit.

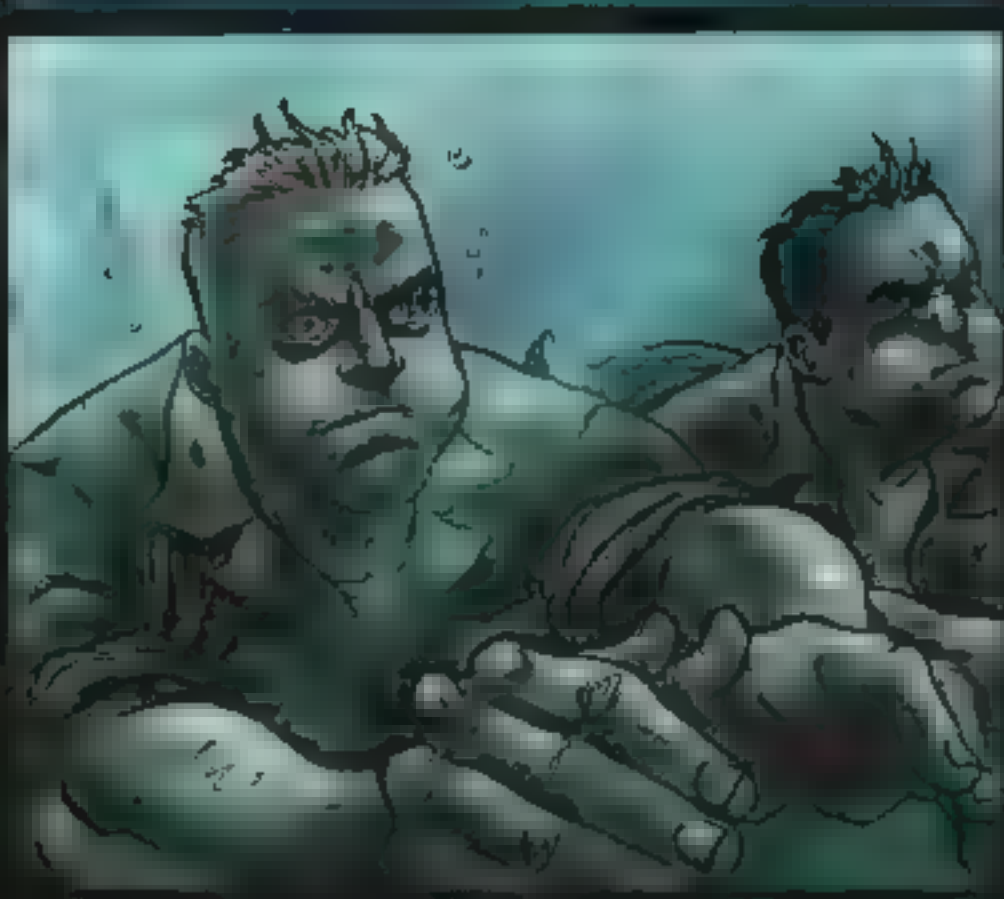
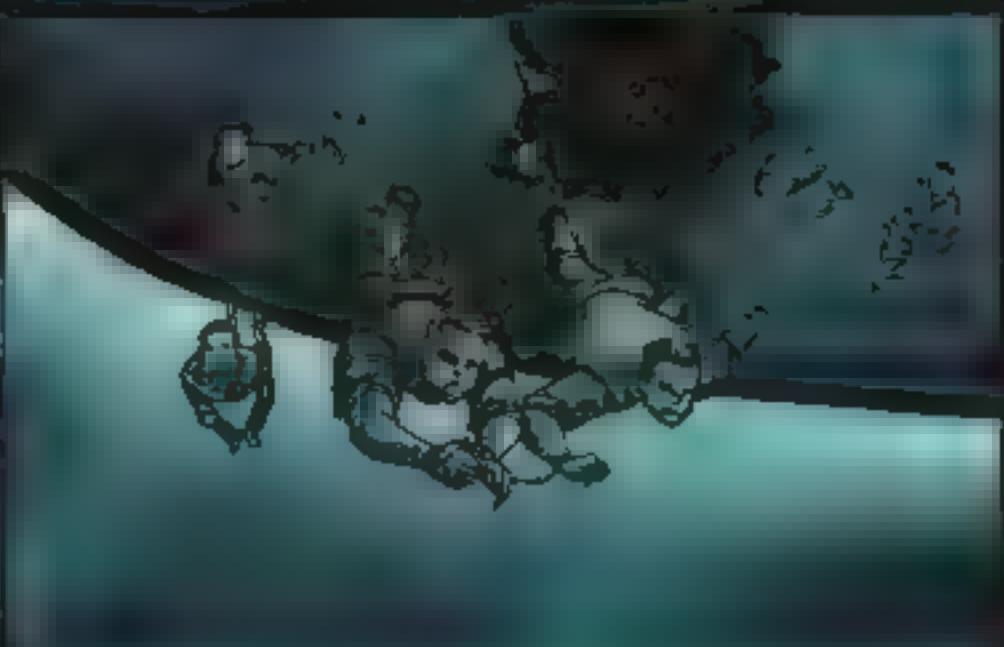
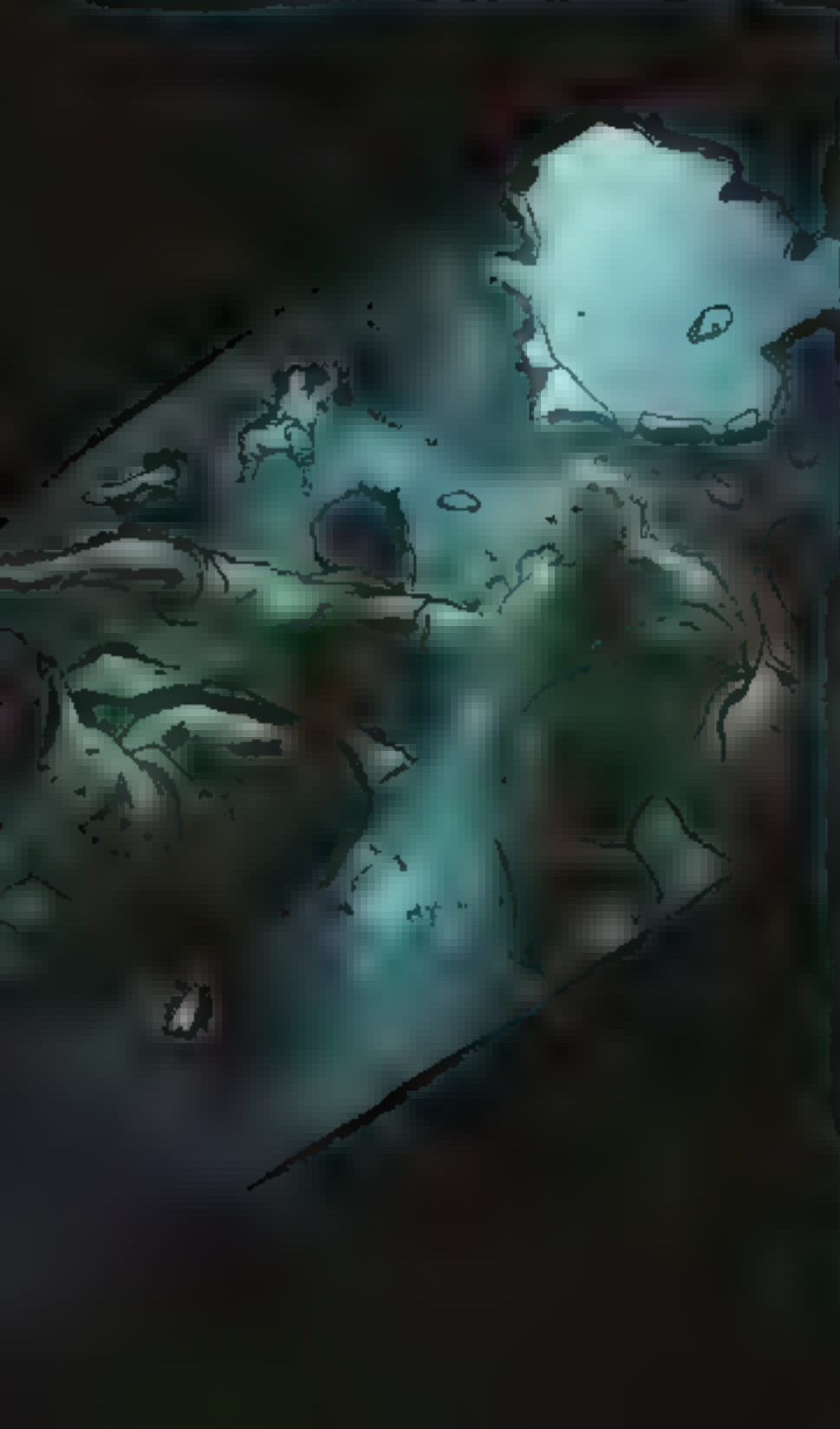
You wouldn't!

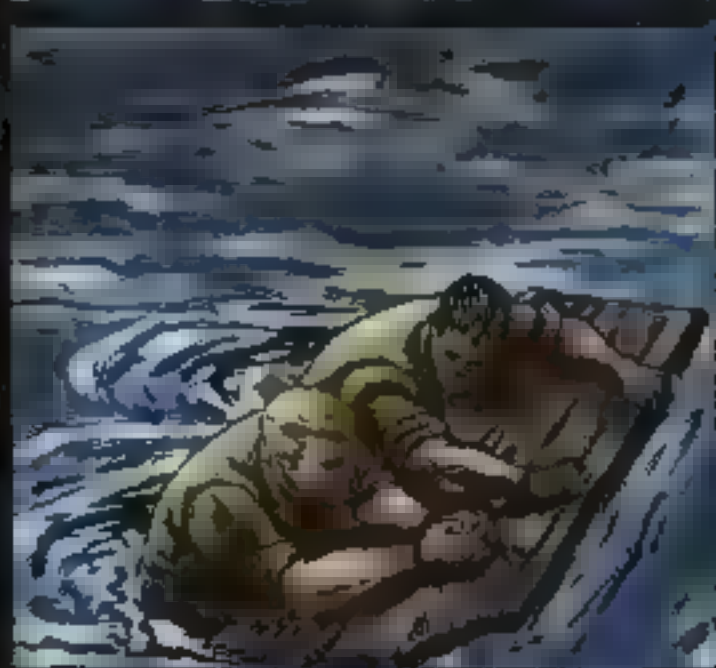
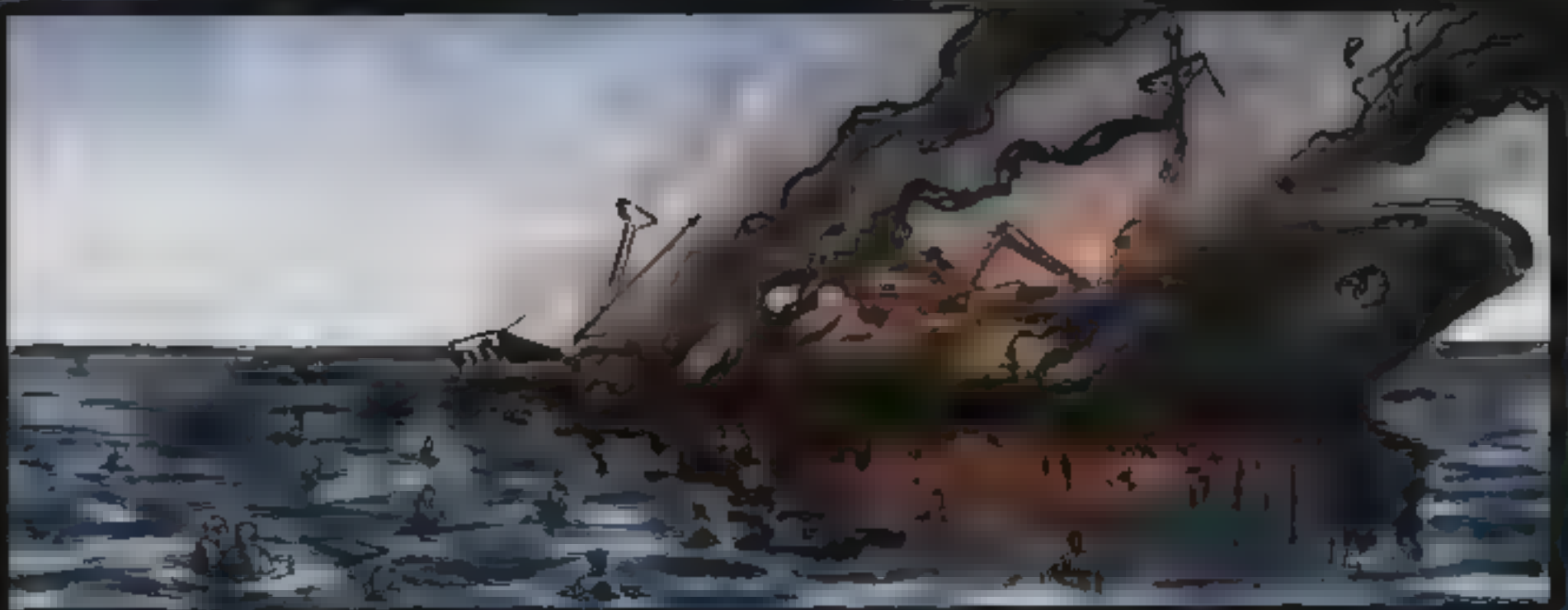
You wanna bet on that? You think I have that much to live for?



Hey, man, come on. Let's get outta here. We can settle our differences later.







You boys
are lucky we
came along.

Lucky?
You shot
torpedoes into
the hold of a ship
carrying sixty U.S.
servicemen.

Hey, our
intelligence had it
carrying material, not
P.O.W.'s. Of course,
if we'd known, we'd
never have blown
it up.

Still, it
all worked
out, didn't
it?

I'll say.
Thanks to you, pal,
I'm eating soup in an
American sub instead
of balls deep in a swamp
in some fucking
P.O.W. camp.

I'll just say
it's a good thing
for you we all made it
out, or I'd be running
this little fiasco up
the chain.

You'd
have to
wait your
turn.

My
superiors
would like to
have a word with
him first.

This
just gets
better and
better



Well, hello there, sweetheart. I'm Tony Caravaggio. And you are?

Not easily impressed.

Aw, c'mon, babe, don't be like that. I'm a fun guy.



Who's your friend?

Corporal Rick Novak, ma'am. And we're not friends.



If you say so.

Captain? They're on the comms now.

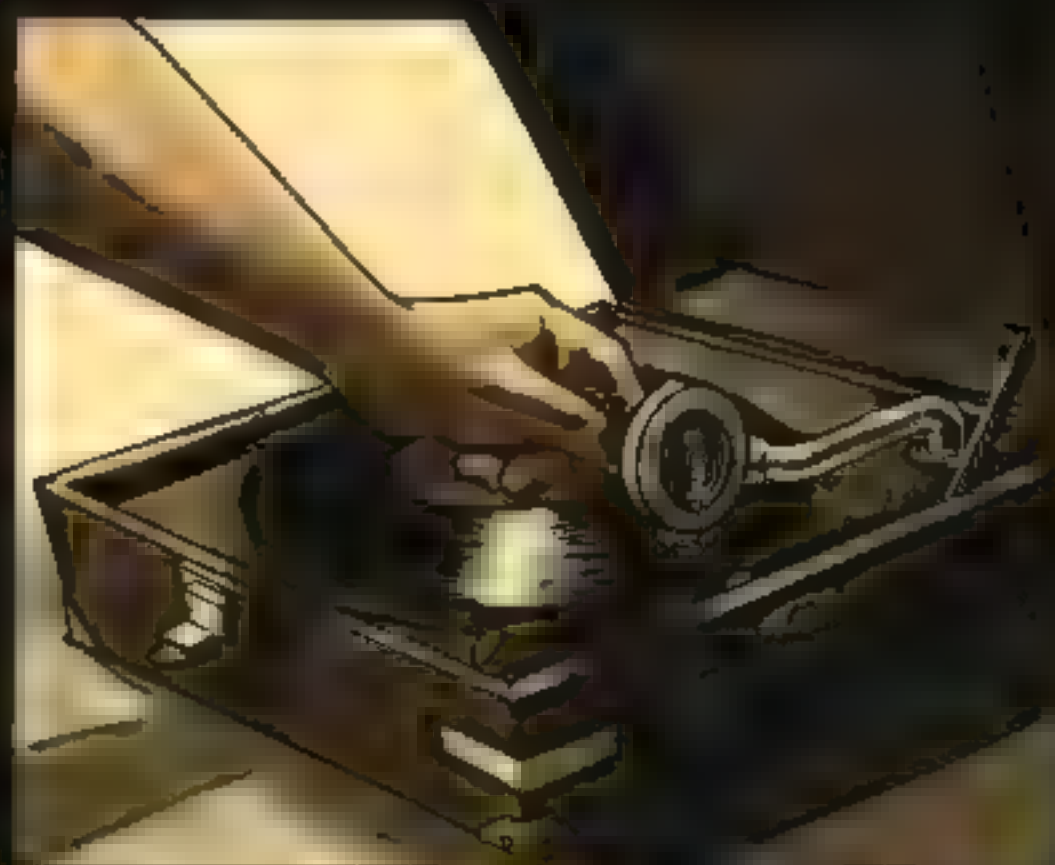


Poor bastard looks like he's on his way to his own funeral.

But, hey, with a pallbearer like that...

Eat your soup, shitbag.





Hey, you swabs, after all the action today, the captain figures we've got some R & R coming...

But since we're stuck out in the ocean blue for the foreseeable future, I guess this is where we gotta take it.

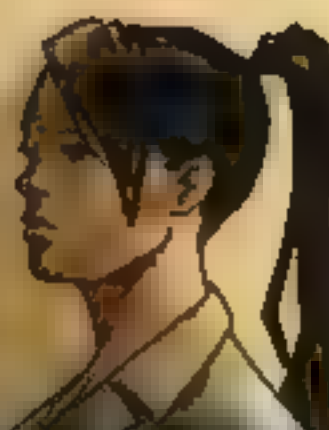
So, here's a little music. Drink and dance. Captain's orders.



Hey, beautiful. Care for a go-round?



With you? I don't think so, Private.

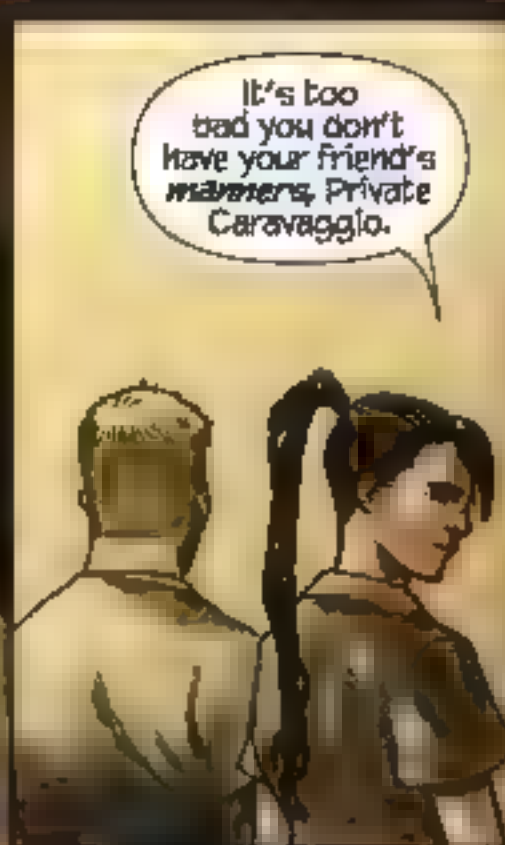




How about with me?

I don't--

C'mon, it'll drive Tony crazy.



It's too bad you don't have your friend's manners, Private Caravaggio.



We're not friends.



Please don't misinterpret this dance, Corporal Novak. I'm not looking for companionship of any kind.

If that's supposed to be sweet talk, you're doing it wrong.

It certainly is not.

Ah, take it easy, Lieutenant, I'm just joking.



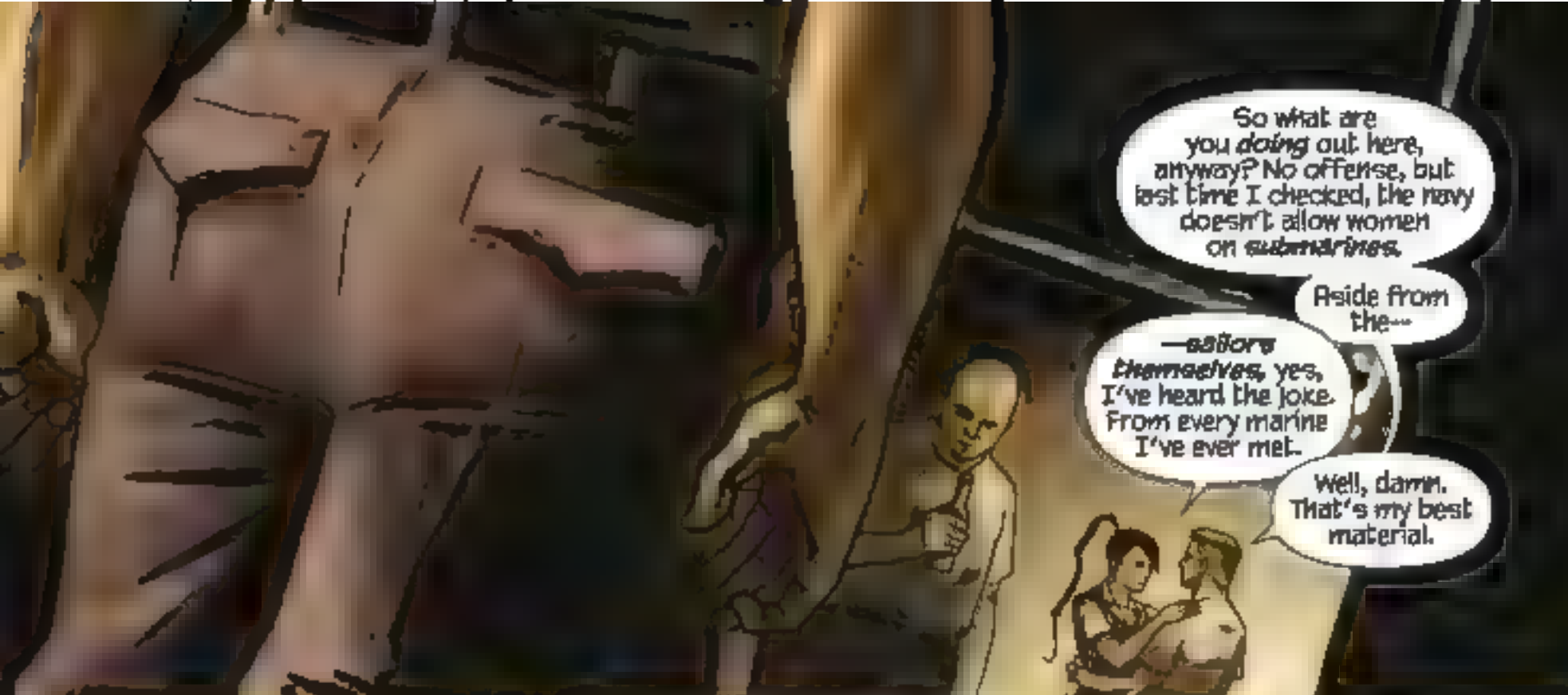
At any rate, aren't you married?

Why would you say that? I'm not wearing a ring.

You just seem like the type.

Uh, thanks, I guess. Was that a compliment?

I'll let you take it however you like.



So what are you doing out here, anyway? No offense, but last time I checked, the navy doesn't allow women on submarines.

Aside from the--

--sailors themselves, yes, I've heard the joke. From every marine I've ever met.

Well, damn. That's my best material.



I'm no sailor, just a translator. I'm on special assignment and the captain is giving me a ride, that's all.

Special assignment. Sounds mysterious.

Not really, I'm just--looking for something. Or I was, until we diverted to your freighter.

Alright, that's it.



You wanna let me cut in here, pal, or are you gonna hog the pretty girl all night?

That's up to the lady, shitbag.



Whaddaya say, sweetheart? I'm sorry if I came off like a jerk earlier. I guess I got some rough edges.

But, hey, give me a chance and see if I can't make a good second impression. That's all I ask.

I, um--



What the hell? Don't tell me we're getting torpedoes again.

No, I don't think so.

"This feels like...
something else
entirely."

**MAN
OVERBOARD!!**

**Rescue
party on
deck!**

**All
engines
stop!**

What the hell
happened?

I think
we hit
something,
sir.

And we've
got someone
over the
side?

It was
Jenkins, sir.
He was here one
minute, and then
he just--just
disappeared.

Jenkins!

Jenkins!

AUGH!!



Son of
a bitch!

DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA

Die,
you—

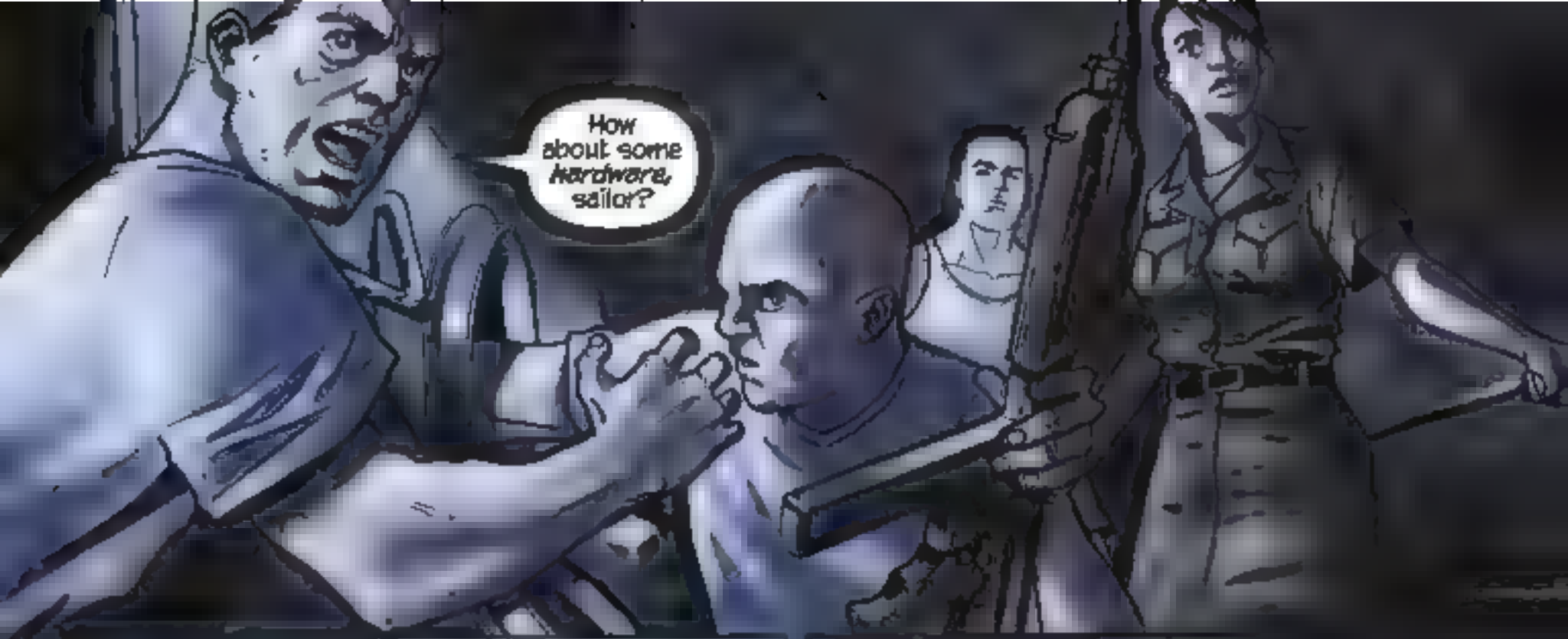
GRGH

HOLD THE
LINE, YOU
SWISS!

Jesus
Christ!

What
the hell
are those
things?!

I don't
know, but
we're gonna
need some
firepower.

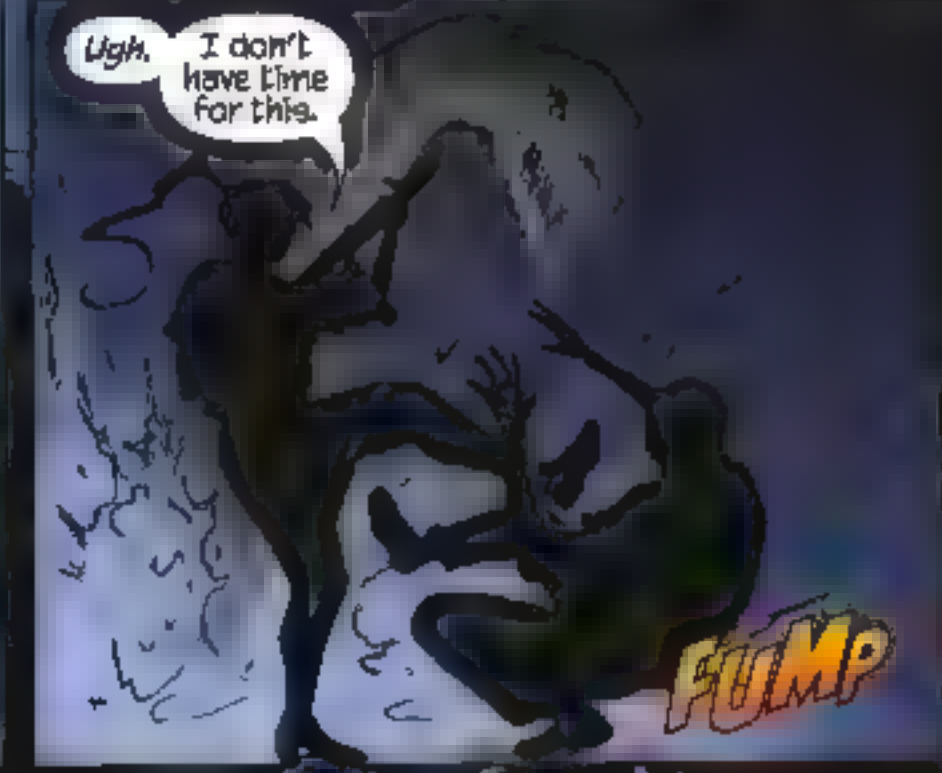


How about some hardware, sailor?



Hand it over.

It's, uh, it's the last one, ma'am.



Ugh.

I don't have time for this.

FUMP



Look out!



DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA

Here!

Fuck you, monster!

Grenades? No, you idiots!

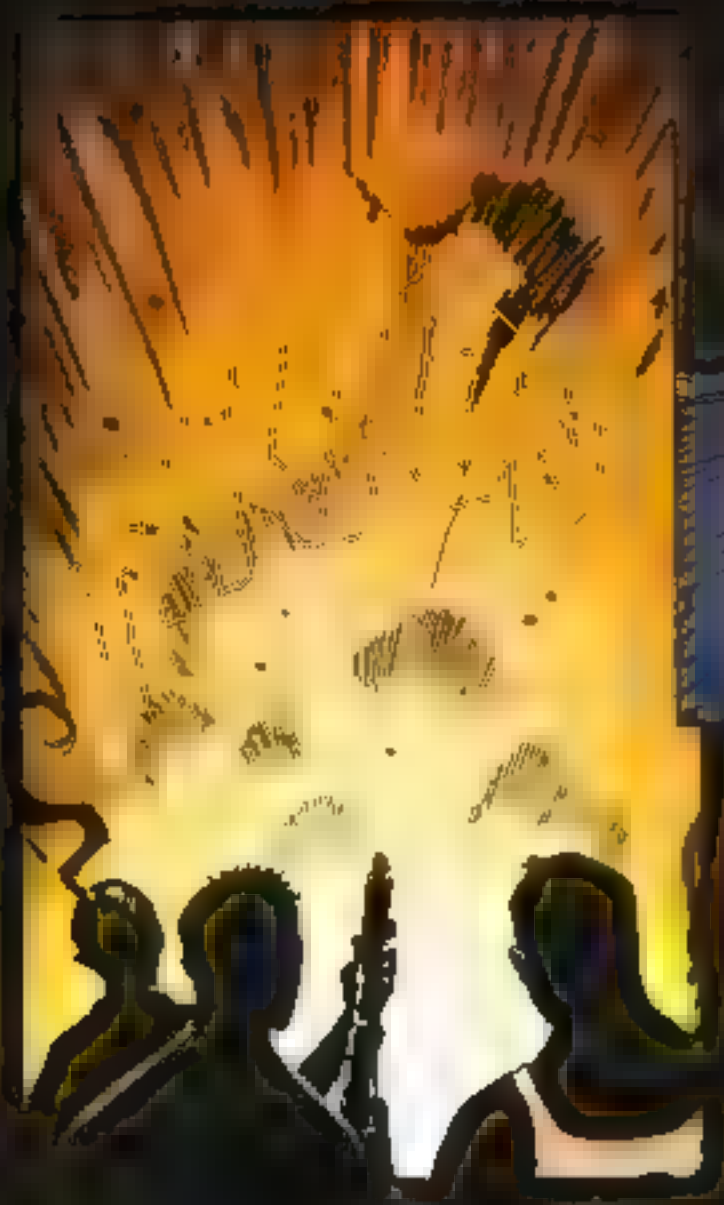
CHOOOM!

TING

THMP







I think
it's about
time we
hightail it.

Abandon
ship!

**ABANDON
SHIP!!**



ARKHHGGG!!



Hurry up,
Bruno.

Get
off my
back!

AAAAAAAAA



There he is.
Throw him
the rope!

Yeah, I ain't
so sure about that.
I'm thinkin' maybe I
leave him to play with
the *monsters*.

Are you
screwin'?

Oh, there's
nothin' funny
about this.

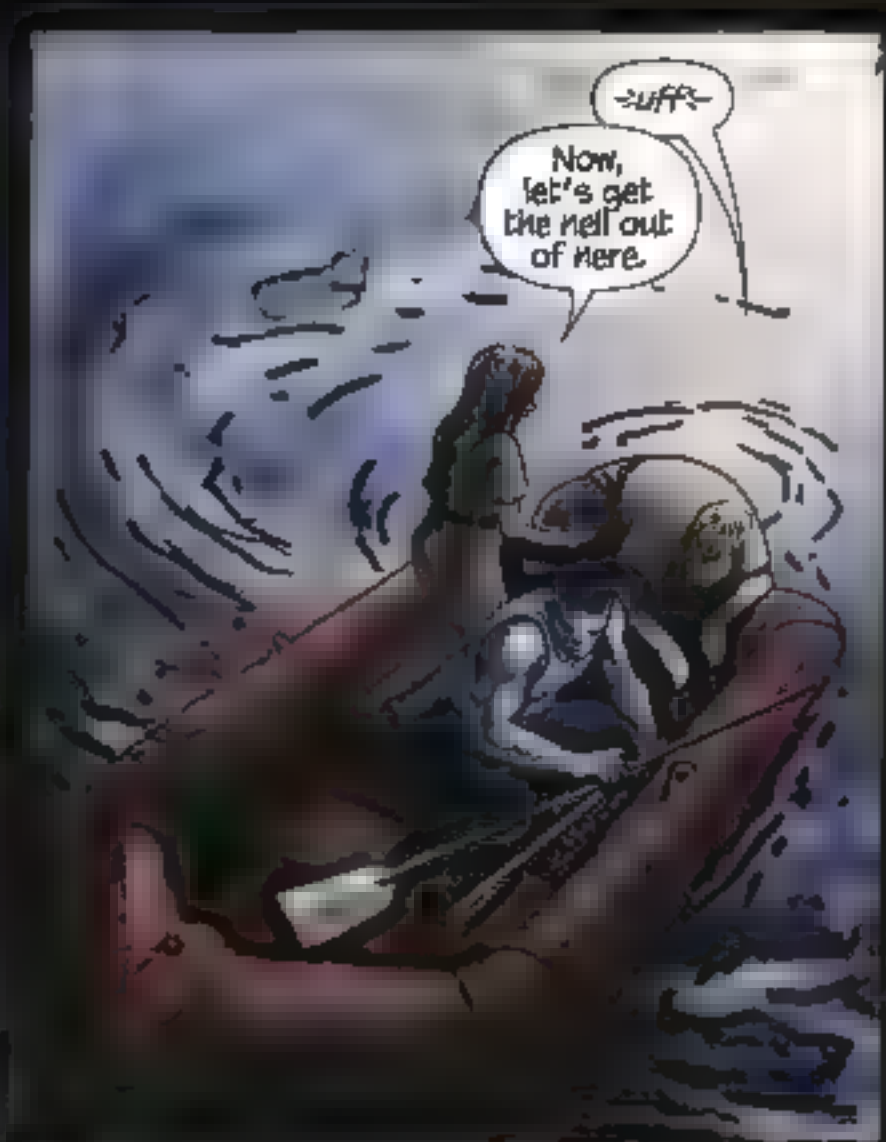
I said,
throw him
the rope.

Jesusa!
Take it easy,
sweetheart!

The
rope.



Okay, okay, get your panties untwisted.



Now, let's get the hell out of here.



What? No! We gotta go back and help the rest of those guys.

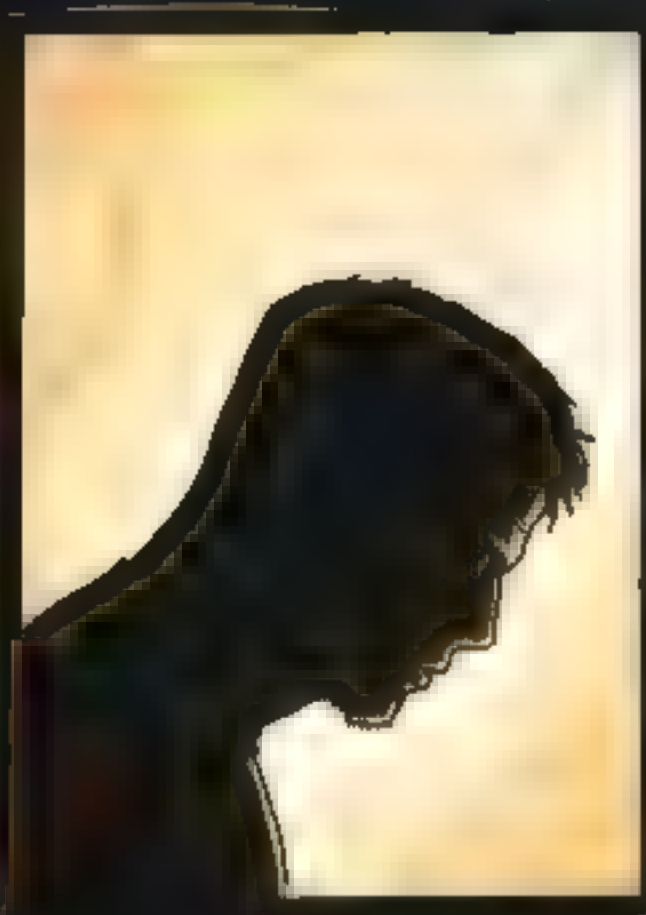
With what, Ricky? A knife and three empty submachine guns? Those monsters would cream us.

We can do something! We can—

No, he's right.



There's nothing we can do for them.





Let's see,
water, rations,
flares...

Are
these...

Guns!

And how are
we doing for
food and water,
Corporal?

Four or
five days,
if we're
careful.

Good.
There should
be a *search party*
en route. I'm sure the
sub sent a distress
signal before they
went down.

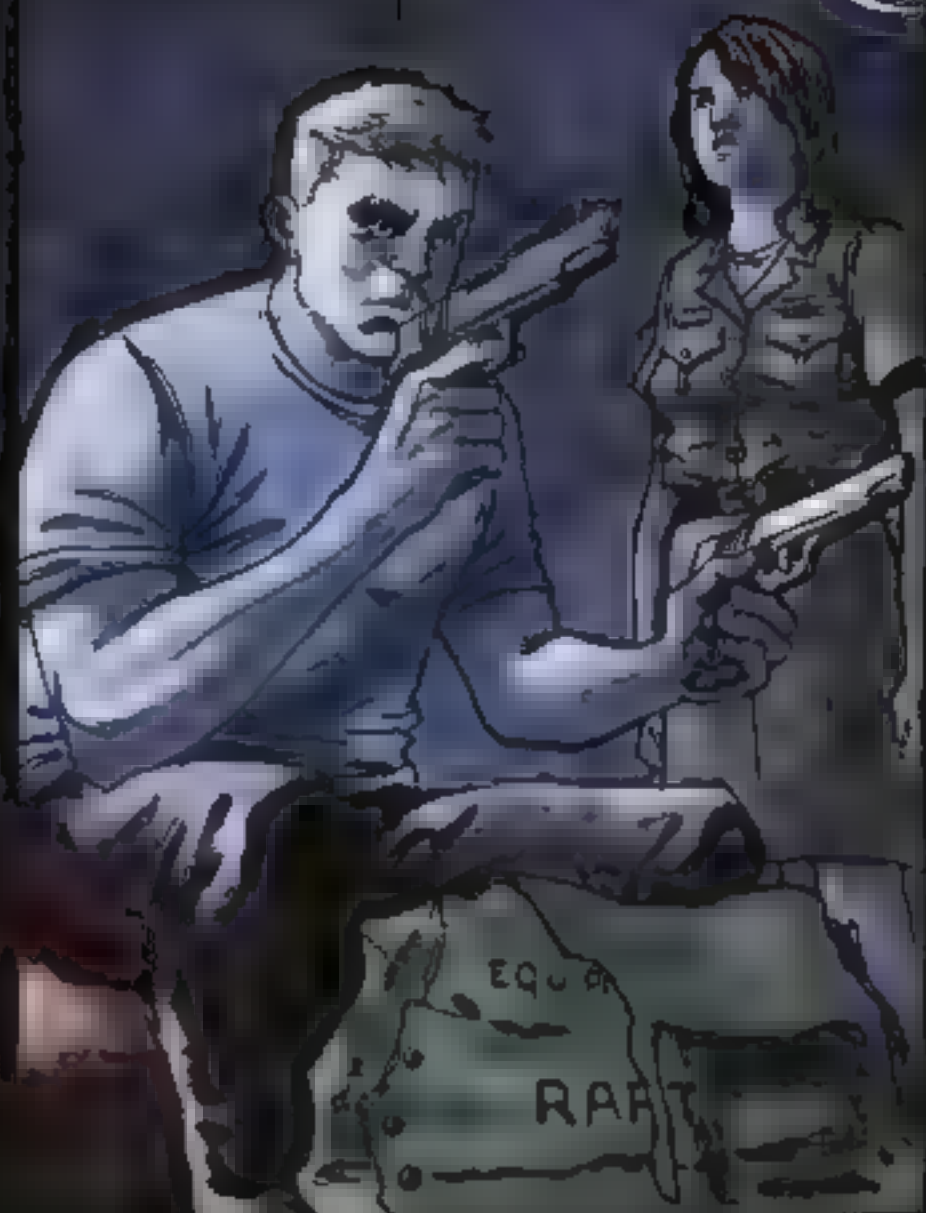
Guys?

I don't
know. It's a
big ocean.

You should try to
be more *positive*.
Statistically,
if we--



Hey, uh,
guys?



What?

You guys
are talkin' about
rations and
distress signals,
which is peachy
an' all--

--but meanwhile
there are a
bunch of fucking
SEA MONSTERS
out there that just
sank a damn
submarine!

Am I the only
one who's a little
shook up over this?
What were those
things anyway?



I think they were dinosaurs.

You mean like giant lizards?

Sure. You've been to the Natural History Museum, right?

I never spent much time on the Upper West Side.

But, okay, say you're right. How do we get fucking dinosaurs in the Pacific Ocean in 1944?

Didn't they all croak thousands of years ago?



Oh, okay, I guess Ricky's too tough to give a shit about *WETA*.

Excuse me for wantin' to know what we're *deadin'* with here!

Jesus.

It doesn't really *matter*, does it, Tony? We can kill them. That's all I need to know.



Hey, if you need to call your *mommy* or something—

You shut your fuckin' mouth, you—

ENOUGH!

We are in a precarious position, and if we want to survive, we're going to need to *pull together*.

Now, clearly, you two have a history. I'm going to need to *know* about it, so I can determine whether it's going to get me *killed*.

We've crossed paths. We're not real sweet on each other.

Not much else to tell.

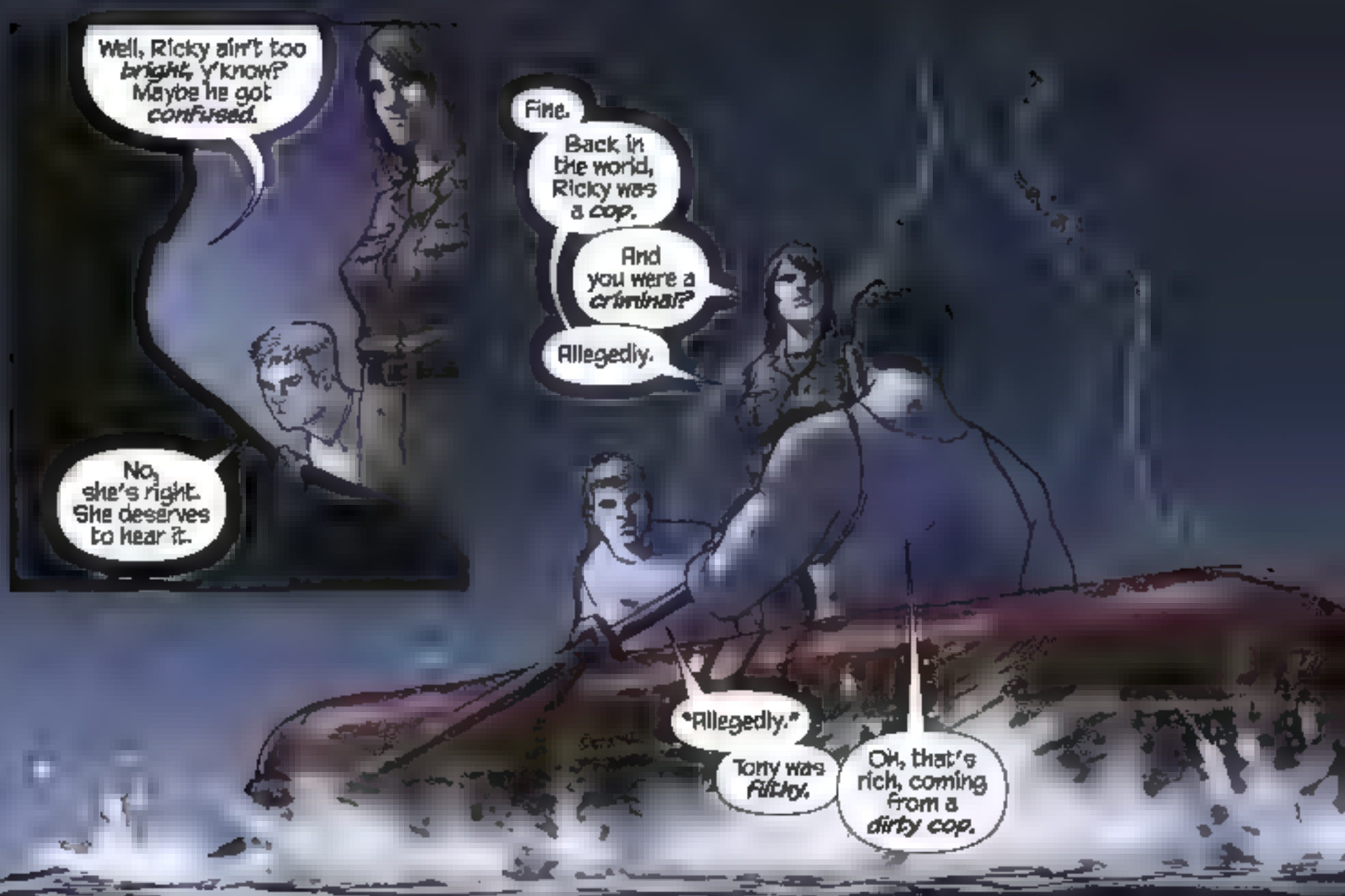
No, that's not good enough.

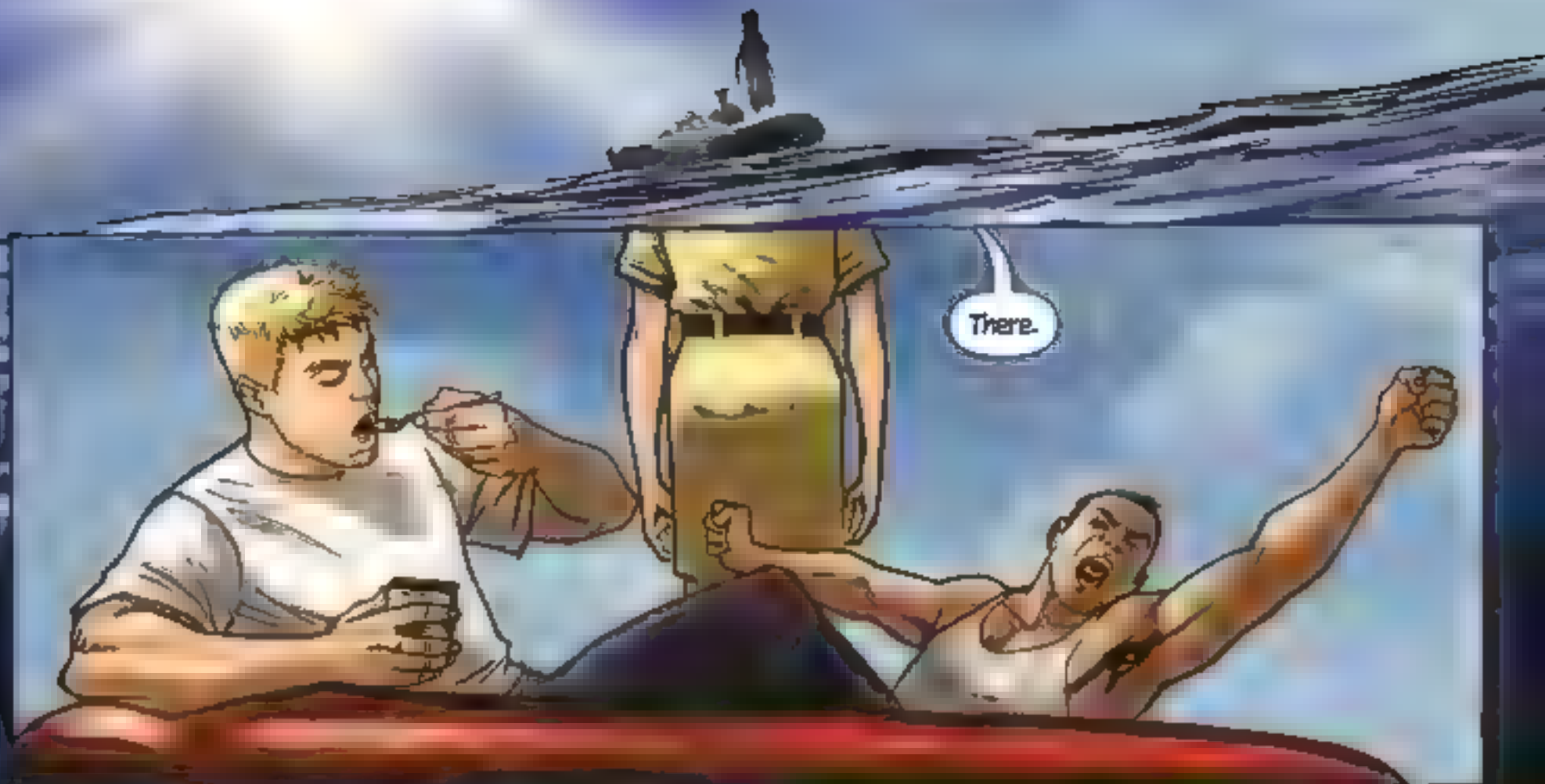
Back there on the sub, when we were about to go down—when you yelled at him, you didn't call him *"Caravaggio."*

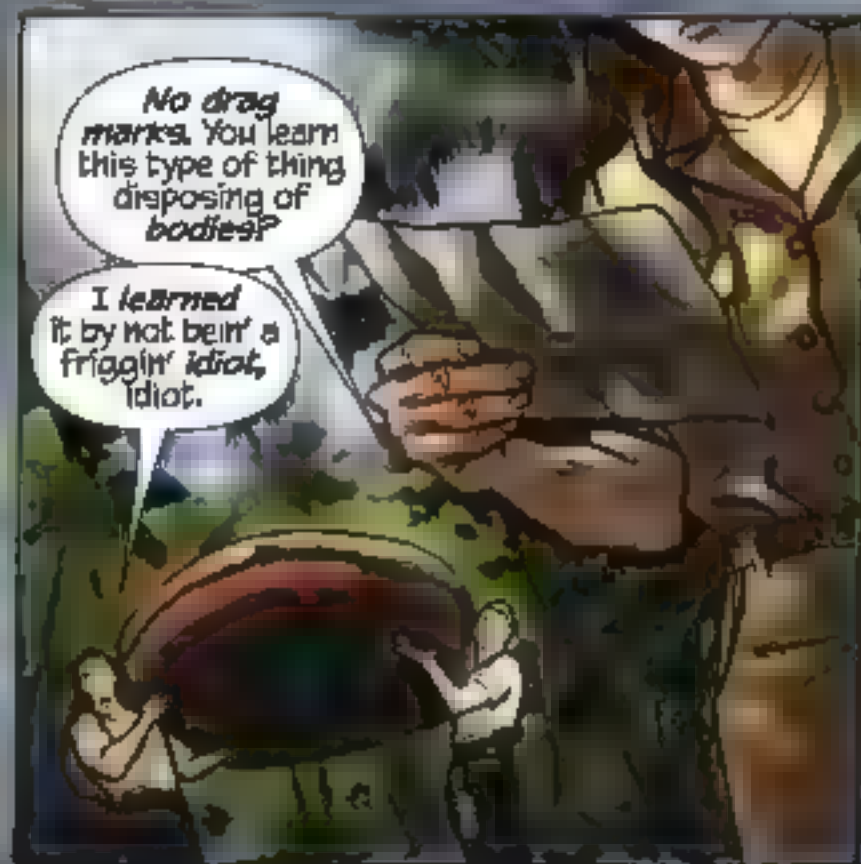
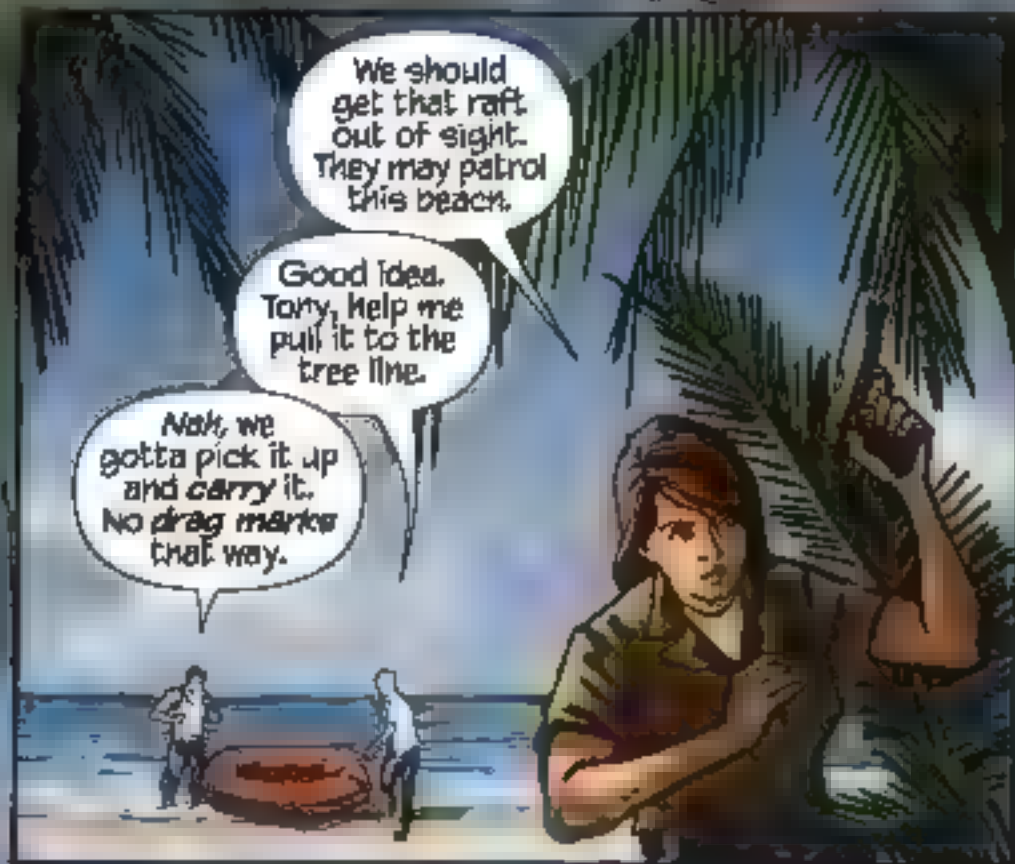
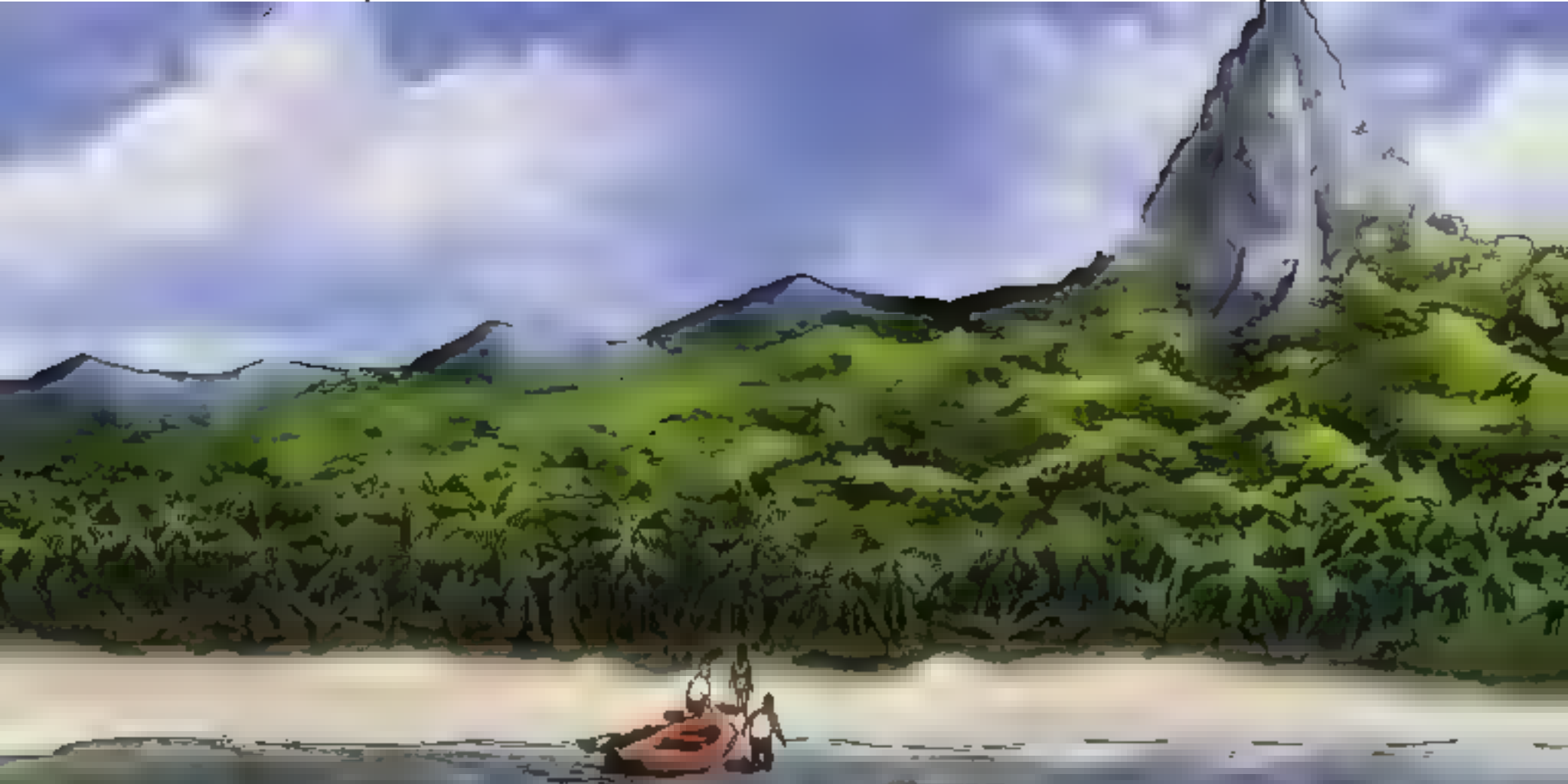
You said *"Bruno."*

Want to tell me about *that*?











So, I got a question, Lieutenant King.



Is there any way I can stop you from asking it?



You been pretty cagey about this special assignment of yours. All you said is that you're lookin' for something.

Now, when we were floatin' out on the ocean, you seemed awfully confident about gettin' rescued. Right up till you saw that Jap plane, in fact. Then, all of a sudden, we had to get to the beach.

The enemy-occupied beach.

Outta the frying pan and into the fire, ya might say, which, tactically, don't make too much sense.

Unless maybe you think whatever it is you're lookin' for is here.

So, I guess my question is this:



What exactly are we doin' here?



I'm afraid my mission is classified.

That's not gonna cut it. You said it yourself. We're in a precarious situation, and we need to *pull together*.

Your words.

I think Tony's right. I think you know something about what's going on here. And I think you *owe* it to us to tell us.

We came across to you. Now it's your turn.

All right.

The truth is, I'm in *Naval Intelligence*. I've been tracking a secret weapon that we believed to be in development in this area. As it turns out, you've now *seen* this weapon in action.

The dinosaurs.

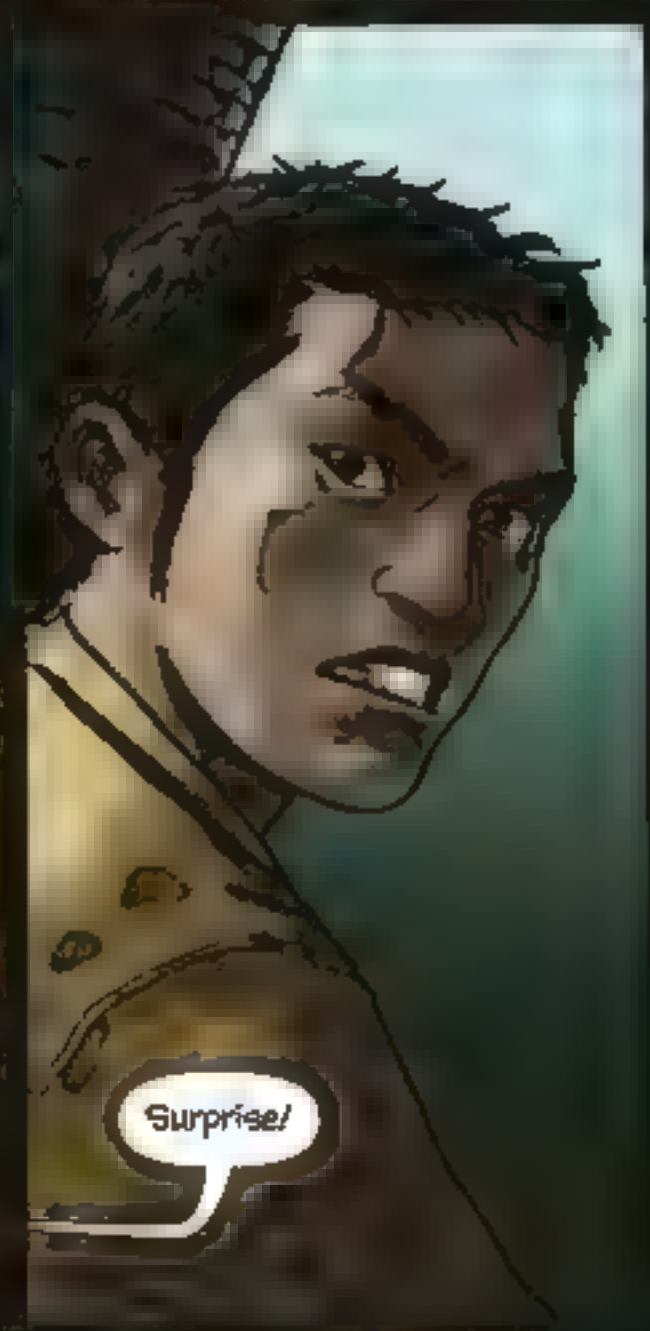
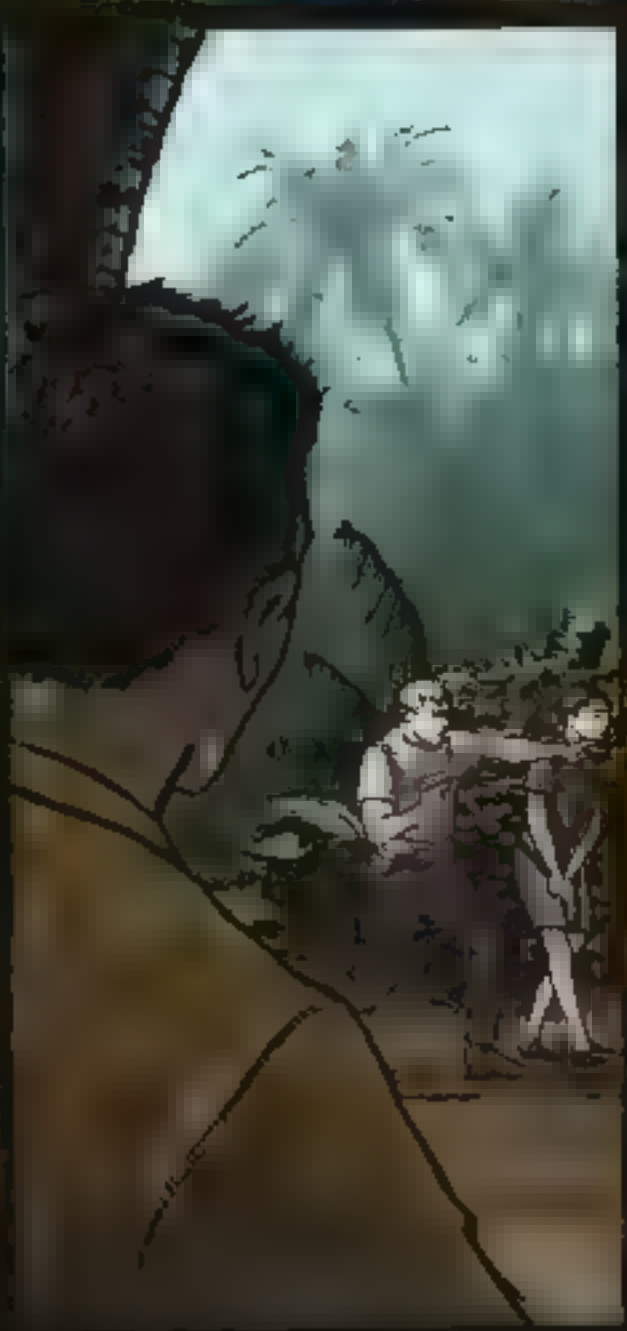
Naval superiority through *exotic biology*. My job is to determine how and where they're breeding them.

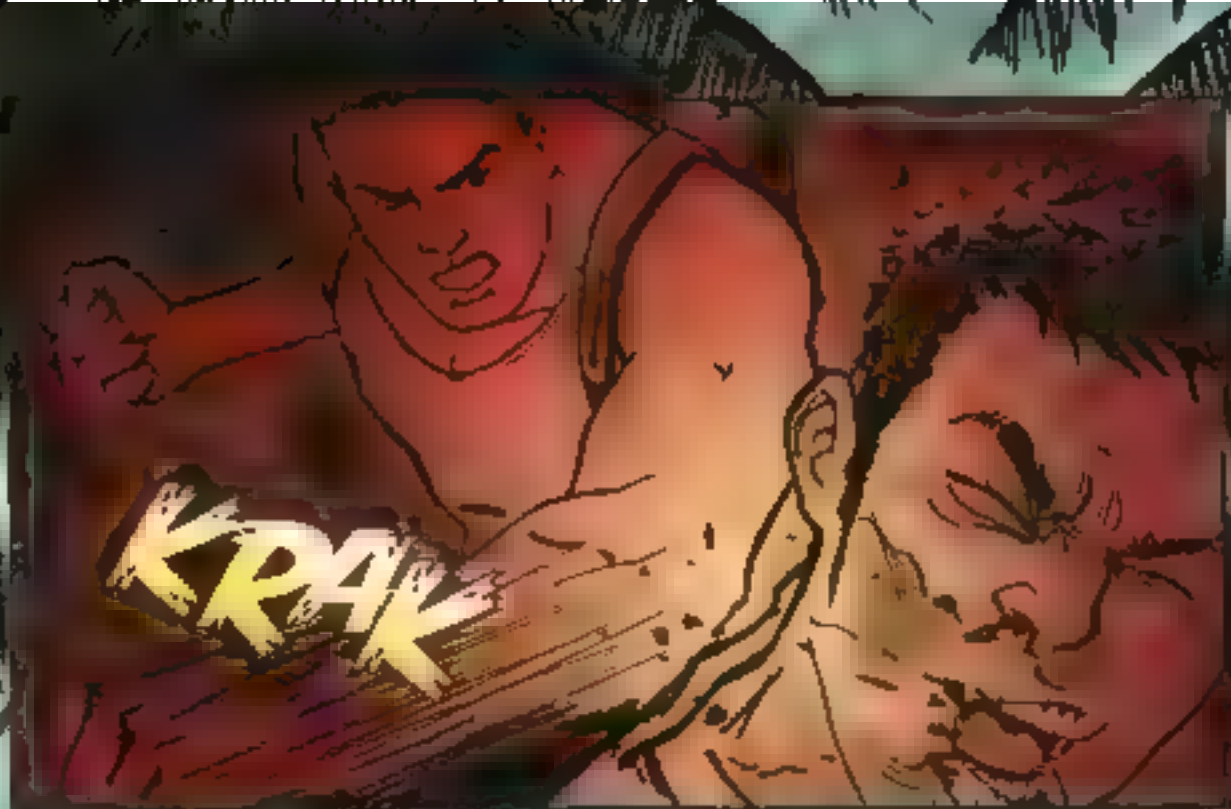
And when we're attacked by *plesiosaurs*, and then nearby we just *happen* to find an island that's not on our charts, with an unexpected enemy presence...

You figure this is the spot you've been looking for.

I think there's a very good chance. Now—

Wait. Did you hear that?





Whaddaya think, plug 'im?

Sounds good to me.

Hm.

I don't think so. This man is alone and unarmed, not to mention *filthy*.

I'd wager he's a deserter.

A deserter from the *Japanese army*? That's something you don't see every day.

Exactly. And if I'm right, then not only does he likely have information about this island and the forces stationed here, but he might actually be willing to *share* it with us.

You brought a rope, right, Corporal Novak?

Okay, so whadda we do with him?



<I'm going
to take the gag
out now.>



<If you
yell, I'll have
to put it
back.>



<Please, you
have to let me go!
I can't stay here.
They'll kill me. They'll
kill us all!>

<Calm down.
Who are you
afraid of?>



<Are you a moron? I'm afraid
of the **MONSTERS**, lady! There are
monsters loose on this island,
and you've just wrapped me
up like a snack!>



What are they saying?

My Japanese is a little rusty, but I think he asked who's the stupid guinea fuck who holds his rifle the wrong way.

Har de har.



<Don't worry, we don't intend to harm you. We just want some information.>

<Did you hear that?/>

<They're coming for us! You have to untie me NOW!/>

<That was nothing, just a small animal moving around.>

<We'll start simply. What's your name?>



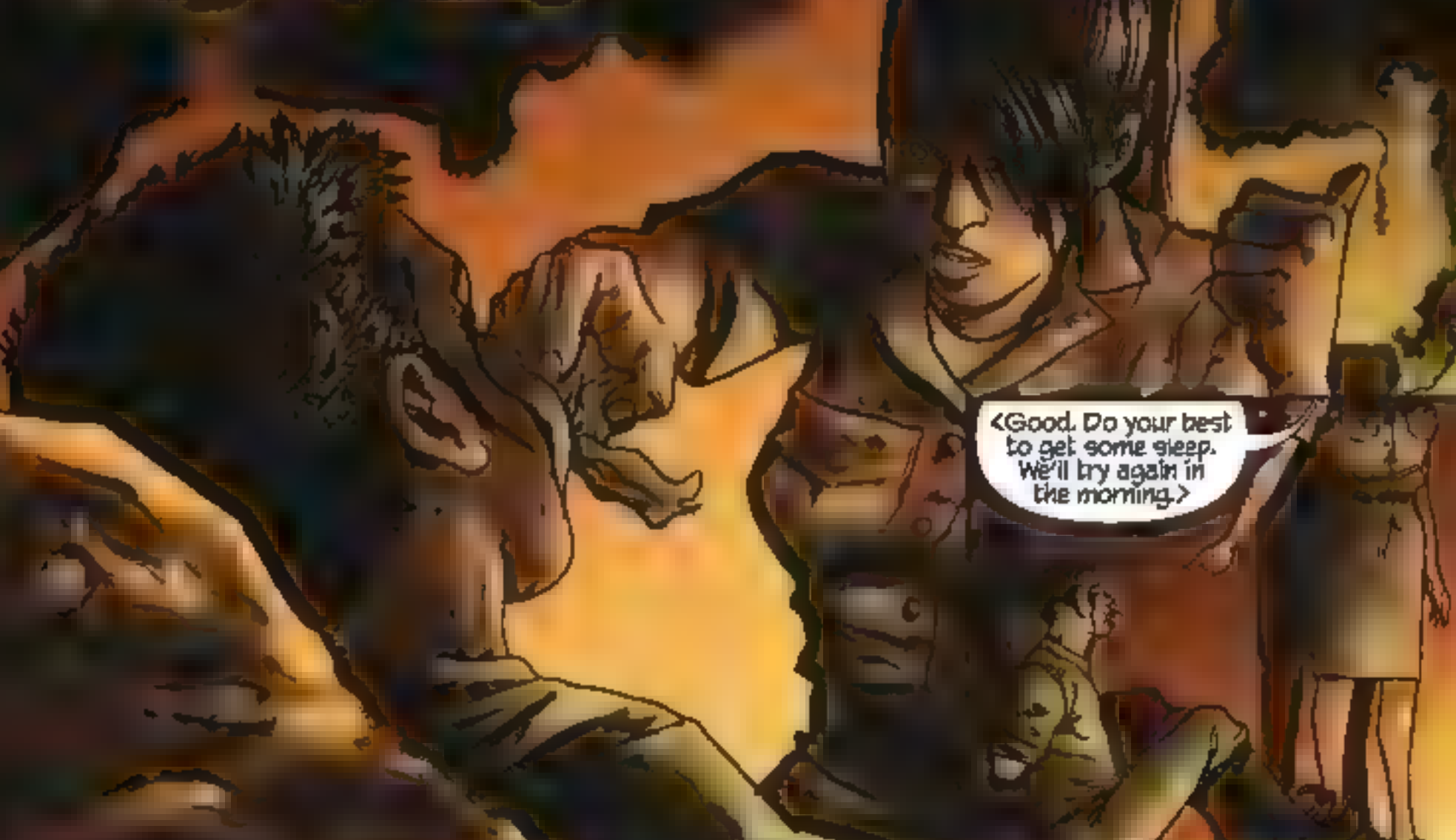
<No! NO NO NO! They're COMING!/>

<Listen. The two men over there wanted to kill you so as not to compromise our position.>

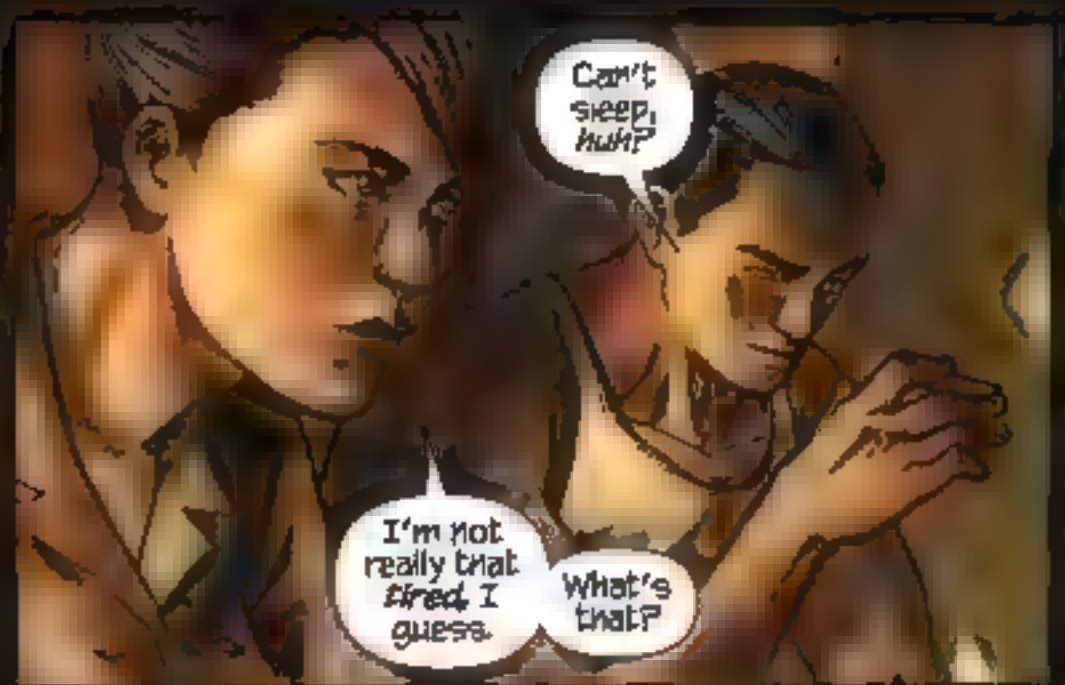
<I wouldn't let them.>

<Now, if you keep making noise, you will compromise our position, and I cannot allow that. Keep it up and I'll have no choice but to let them off the leash.>

<Is that clear?>



<Good. Do your best to get some sleep. We'll try again in the morning.>



Favors?
You mean
like—

I gave
them little bits
of info. Who was
talkin' about tryin'
to *break out*, who
had a *shiv* hidden
away, that kinda
thing.

Look,
I ain't proud
of it, okay?

You did what
you had to do to
survive. I understand that.

Yeah,
you *understand*.
But you wouldn'ta
done it, would
you?

I like to think
I'm a *loyal* guy.
Whatever else I may be.
Y'know? Back in the world,
if any of my guys ever
flipped for the cops?
That was the lowest
of the low.

A rat's
got no *loyalty*.
That's what
makes him a
fuckin' *rat*.

And
I don't
wanna—

Ah,
never
mind.

So you
were a, what, a
gangster?

Let's just
say I had some
friends that took
some liberties with
the law from time
to time.

And they sold
you out?

They *tried*.
I never been
convicted
of anything
more than a
misdemeanor.

Then
how did you
end up in the
army?

It ain't
important.
It was—

Hey!
The *Jap's*
gone!



Damn it!
He could have every
soldier on this island
down on our heads in
no time. We have to
contain him.

If you mean
find him and tie
him up again,
then yeah, let's
do that.



*Fast little
bastard,
isn't he?*

Flank him.
You cut left, I'll
head right, through
the clearing.



—ahead!

We're
closing on
him. He's
just—





~uff~



Jesus Christ! You okay down there?



I'm alive, and I believe I'm uninjured. But my support is disintegrating.

Can you climb out?

The walls are made of sand and mud, Private Caravaggio.

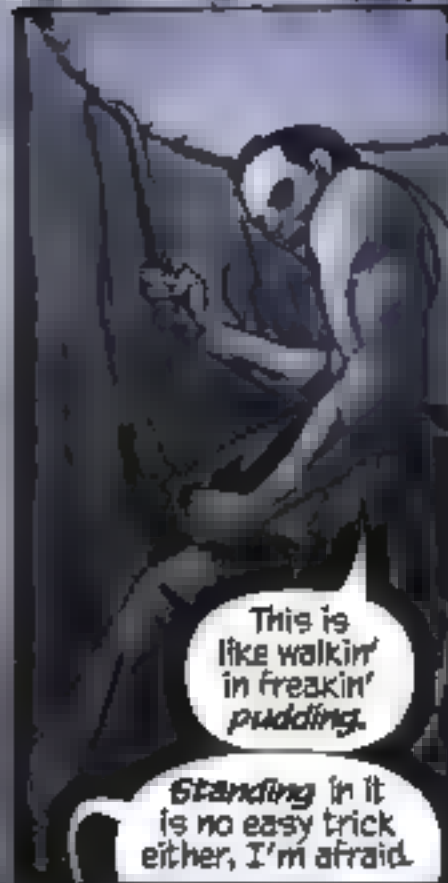
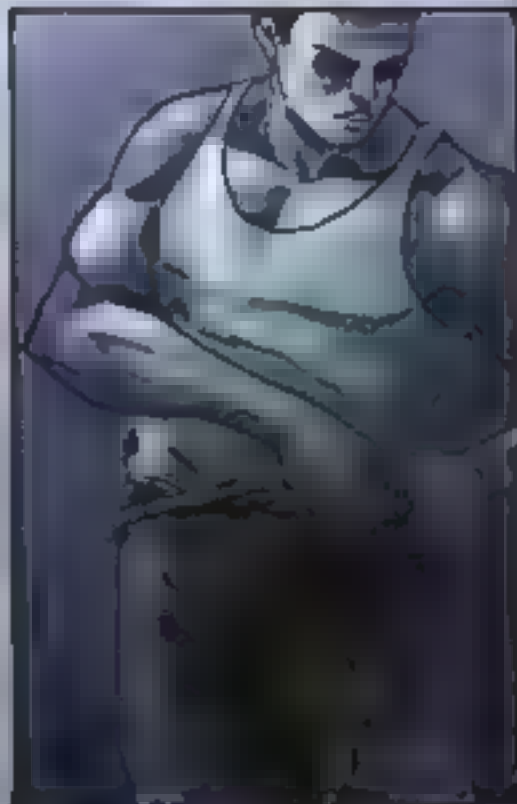
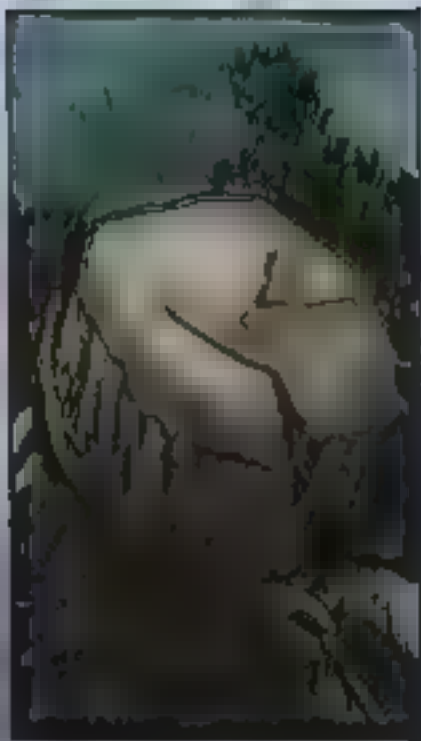
Your assistance would be welcome.



Okay, don't worry, darlin' I'm comin'!

I just need a—

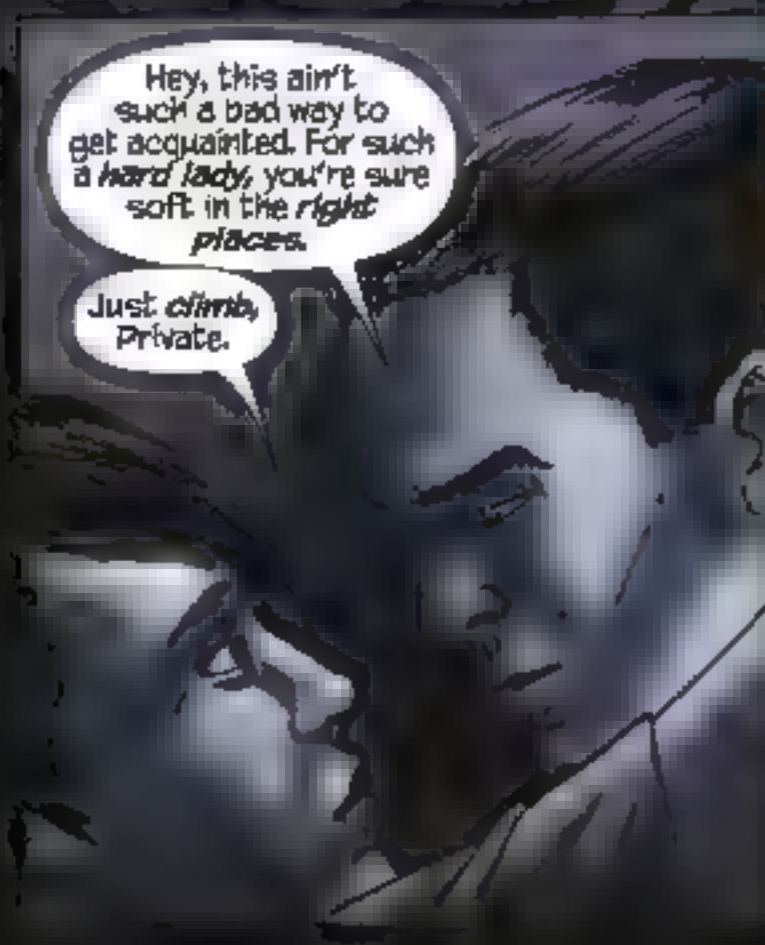
Aha!



This is like walkin' in freakin' pudding.

Standing in it is no easy trick either, I'm afraid.

There ya go.



Hey, this ain't such a bad way to get acquainted. For such a *hard lady*, you're sure soft in the *right places*.

Just climb, Private.



SNAP



Gah!



TNP

—UFF—



Ricky!
Do you know
you are suddenly
my *favorite*
person in the
world?



Yeah,
yeah.

-surghs-

Jeez,
you two are
heavy.



I *hate*
you, Corporal,
that I am light
as a *feather*.

If you're
having trouble,
it's no doubt because
Private Caravaggio
has been taking more
than his fair share
of the rations.

Hey! Nice
talk for someone
whose *butt* I
just saved.



But I
thought
you were
asleep.

I *was*,
until you two
started crashing
through the jungle
like a couple of
elephants.

If the Japs
didn't know we
were here *before*,
I bet they
do now.



If they *know*
we were here, they
would be on us already.
It's a big island, gentlemen,
and they can't have ears
everywhere. Luckily
for us.

But more
importantly than that,
I found something...
interesting down in
the *sinkhole*.



It was in a crevice in the wall. I believe it's a dinosaur egg.

Wait, you're telling me dinosaurs lay eggs?

Like chickens?

You're pullin' my leg.

Good Lord, Bruno. Read a book.

Wait, what's the problem? Eggs can't be a big surprise. We've already seen the dinosaurs. They had to come from somewhere.

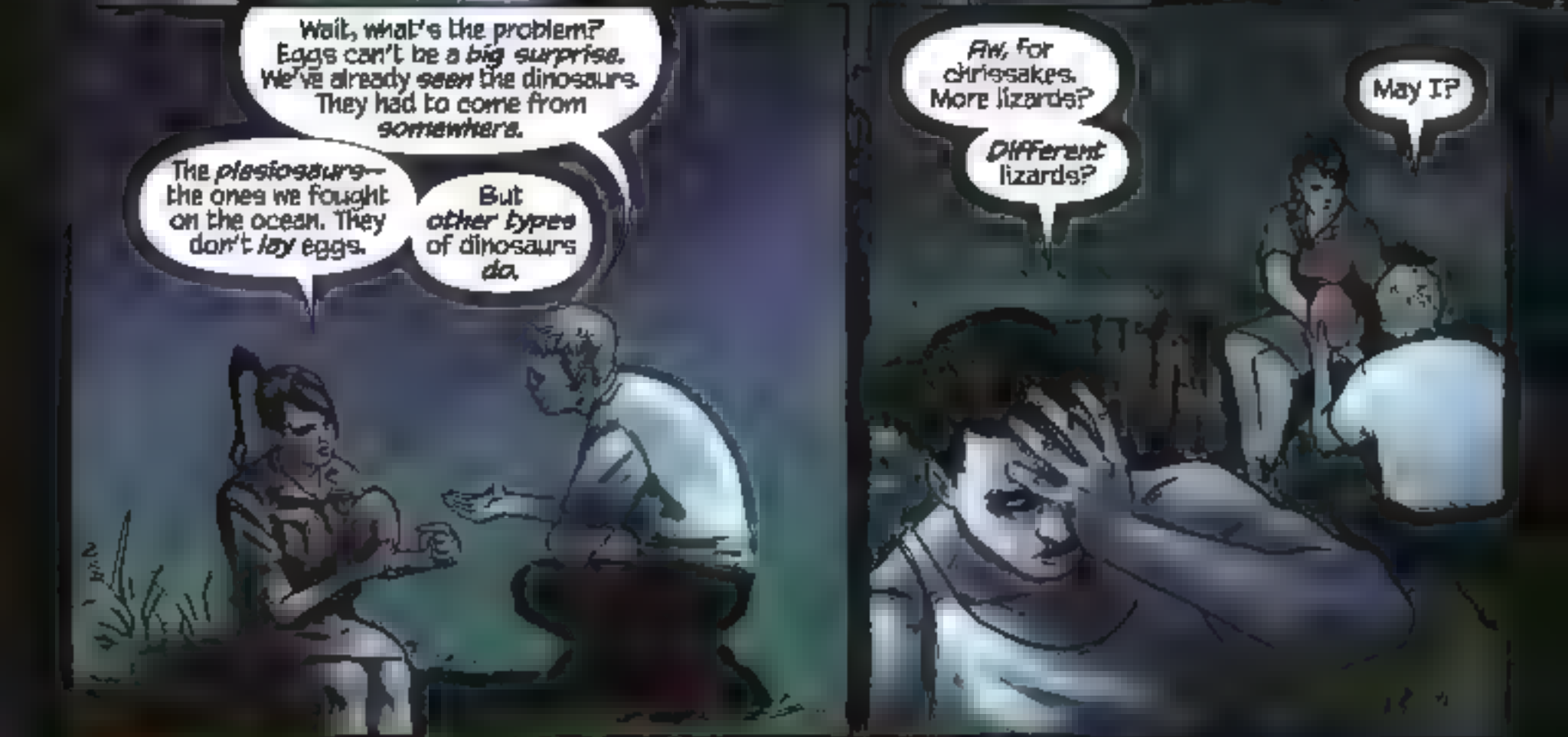
The *plesiosaurs*—the ones we fought on the ocean. They don't lay eggs.

But other types of dinosaurs do.

Ah, for chrissakes. More lizards?

Different lizards?

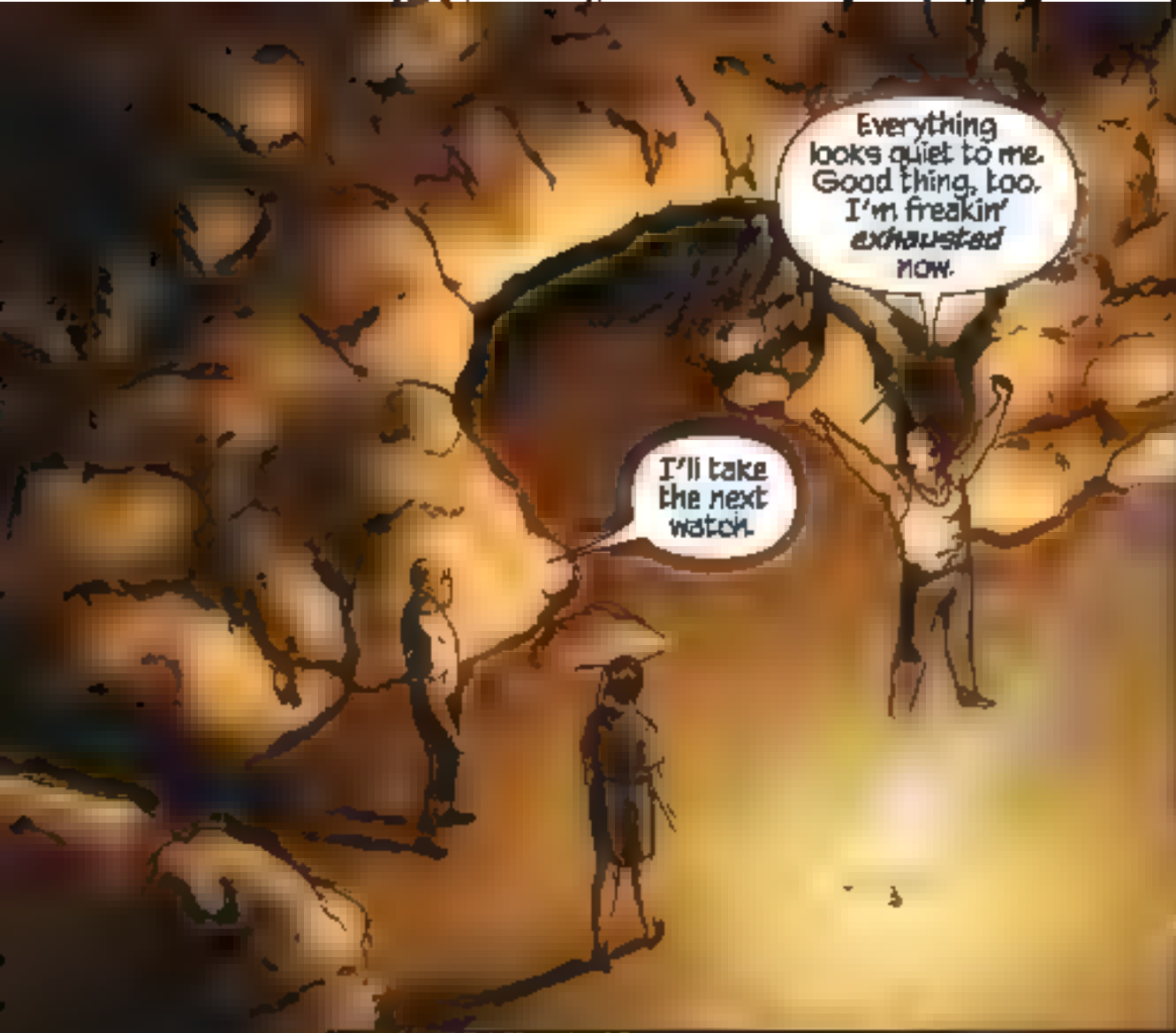
May I?



KRAK

One less now.





Everything
looks quiet to me.
Good thing, too.
I'm freakin'
exhausted
now.

I'll take
the next
watch.



You're up
in three hours.
You should get
some sleep.

I will if
I can.



You
shouldn't
trust him,
you know.

Private
Caravaggio?

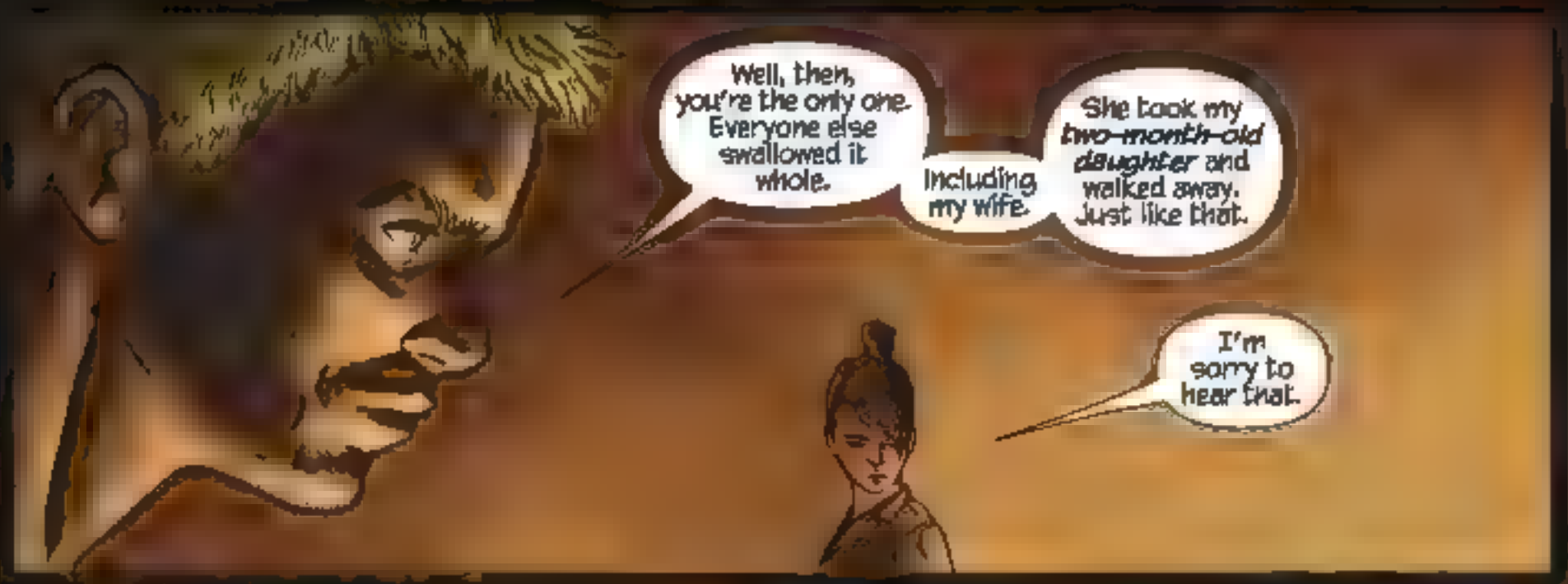
He's
not a *good*
guy.



He said you
were a *dirty cop*.
Back in the world.
Is that right?

What
do you
think?

I don't
believe it.

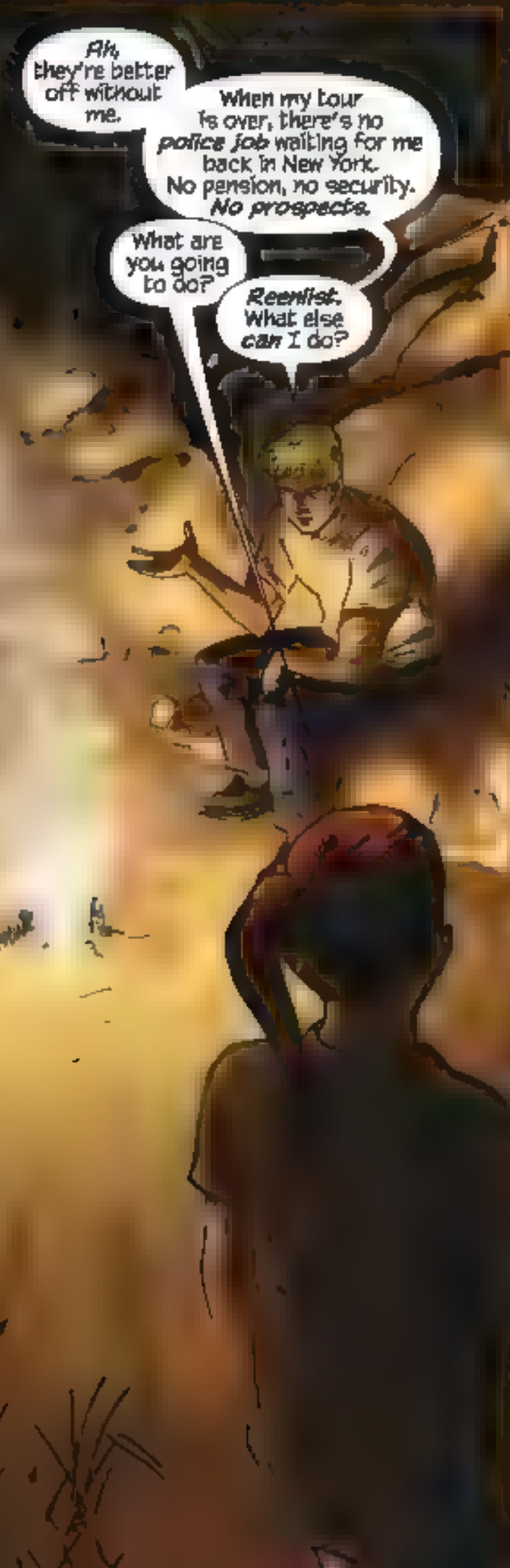


Well, then,
you're the only one.
Everyone else
swallowed it
whole.

Including
my wife.

She took my
two-month-old
daughter and
walked away.
Just like that.

I'm
sorry to
hear that.



Ah,
they're better
off without
me.

When my tour
is over, there's no
police job waiting for me
back in New York.
No pension, no security.
No prospects.

What are
you going
to do?

Reenlist.
What else
can I do?



Well, that
explains
it.

Explains
what?

I've seen you
looking at that
picture you carry
around. The picture
of your wife ~~and~~
daughter.



There's a look
on your face when
you stare at it.
It's not the same look
I see on other
soldiers' faces.

They look at
pictures of their
families--or keepsakes,
or trinkets, or what
have you--and they
get this look of
longing.

This
sad little
smile.

But not you.
With you, there's
just this *other* look.
At first, I thought it was
sadness. Or *despair*.
But that wasn't
quite right.

Then I finally
understood.



It's
anger.

You
look at them
and you're
furious.

Now
I guess
I know
why.



Yeah,
I guess
so.

Look. Maybe, back
in the world, you were
a model citizen. Or maybe
you were a terrible man, an
abusive husband, a negligent
father. A *dirty cop*.
I don't know.

All I know
is you're a man
who gets *angry*
when he looks
at his wife and
his child.

But out here,
there's no one else
to watch my back.
Only you and Private
Caravaggio.



So I don't
really *care*
what kind of a
man he is.

I just need him
to do what needs to
be done. To complete the
mission. To stay alive.
That's what I need from
him, and that's what I
need from *you*.

I don't
have to *trust*
either one of
you.

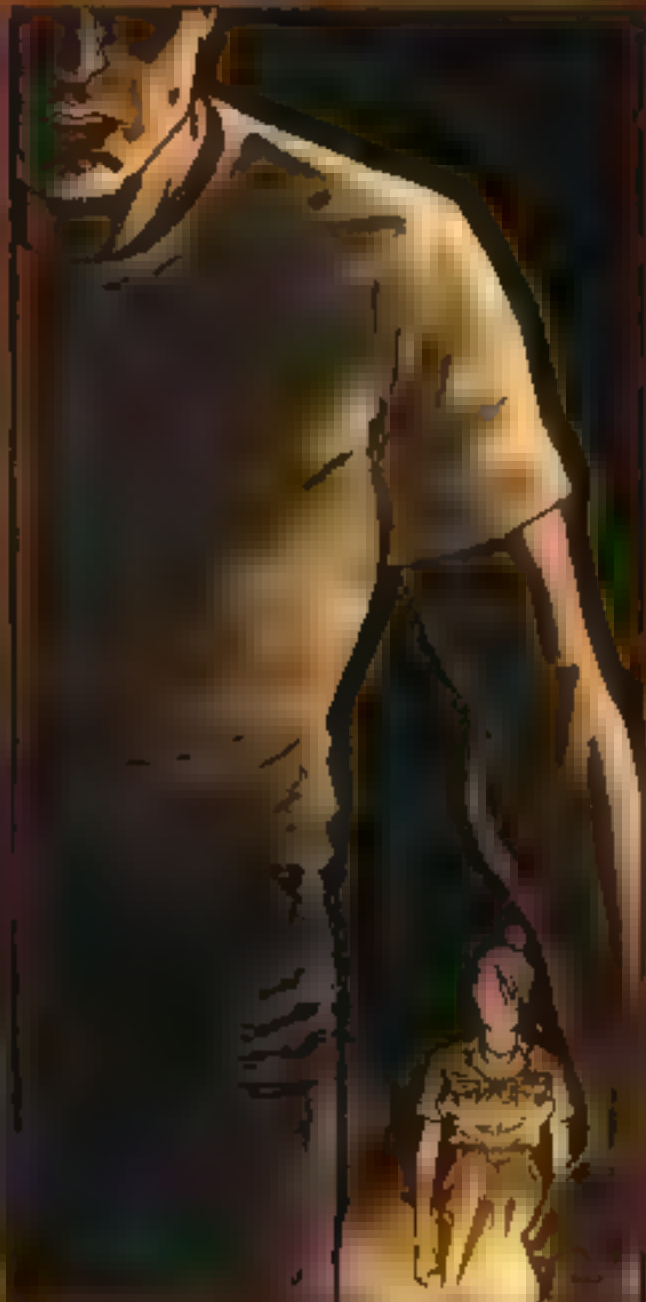


Fair
enough.



And
probably
smart.

I'm not
a good guy,
either.





Clear!

Clear!

Okay, men.
We're here to extract
*Lieutenant Catherine
King* from whatever
shitpile she's managed
to get her dainty little
Foot stuck in.

We find her,
we throw her over
our shoulder and
bring her back to
our cave.

We find any
enemy combatants,
we shoot them a
lot until they're
dead.

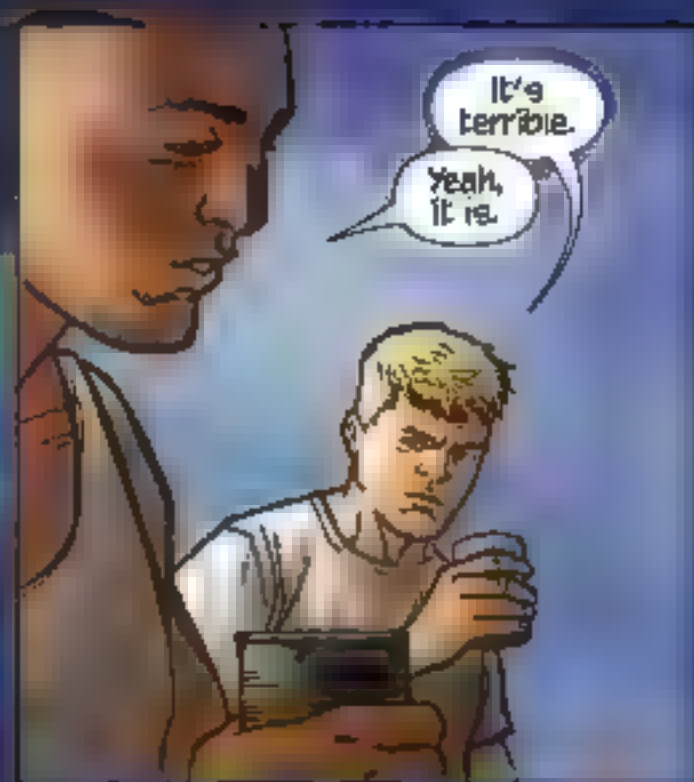
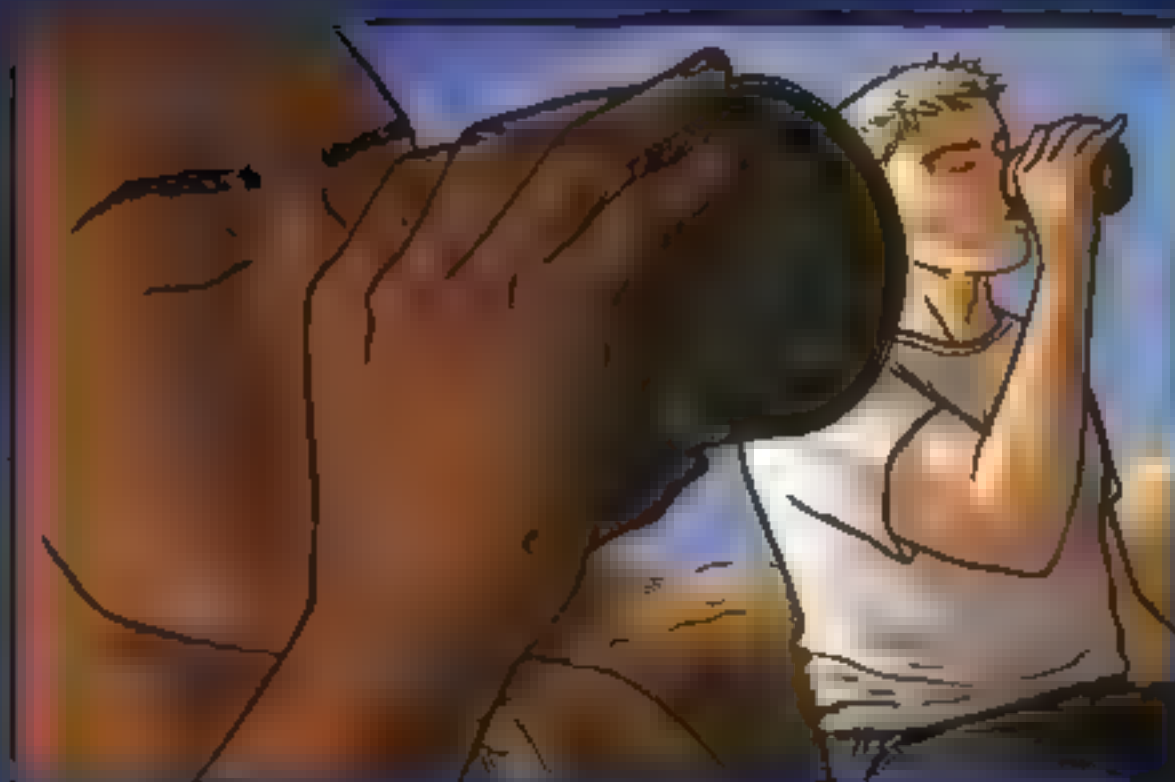
Two teams
go through the
jungle—one north
lane, one south.
The plane is on
overwatch.

Any
of that
unclear?

Then
what are you
waiting for,
ladies?

Rangers
lead the
way!





It's terrible.
Yeah, it is.



Need any help?

No thank you, Private Caravaggio, I'm just finishing up. We need to get moving.



You can call me *Tony*, y'know. I figure we're out here in the shit, we might as well drop the *formality*.

You call me *Tony*, I call you *Catherine*. Like that.

Corporal Novak tells me I shouldn't trust you. He says you're not a *good guy*.

Well, sure, I may not be a *good guy*, but I got some *good points*.



Besides, now that we spent some *quality time* roped up together down in a *sinkhole*, I figure we're basically *dating* already.

Ha ha!



Nothing on our
girl in this quadrant yet.
Tell Captain Buckley I'm
gonna get lower and do
another pass before
I move on.

Any
sign of the
Japs?



No, all quiet.
Real quiet. If we're right,
and their encampment
is on the *east* side of the
island, then it doesn't look
like they're patrolling
this far--

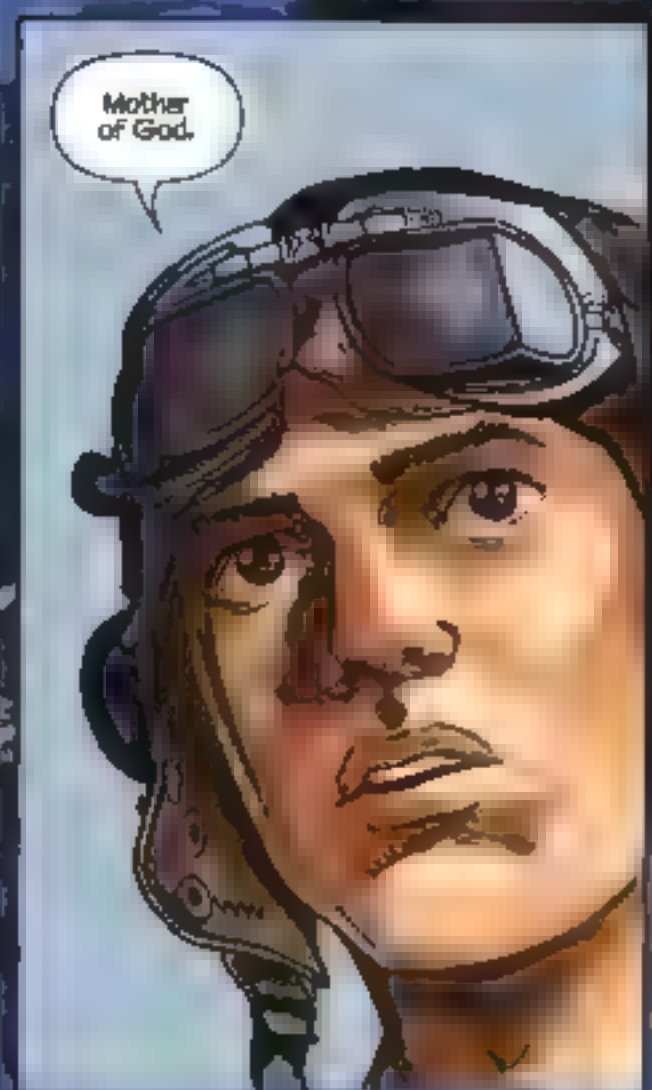
Wait
one.



I'm seeing
something,
but I can't
tell--



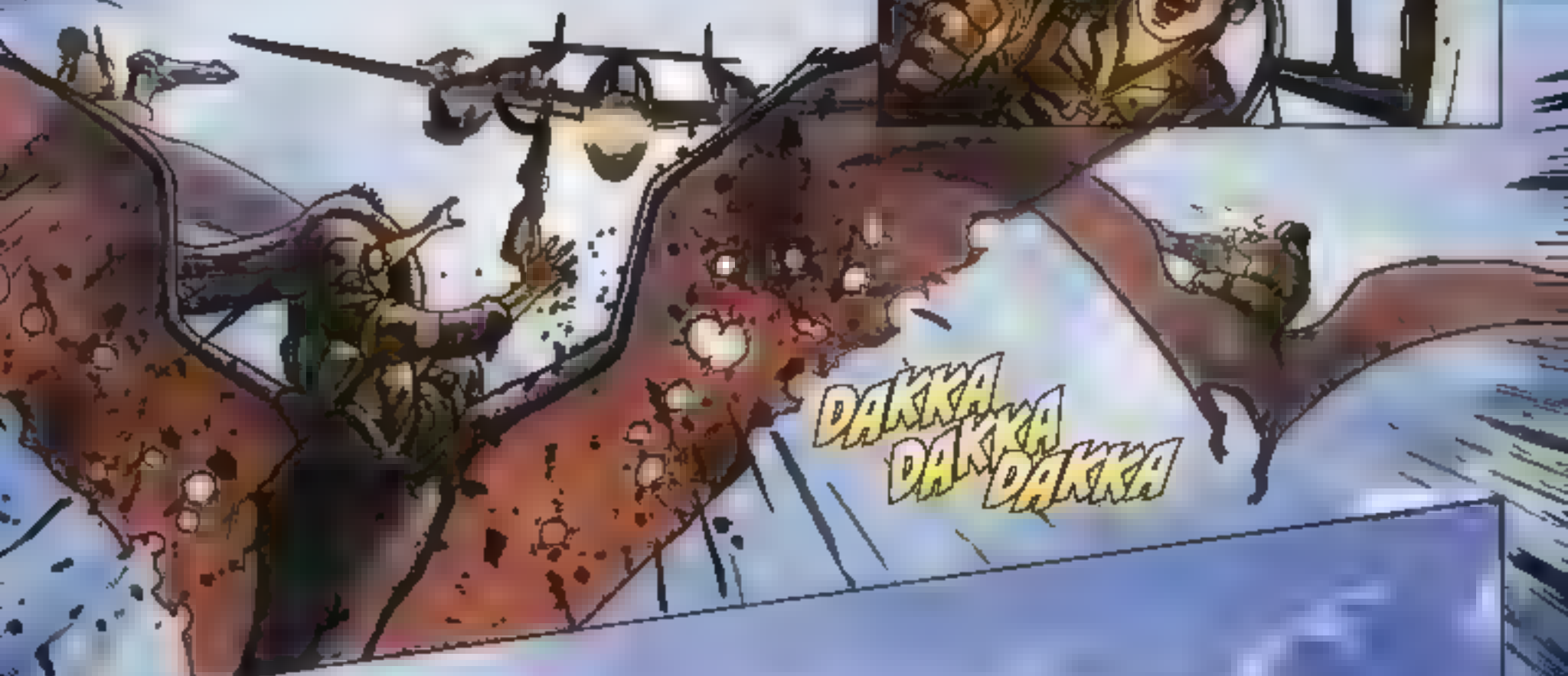
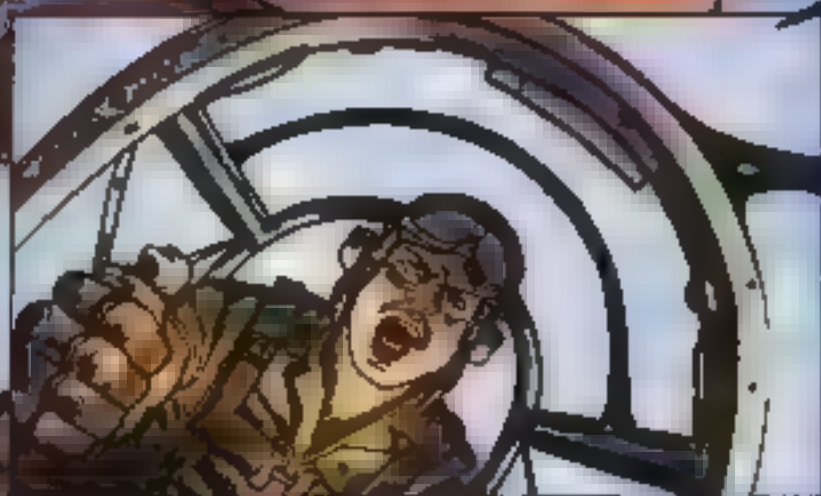
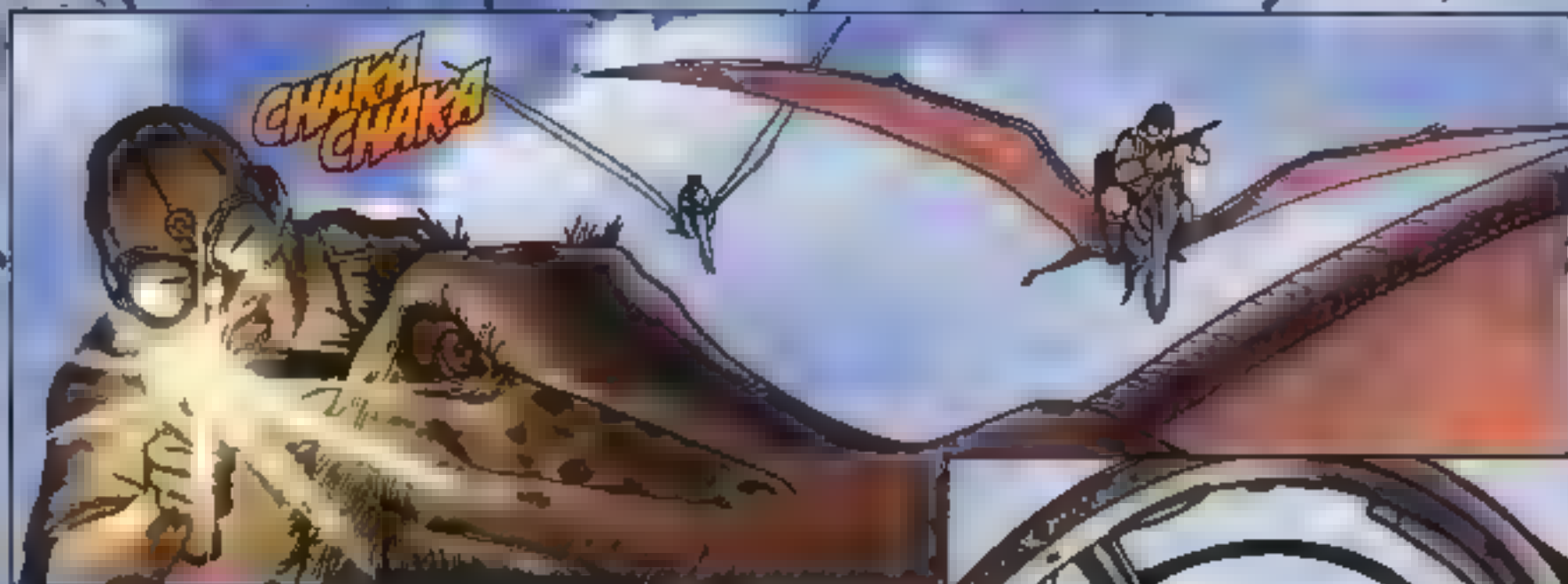
Mother
of God.





CAW

SKREE



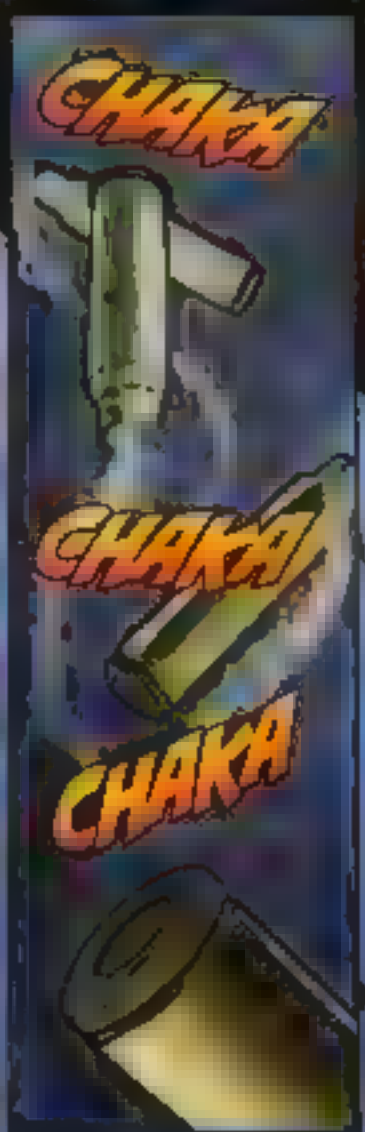
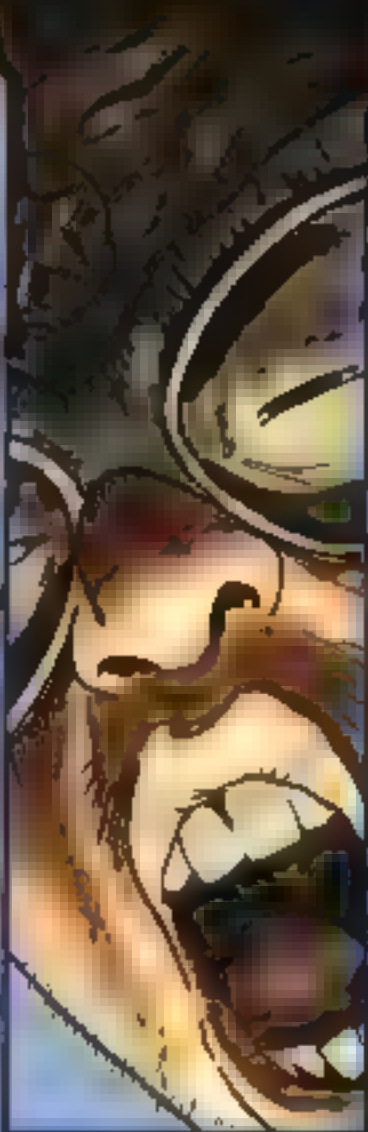
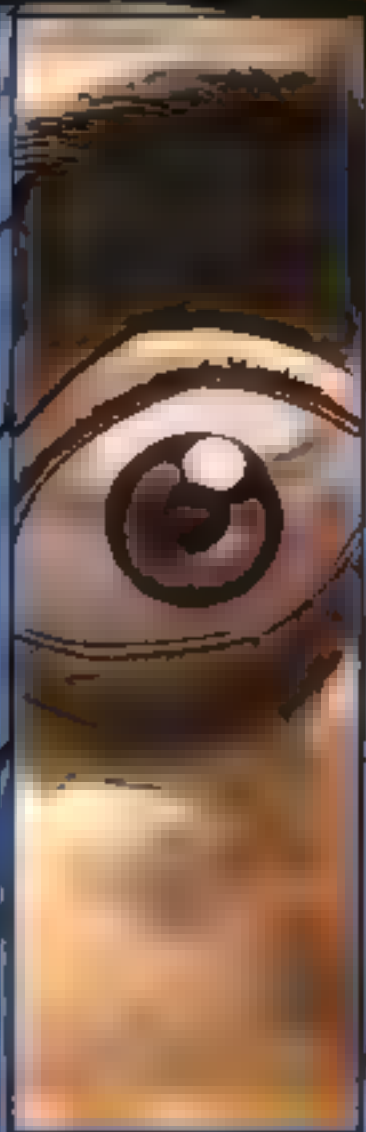
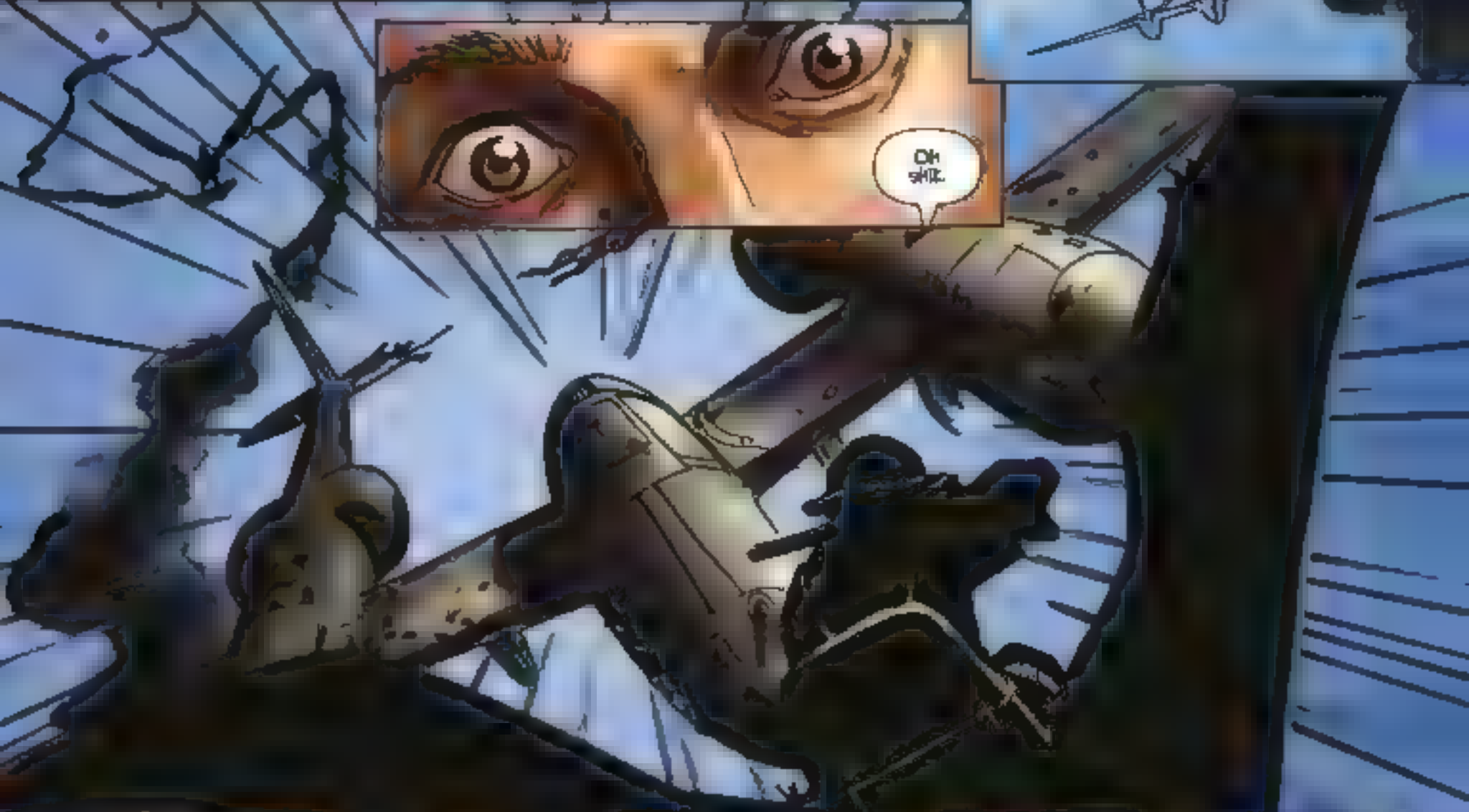
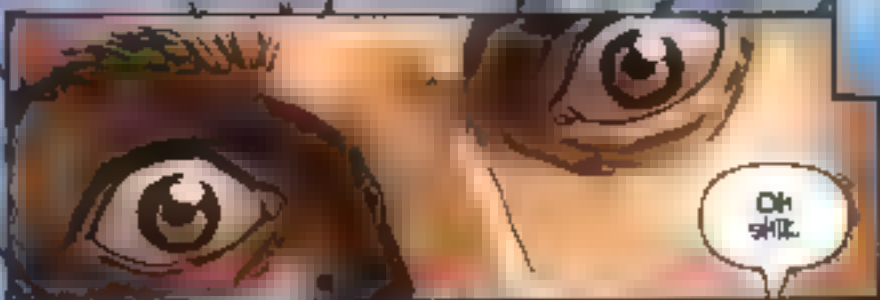


CRAK

CHAKA
CHAKA
CHAKA
CHAKA

TNG
TNG
SPAK

Shit
shit
shit







I guess
I'm gonna
have to
say--

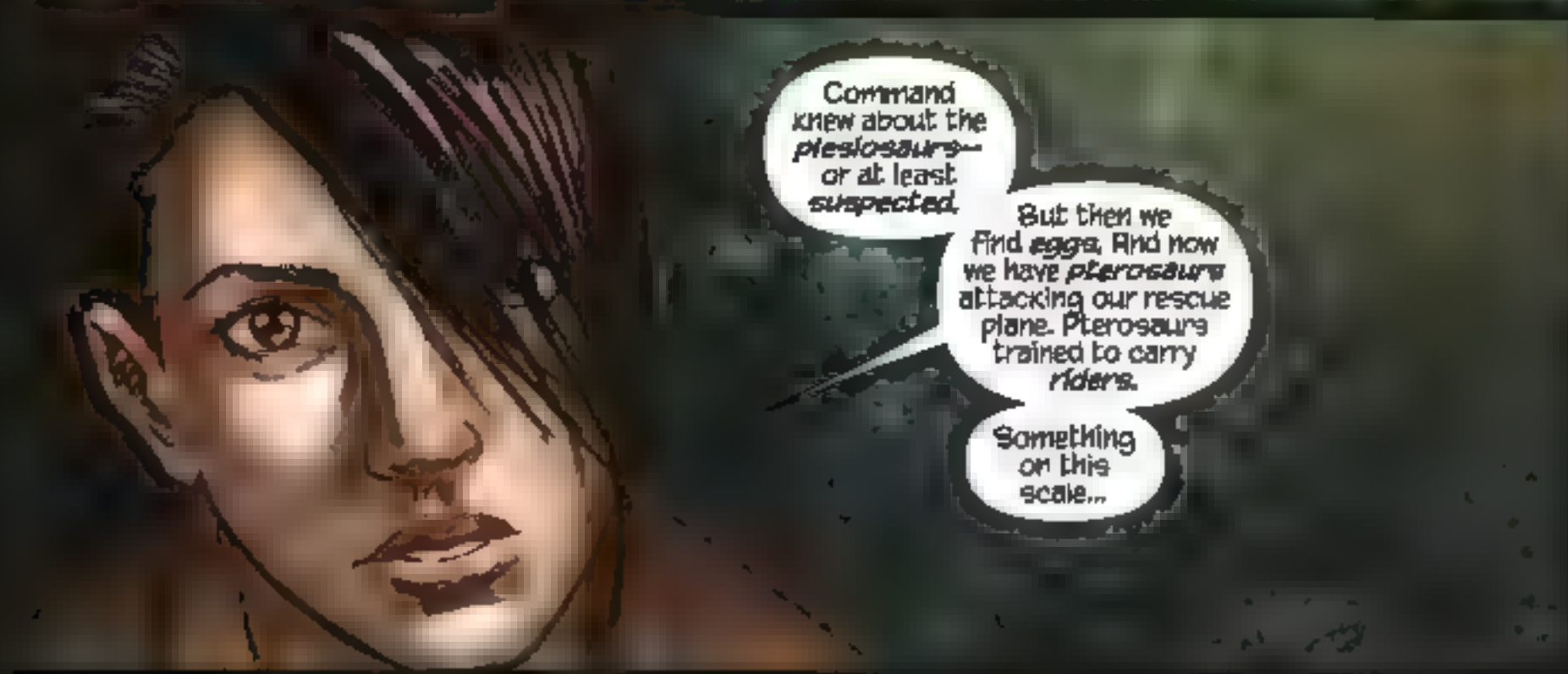
--Flight
school?



This
is bad.

Yeah, I
would say it's
not fuckin'
good.

I mean that
this operation is
bigger than we
expected. And more
organized.



Command
knew about the
plesiosaurs--
or at least
suspected.

But then we
find *eggs*. And now
we have *pterosaurs*
attacking our rescue
plane. Pterosaurs
trained to carry
riders.

Something
on this
scale...

I thought that we might find something on this island--like the lab where they were breeding their beasts.

<Control the dragon, fools!>

Maybe a dozen scientists and some troops guarding it.

Aghh!

<No, no!>

I didn't think we'd find hundreds of dinosaurs, and an army trained in their care and feeding.

I have to admit, gentlemen, I'm feeling a bit in over my head. I think we need to get off this island as fast as possible.

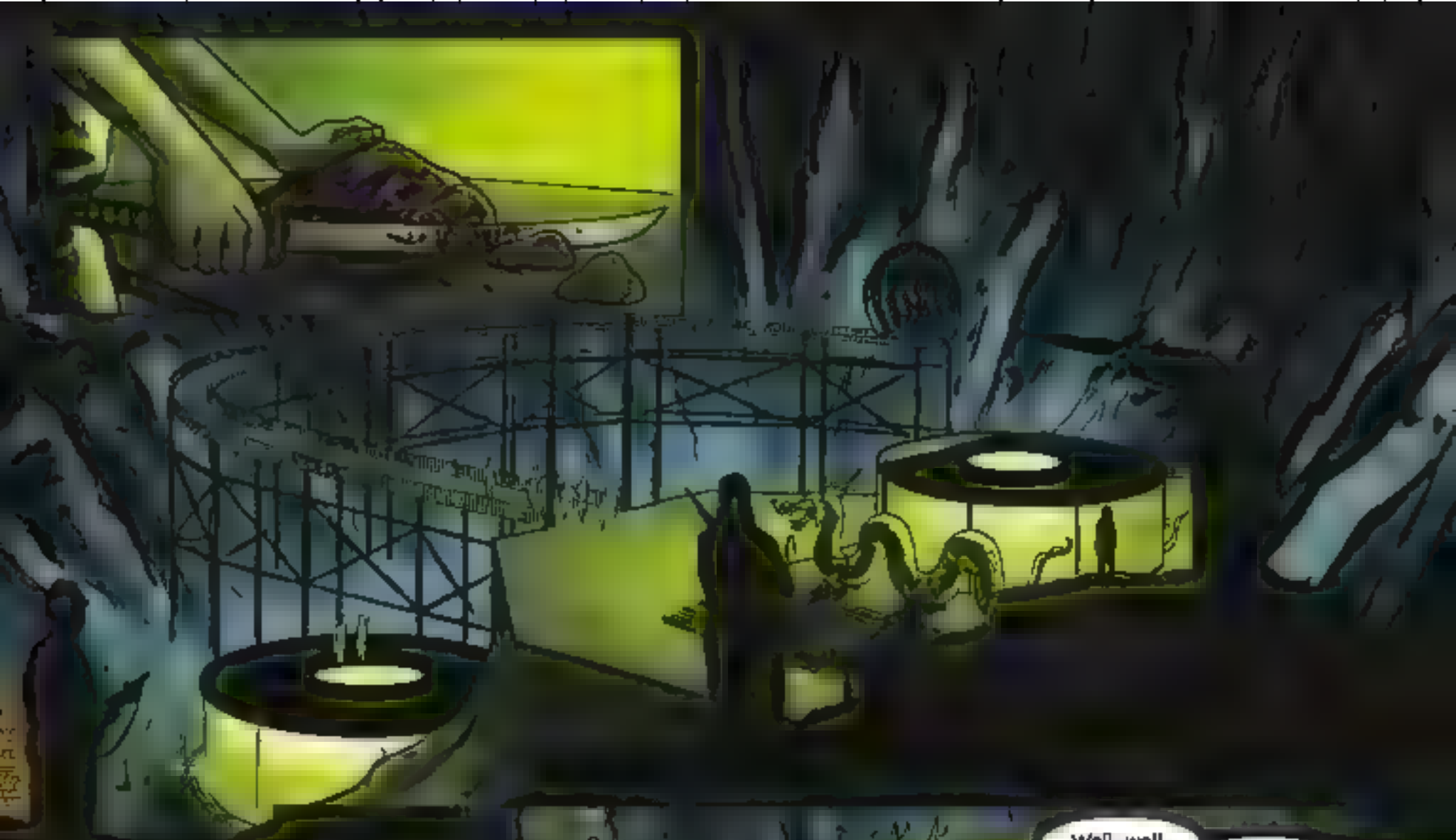
Uh, that may just have become a problem, sweetheart.

<A pity.>

<Ah, well. Next!>

Seriously? Again?





Well, well.
Americans.

I love
Americans.

Everyone
loves
Americans,
pal!

But how do
you know we're
American?
And who are you
supposed to be,
anyway?

Well, aside
from the *appalling*
language in which we
are forced to converse,
and the *ridiculous*
accent with which you
speak it, you all smell
faintly of chemicals,
cheeseburgers, and
arrogance.

As for who
I am "supposed
to be," I am
General Ryu.

That's the
answer you
desire, no? My
name? My
rank?

But I find the
literal interpretation
of your question
so much more
interesting.

It suggests
that there is a *proper*
way for me to be.
A sad little destiny that
I have *no* choice
but to fulfill.

But I believe
that we have the
potential to be *more*.
To use our intellects
to become *better*.
Don't you?



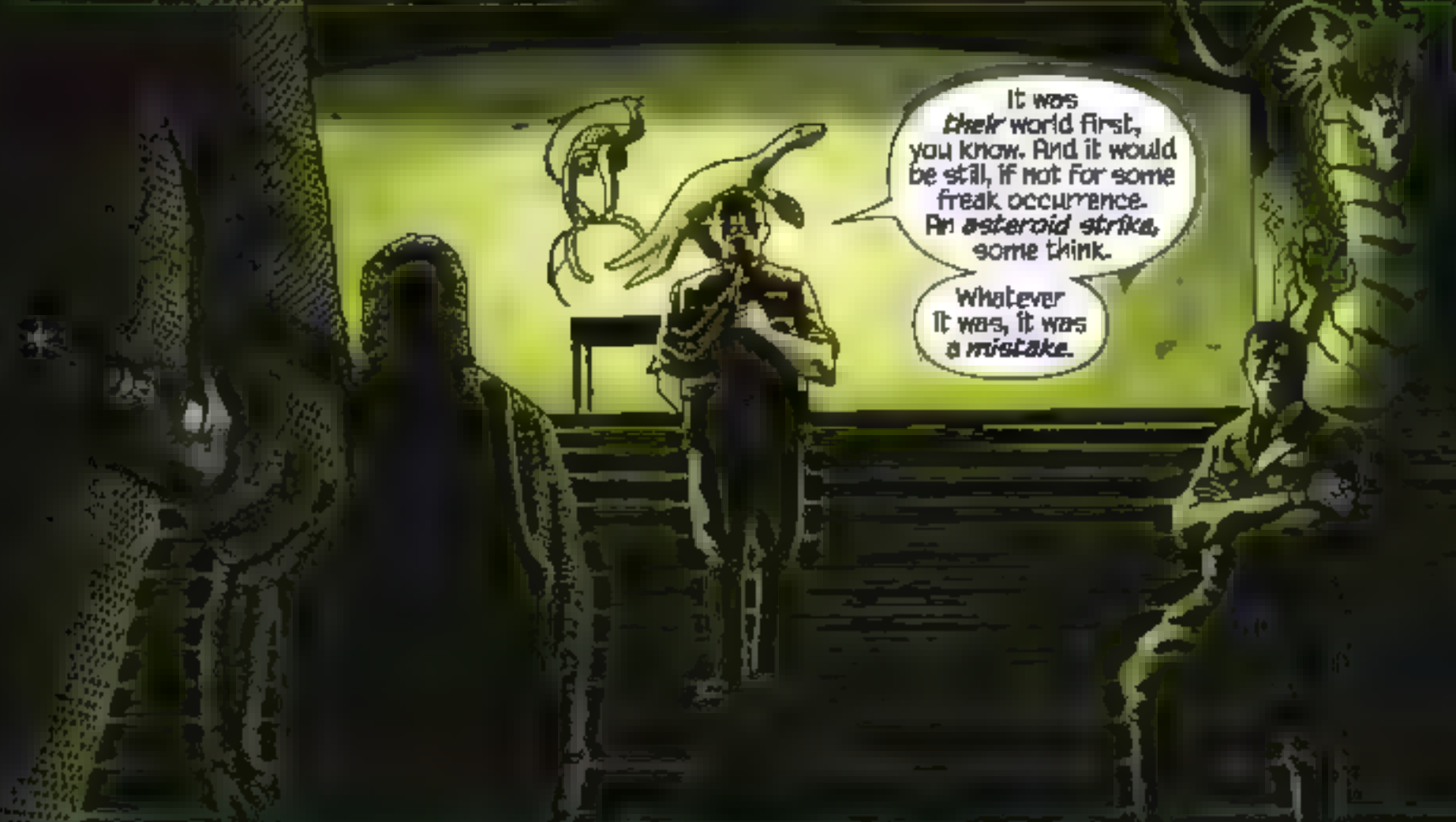




Jeez.
Buddy, there's
somethin'
seriously wrong
with you.



On the
contrary. There
is something
very right
with me.



It was
their world first,
you know. And it would
be still, if not for some
freak occurrence.
An *asteroid strike*,
some think.

Whatever
It was, it was
a *mistake*.



But
that is the
ingenuity of man.
We can correct
mistakes.

Even
God's
mistakes.



Rrowww!



What has been undone can be remade. Better, stronger.

<Thank you>

They are my children, you see.



And I am theirs.



Now. To the matter at hand.

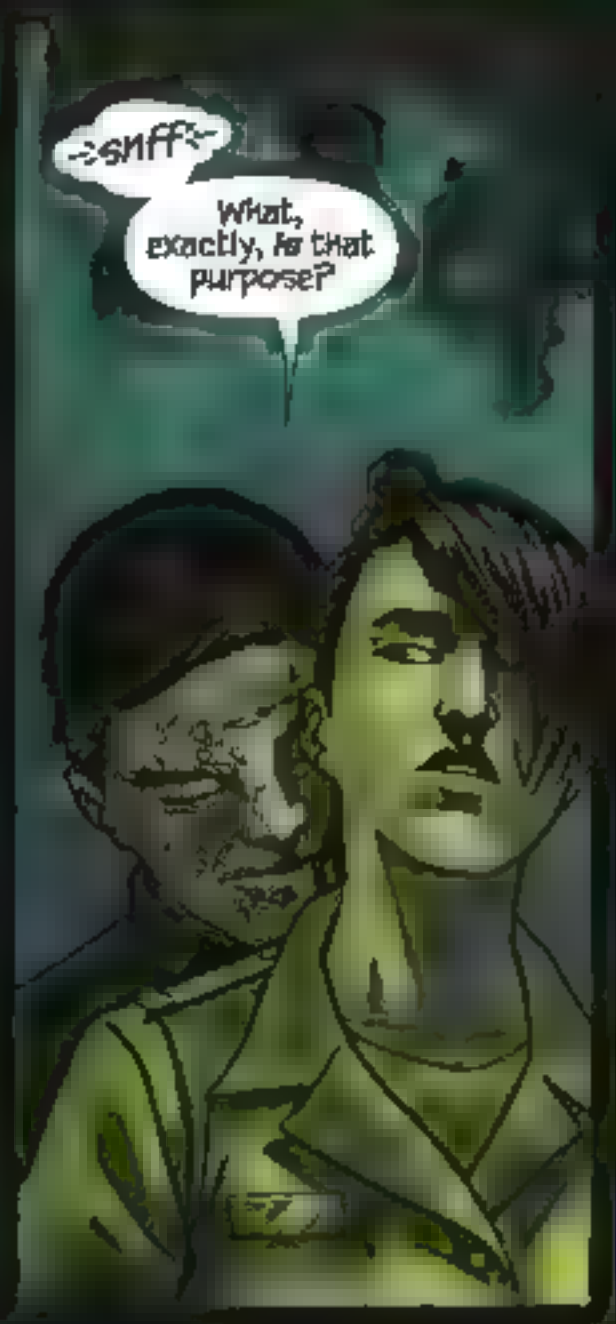
We do not get many visitors to our little island. In point of fact, we have taken great pains to remain clandestine.

So I can only presume that you are here with a purpose.

Which leads to the inevitable question--

--sniff--

What, exactly, is that purpose?



<Sir!>

<What
is it?>

<More Allied troops
on the island, sir. *Army
Rangers*. A whole unit
of them in the south-
western valley.>

Hmm.
Very interesting.
It appears the three
of you are but the *tip*
of the *spear*.
And now the *shaft*
is revealed.

It makes me
physically *nauseated*.
Agents of the corrupt
West, here to put their
boots across the throat
of the *Future* I'm
building.

Pal, I
don't know what
you're talkin'
about.

(I actually
ain't really
followed anything
you've said about
anything.)

But ya
gotta believe me.
Our boat *sank*,
and we washed up
here. That's it.
We ain't the tip
of *nothin'*.

No matter.
Be assured that
whatever comical plan
you have constructed
is already failing.

<Take these
three to the cells,
and summon the
flyers for a
briefing.>

I shall capture
this *other* force,
and then I will have my
choice of people to
whom I may pose
my questions.

In the meantime,
someone please
fetch me the
essence of an
Ankylosaurus.

I find
I have a
sweet tooth
today.



I mean,
what a fuckin'
freak show!

Yes, Private
Caravaggio, we
can all agree that the
man with a half-
reptilian face is
considerably out of
the ordinary.

Rather than
meditate on the
obvious, perhaps we
can work toward an
escape plan?

That
lock looks
pretty crummy.
I could probably
pick it.

You got a
bobby pin or
something?

Because I'm
a woman, you think
I travel with a whole
set of beauty
accoutrements?

I think you
gotta do *something* to
stay looking so good after
a couple days in
the brush.

Be
serious.

I'm always
serious.

Jesus
Christ.

Give it
a rest, Tony.
She doesn't
want you,
okay?

No one
wants
you.

The only possible
value you have in this
world is if you can get
us the hell out of here so
we can warn those Rangers
that the friggin' *Dino*
Squad is coming
for them.

Can
you do
that?

You think
I ain't *killing myself*
tryin' to figure a way
outta here? I don't want
those guys to end up as
monster food any more
than you do.

And what
are you doin'
about it,
anyway?

Holdin' up
that wall for
America?

Pssst!



Holy
crap! It's
the Jap!

<Um, can
you tell him
that's pretty
offensive?>

<Unfortunately,
he's a pretty
offensive
person.>

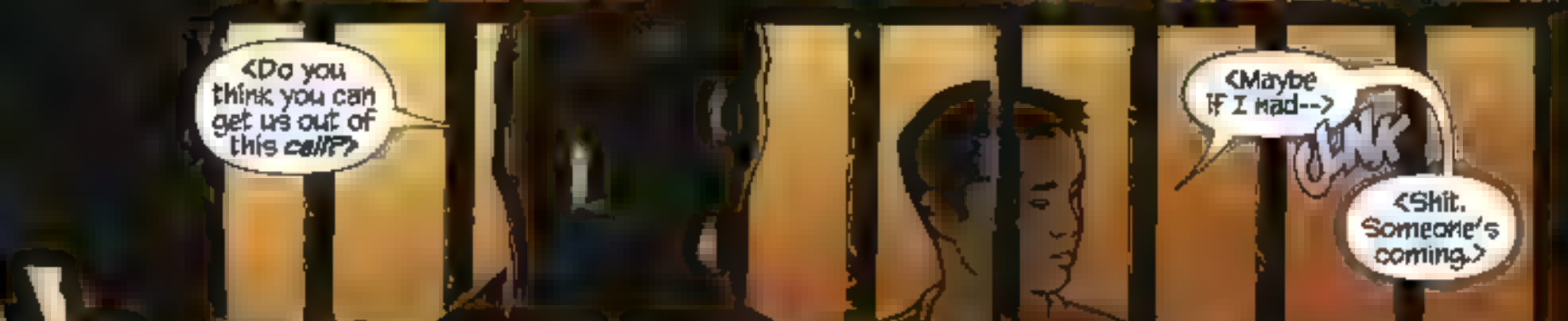
<But what
exactly are
you doing
here?>

<I Followed
you.>

<Whatever
for?>

<Self-interest,
I'm afraid. The only
way off this island is a
boat or a plane, and I'm
not going to be able
to steal one all by
myself.>

<You didn't kill
me when you had the
chance, which is about the
best treatment I've had
since I was stationed here
with *General Crazy Face*.
I figure you're my
best bet.>



<Do you
think you can
get us out of
this cell?>

<Maybe
if I had-->

<Shit.
Someone's
coming.>



<Okay,
never mind us.
There are *Army
Rangers* here, in the
southwestern valley,
and General Ryu is
going to *attack*
them.>

<Go, warn
the Rangers.
Tell them where
we are.>

<Show
them this, to
prove you've
seen us.>

*Catherine
King*. My name
is Catherine
King.

<Can you
pronounce it
in English?>

<What do you
think I am, stupid?
I can speak enough
English to talk
to a *G.I.*>

<But what
if they still
don't believe
me?>

<Then tell
them they're
idiots.>



<I'll warn them, Catherine King.>

<My name is Isamu, by the way.>

<It's a pleasure to meet you, Isamu.>

<Now, go.>

It's like he just *vanished*! How the hell does the slippery little bastard *do that*?

I don't care how he does it, so long as he puts that talent to use for *us*.

Sure, if we can *trust* him to—

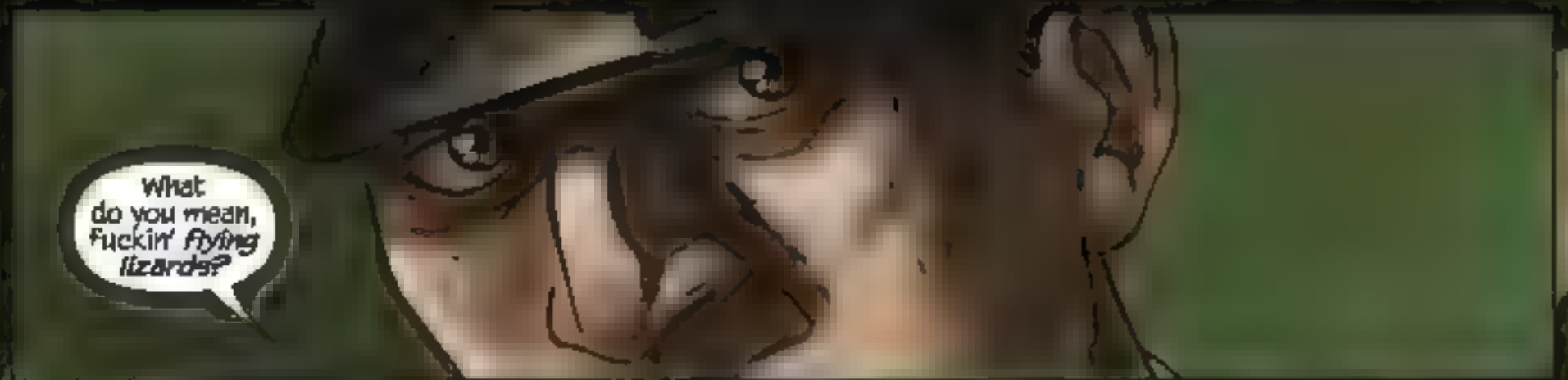
Hey, your lieutenant's bars!

I'm sure I can get a replacement.

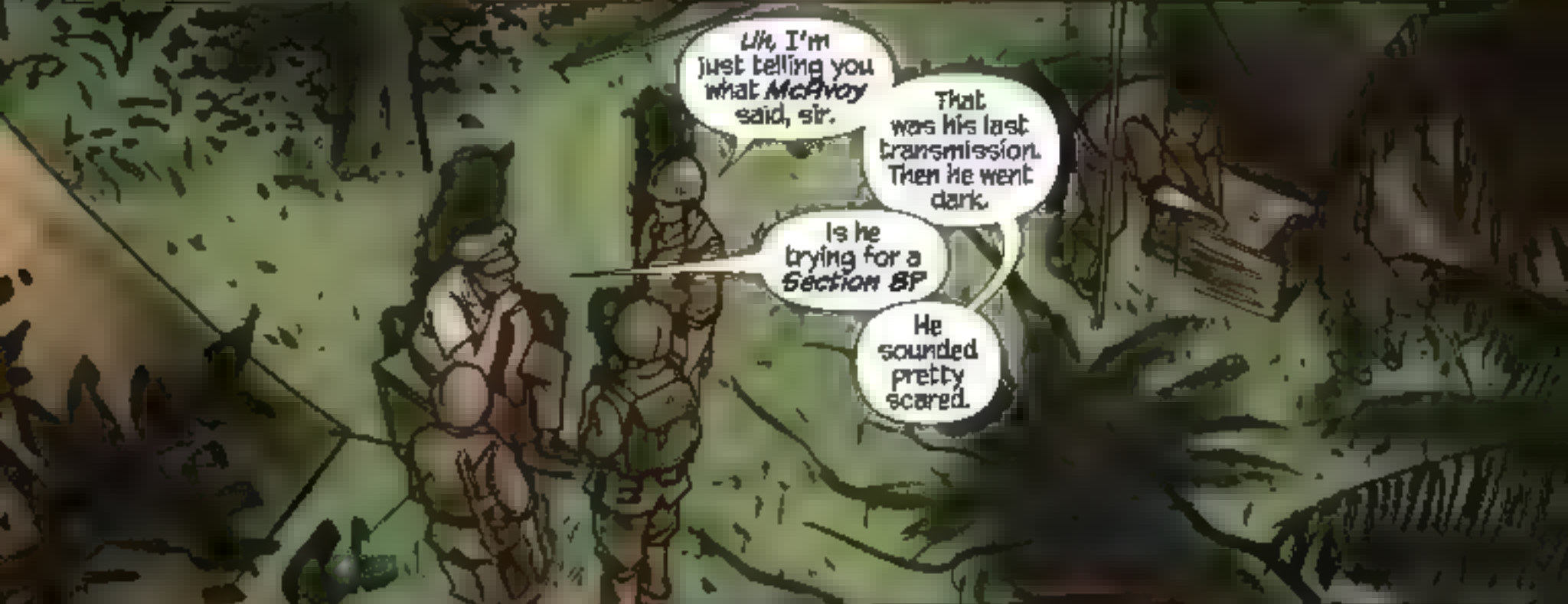
No, no. The one you still have on. Give it to me!

What for?

Lock pick.



What do you mean, fuckin' flying lizards?

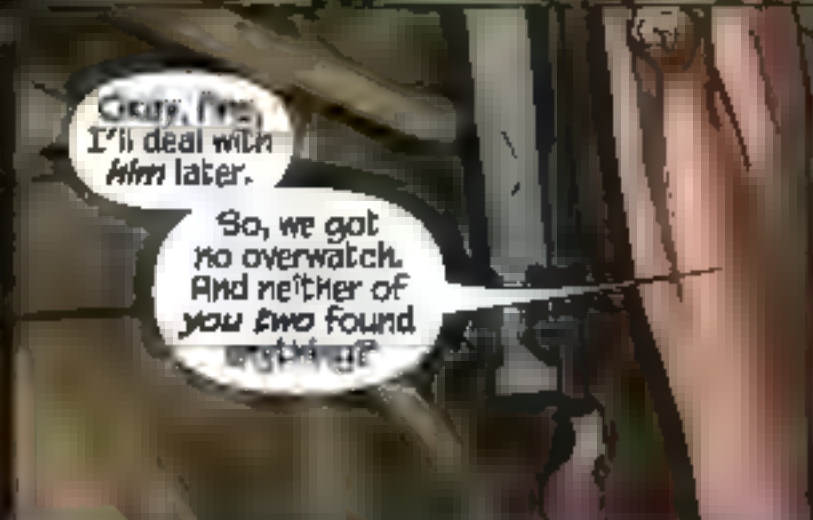


Uh, I'm just telling you what *McAvoy* said, sir.

That was his last transmission. Then he went dark.

Is he trying for a *Section 8F*?

He sounded pretty scared.



Okay, fine, I'll deal with *him* later.

So, we got no overwatch. And neither of you two found anything?



No, sir. We're confident that we've covered the whole west side of the island, so I'd recommend moving the camp east and starting a new grid.

Captain Buckley!



This man is asking to speak to you. He came up to us at the *tree line*, and waved this little white flag.

Good grief. We got an *enemy combatant* just walkin' right up to us now?



I hope to God you searched him for fuckin' *grenades*.

Every inch of him.

Got a *huge pecker* for a Jap, sir.

Not the *friggin'-her*, soldier.

Okay, little guy. Let's hear what you got to say.

My name
Isamu. I have
warning.

Oh yeah?
This a threat,
then?

No! No.
Catherine King.
She send me. She say
you are attacked.
Japanese army know
you here.

Catherine King, you say? Sure.
Or maybe you pricks
already killed her, and
now you're here to
lead us into
a trap.

She say
if you do not
believe me, you
are idiots.

Okay,
yeah, that's
her.

Okay, let's
say for now
I believe you.
What's the
situation?

The army
come from east.
You hide in there,
they go past.
Lot of room.
All can hide.

Well, all right.
You heard the man.
I reckon this is
the kinda dice
toss I like.

If it turns
out this guy is
savin' our lives,
then someone make
sure he gets a cold
beer later.

If it turns out
he's servin' us up,
then it is the God-given
duty of each one of you
miserable bastards to come
back from the dead as a
fuckin' ghost and stick
your ghostly American
boot down his fuckin'
throat.

Any
of that
unclear?



I think
I hear them.
From the east.
Moving quietly
intending
ambush.

I don't
hear shit.

That's why
I'm a scout
and you're just
a captain.

Captain

Smart-
ass.

Jesus God,
I could use
a fuck n'
cigarette.

There!

Well, shit.
Look at
that.

Uh...

You might
want to take
a look at the
sky, sir



Well, I'll
be fucked
sideways.

Flying
fuckin'
lizards.

Okay, buddy.
I guess I'm
satisfied that
you're on the
up-ah'-up.

(Though
at some point,
someone is gonna
have to explain the
goddamn *lizards*
to me.)

Now.
There are
American
servicemen
in trouble
out there.

Let's
go get
'em.

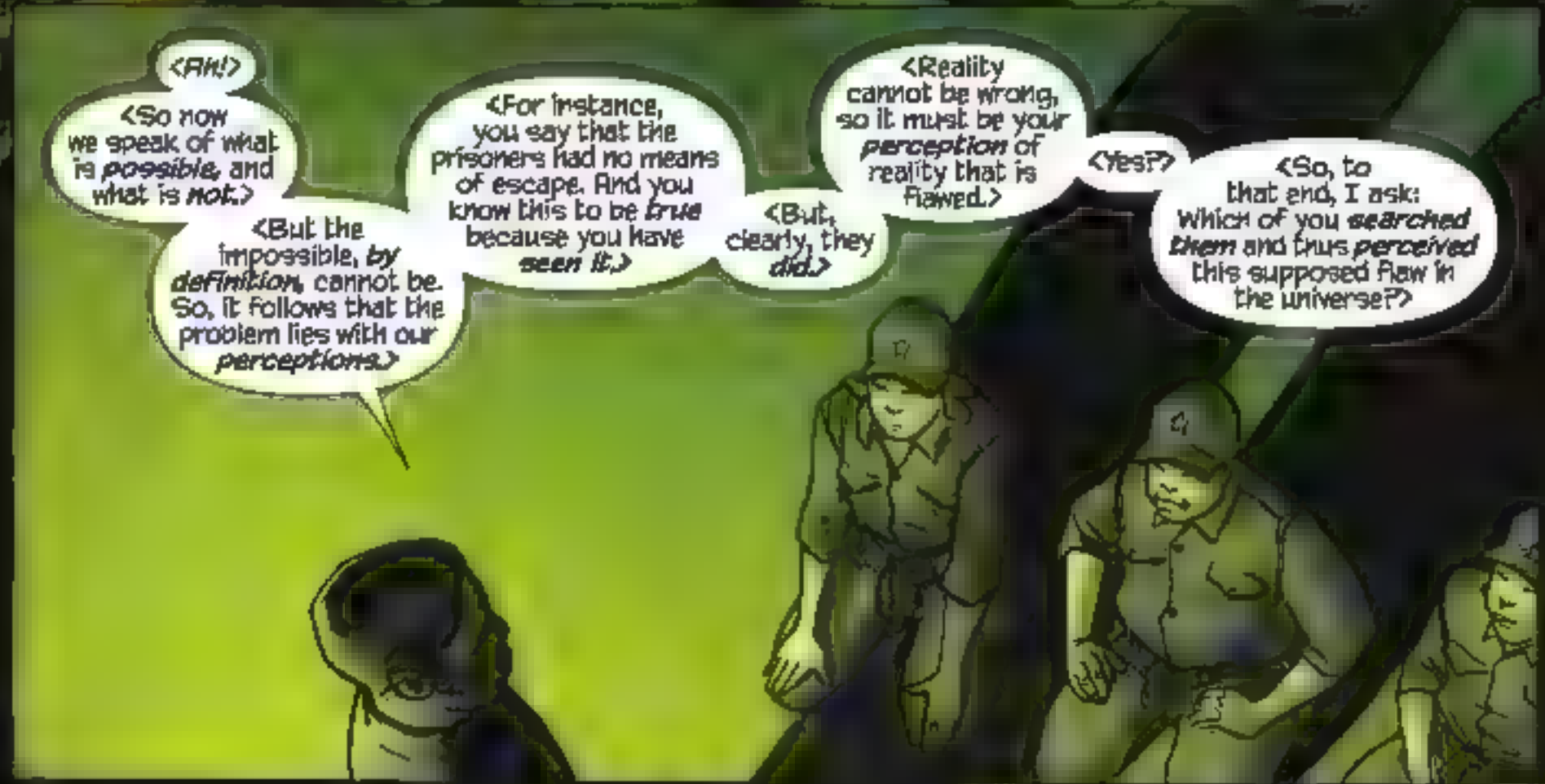


<What do you mean, "escaped"?>



<I, uh, I don't know how it could have happened, sir. We searched them thoroughly, and we double-checked that the door was secured.>

<It's not possible!>



<Ah!>

<So now we speak of what is possible, and what is not.>

<But the impossible, by definition, cannot be. So, it follows that the problem lies with our perceptions.>

<For instance, you say that the prisoners had no means of escape. And you know this to be true because you have seen it.>

<But, clearly, they did.>

<Reality cannot be wrong, so it must be your perception of reality that is flawed.>

<Yes?>

<So, to that end, I ask: Which of you searched them and thus perceived this supposed flaw in the universe?>



<I see.>

ARGHH!!

-gghgh-

WUM

<The lesson, as it
so often is,
is simple.>

<Precision,
alacrity,
efficiency.
In all your
duties.>

<Like our German
brothers. Is that not
right, Herr Stahlhart?>

<As you
say.>

<There will
be no tolerance
in the *Eternal
Reich* for such
carelessness.>

<Well, until
that day, I
suppose we must
persevere.>

<Raise the
alarm, Stahlhart,
if you would be so kind.
I want them found and
returned to their cells
immediately.>

<And what
shall be done
with him, mein
Kommandant?>

<-help->

Hm?

<Oh, yes.
Let him bleed
out. No one is to
assist him.>

<How else will
the lesson truly
be learned?>



This passage
leads outside.
One guard.
No way around.
We gotta go
through him.

Okay
no problem.
Catherine, you
cause a distraction,
and I'll belt
him.

OMG Have you
been certified as an
expert in five forms of
unarmed combat by the
best military in
the world?



Jh.

No.

Then now
about you create
a distraction
and I will "belt"
him.

Aw,
c'mon. I just
thought



FMP

Hey!

Uh, hey! Hey, pal! I'm a bit lost. Could you point me to the nearest *Nathan's Famous*?

<The Yankees have escaped!>

What? I don't understand Japanese!

CRASH

Nice move.

Thanks.

Asshole.

THUNK

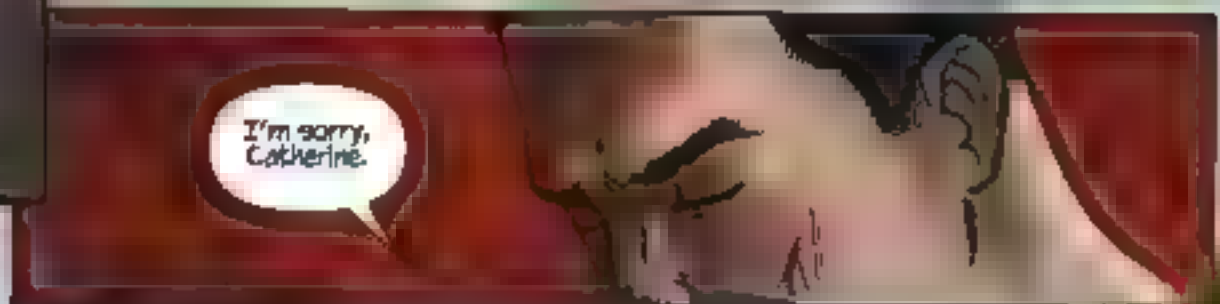
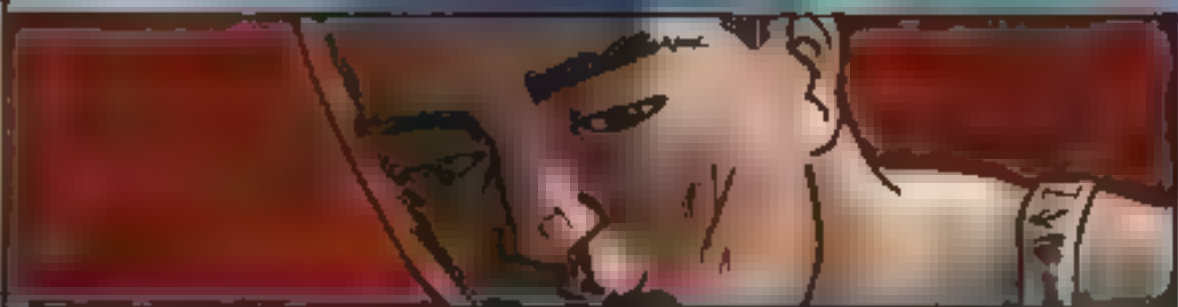
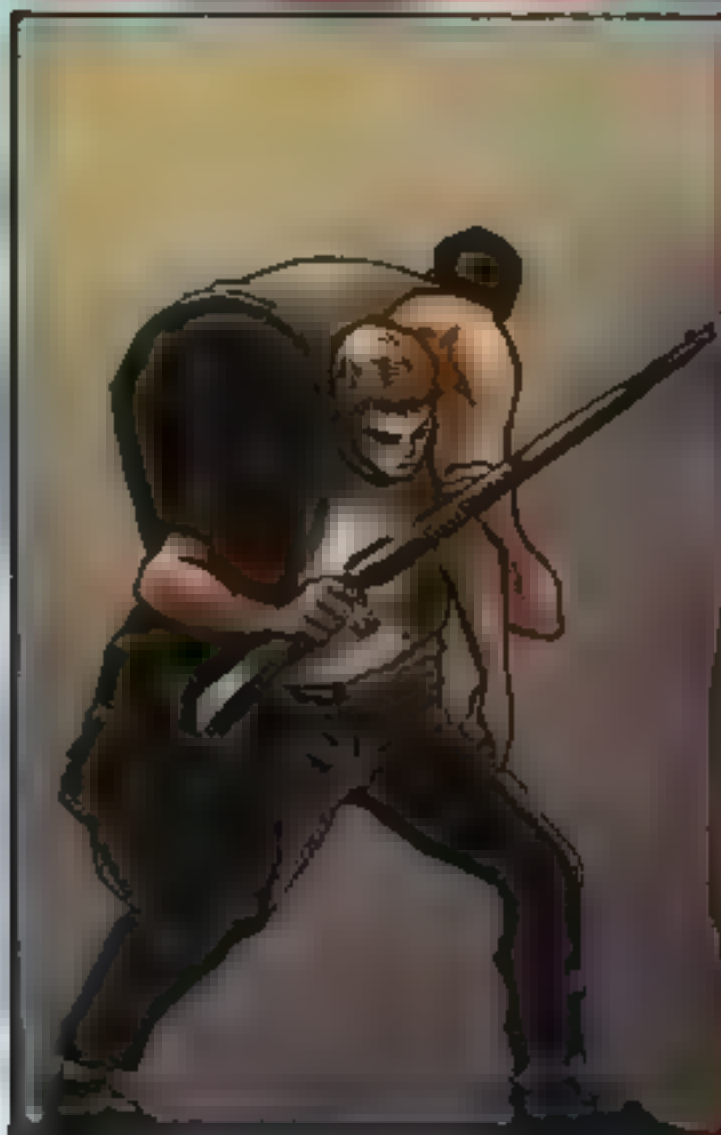
WEEE-OO WEEE-OO

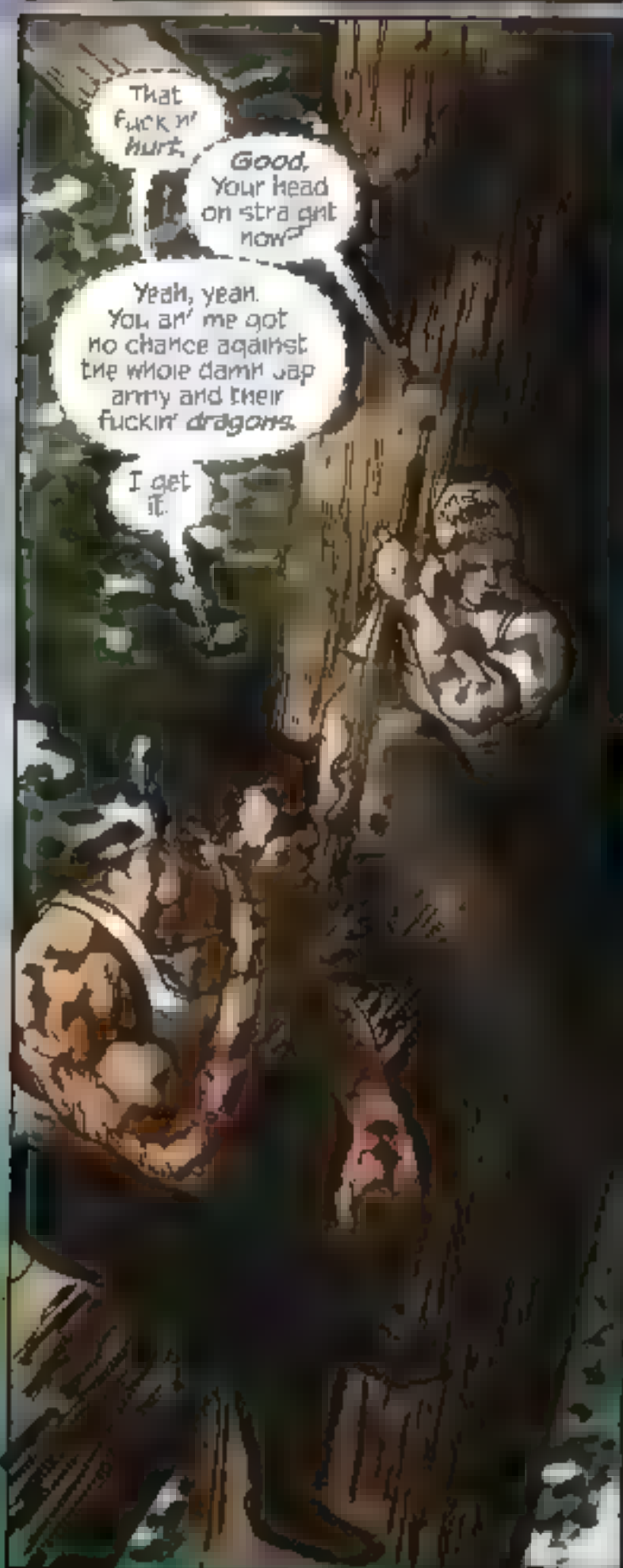
Aw, son of a bitch.

Okay, we'll just have to move a little faster now.







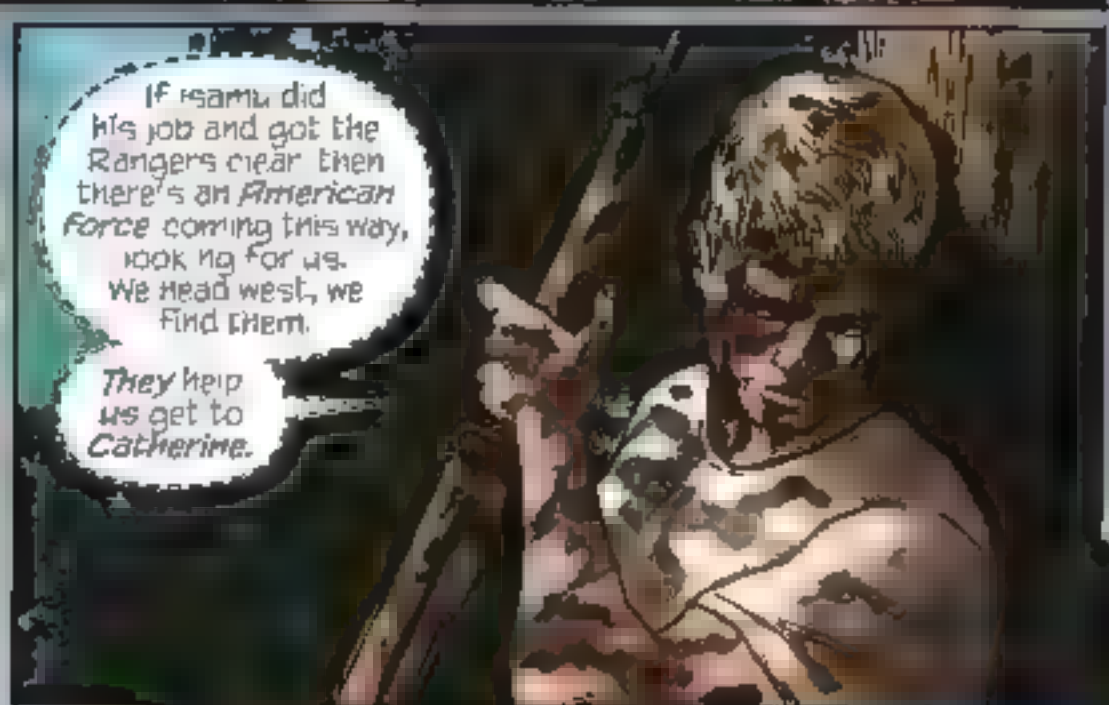


That
fuckin' hurt.

Good.
Your head
on straight now.

Yeah, yeah.
You an' me got
no chance against
the whole damn Jap
army and their
fuckin' dragons.

I get
it.



If Isamu did
his job and got the
Rangers clear then
there's an *American
Force* coming this way,
lookin' for us.
We head west, we
find them.

They help
us get to
Catherine.



Yeah,
good. But
what if

Ah,
never
mind.

She's
tough as nails, Tony.
We'll probably get there
and she'll have stomped
all over Ryu's ass and
be sick of *waiting*
for us.

Heh.
Yeah, no
shit.

Now,
come on. We're
burnin' daylight
here.





CRK!
CRUNCH



I got
movement!

Whoever's
in there,
come out,
hands up.

<Is
understand?
You come,
hand up.>



Easy. We're
Friendlies.

Corporal Rick Novak,
Fifth Marines.

Private
Tony Caravaggio,
32nd Infantry.



Captain
John Buckley.
What the hell are
you boys doing in
my jungle?

We were
captured by the
Japanese, sir.
We effected escape
and sought you
out.

We
need your help.
We got a—
we got someone
left behind.

Lieutenant
Catherine—





You're the boys who were with *Lieutenant King*, huh?

Well, gentlemen, that's the very chickadee we were sent here to find.

And here I was, worried that we'd have to *convince* you to help us.

Hell no, Corporal. Just point us in the right direction and we'll blow up whatever's in our way.



She's in deep, sir. You wouldn't know it by looking, but the enemy presence on this island is *overwhelming*. See that mountain right there? The base is *inside* it. And it's *big*.

There are *hundreds* of them, as well as—

Well, it sounds crazy to say it, but—

If you're talkin' about the *flyin' lizards*, yeah, we've seen 'em.

Hey! *This guy!*



You don't know how glad I am to see you, pal! I wouldn'ta been surprised if you'd been halfway to fuckin' *Toledo* by now.

So the *little guys* on the *even*, huh?

As far as we know. We sent him to warn you about a Japanese army unit looking for you. Didn't know if he'd come through or not, though.



Without him, we'da been caught *flatfooted* for sure. So, thank you kindly for *that one*, Corporal.

Grad to help.

Unfortunately, the *next part's* a bit harder.

I got no idea how we're gonna get into that mountain base. There are only two entrances I know of, and they're both in the *wide open* and *well guarded*.

Actually—



I may know other way inside.



Just so you know,
I won't tell you
anything.

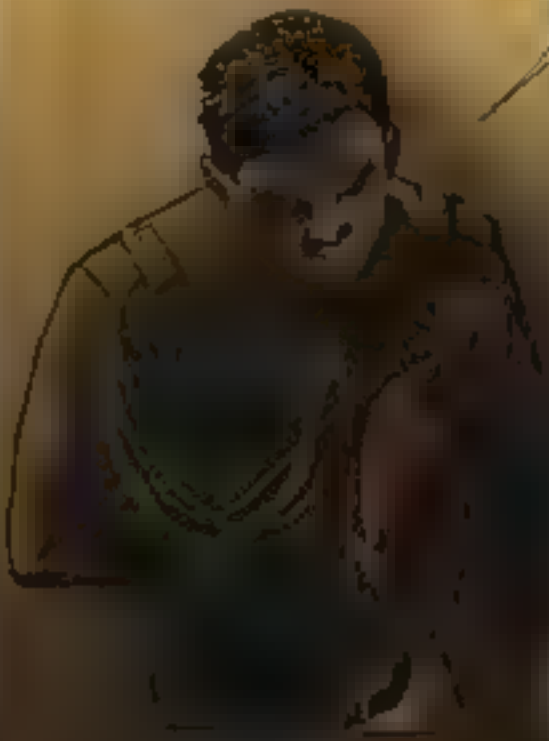


No? Let me
guess: You would
sooner *die* than allow
a monster like me to
force *one word*
past your lips.

A *patriot*
to the very
last.

Something
like that.

Well, your
confidence is
admirable, my
dear, but I'm
sorry to tell you,
it's wasted
on me.



To be honest,
all those things I
could do—locking you up,
questioning you for hours
—those would really
just be *delaying the*
infract.

Appetizers
before the
main course.

And I'm
afraid I find
myself
impatient.

I don't need
information
from you.
Not really.

I always
knew that your
dogs would someday
catch my scent.
I am not
unprepared.



Then
what *do* you
want?

To
watch you
bleed and
die.

THUNK

SPLASH

crreeee



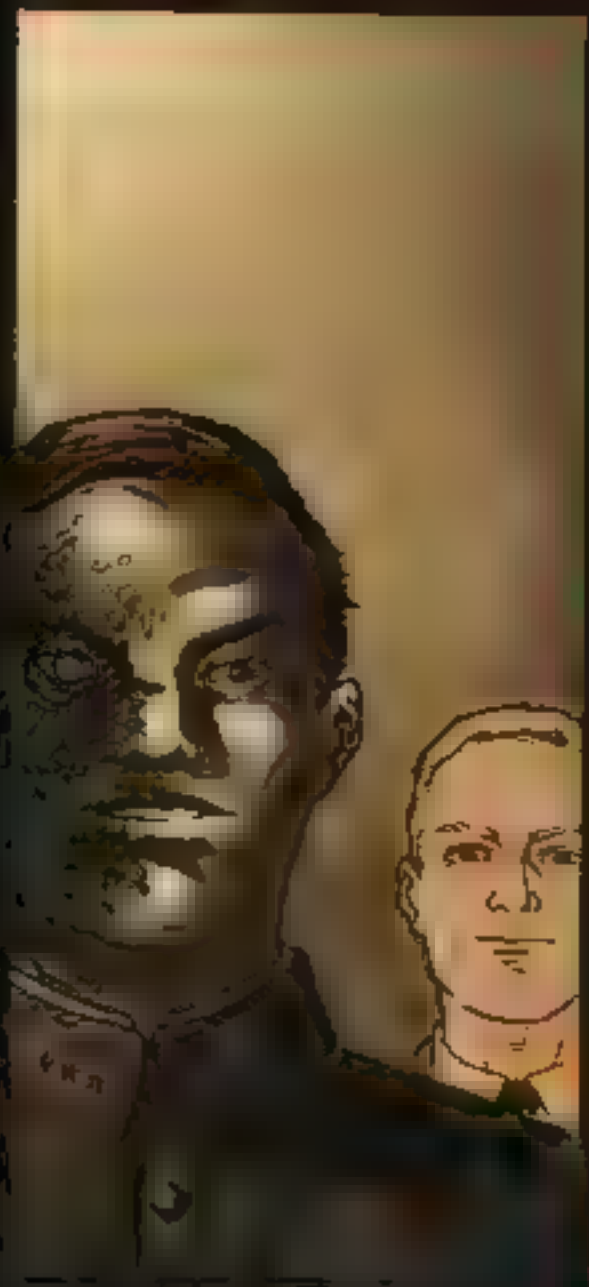
This how
I got out.
Go all the way in.
General not know.
Not guard.

Ready?

Ready.

Okay,
then, let's
saddle up.

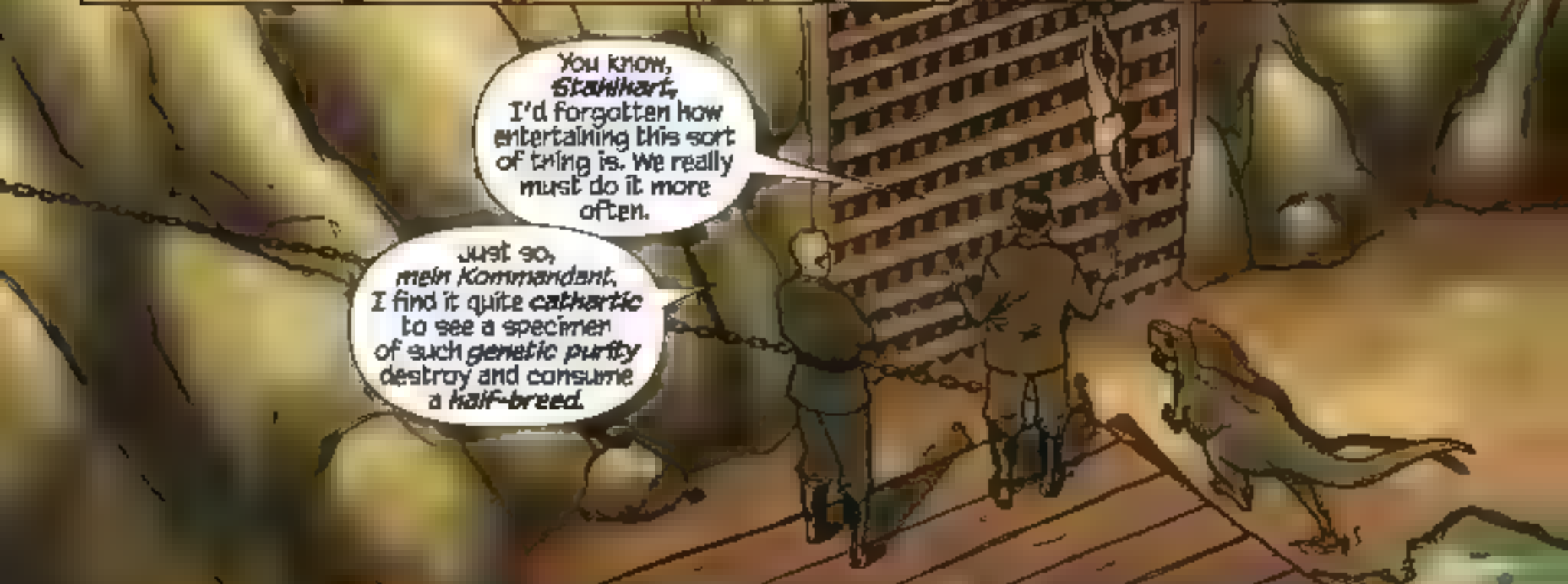
How you
say? After
you.





You know, *Stahlhart*, I'd forgotten how entertaining this sort of thing is. We really must do it more often.

Just so, *mein Kommandant*, I find it quite cathartic to see a specimen of such genetic purity destroy and consume a half-breed.

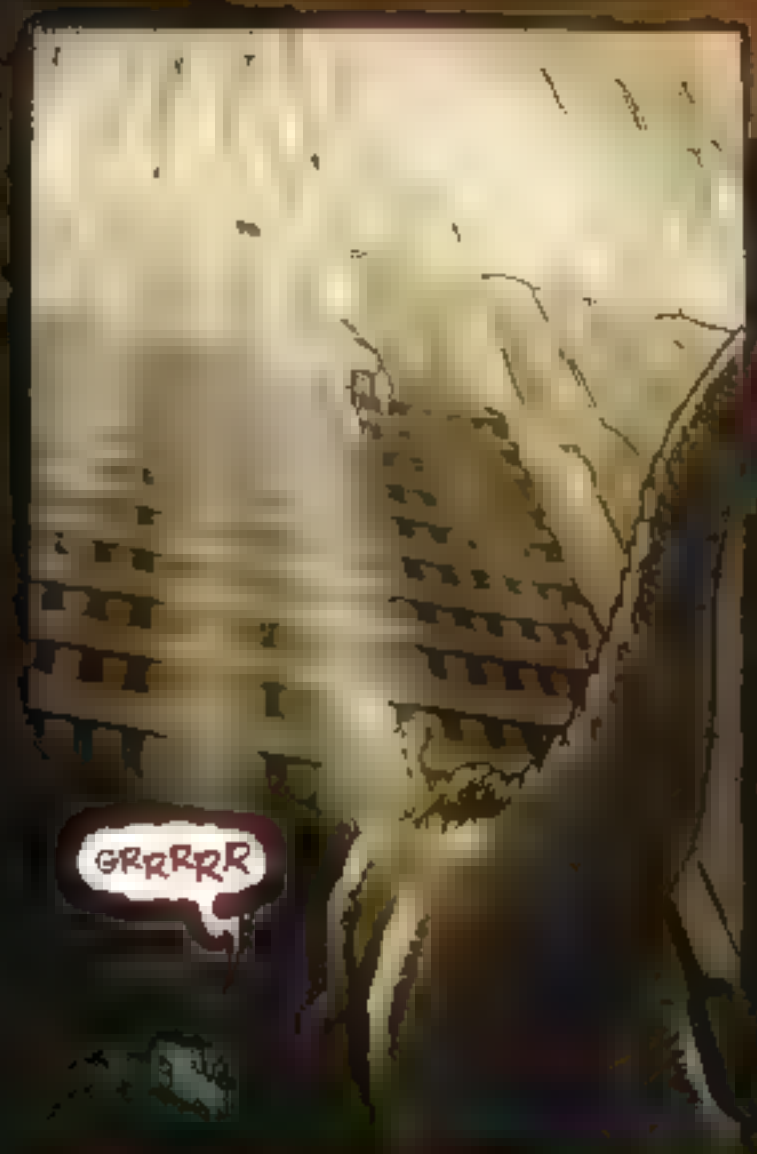


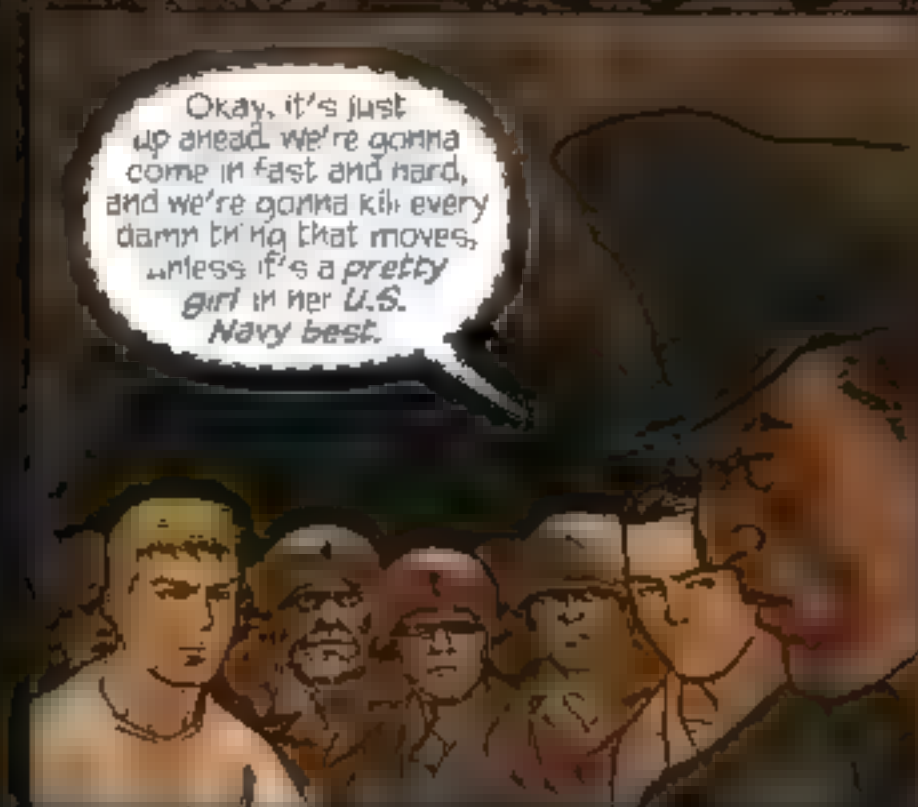
Shit.

Shit shit shit!!

Ahs!





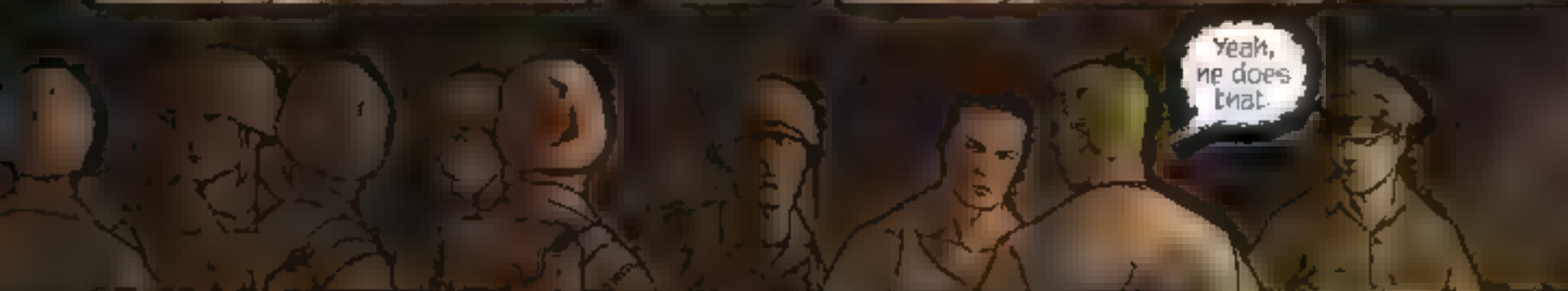


Okay, it's just
up ahead. We're gonna
come in fast and hard,
and we're gonna kill every
damn thing that moves,
unless it's a *pretty*
girl in her U.S.
Navy best.



Isamu,
is there--

Where
the hell did
he go?

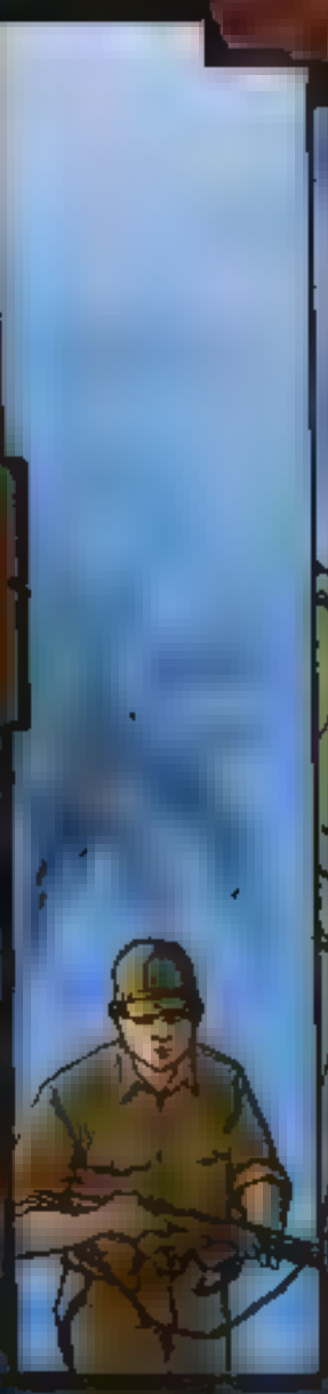


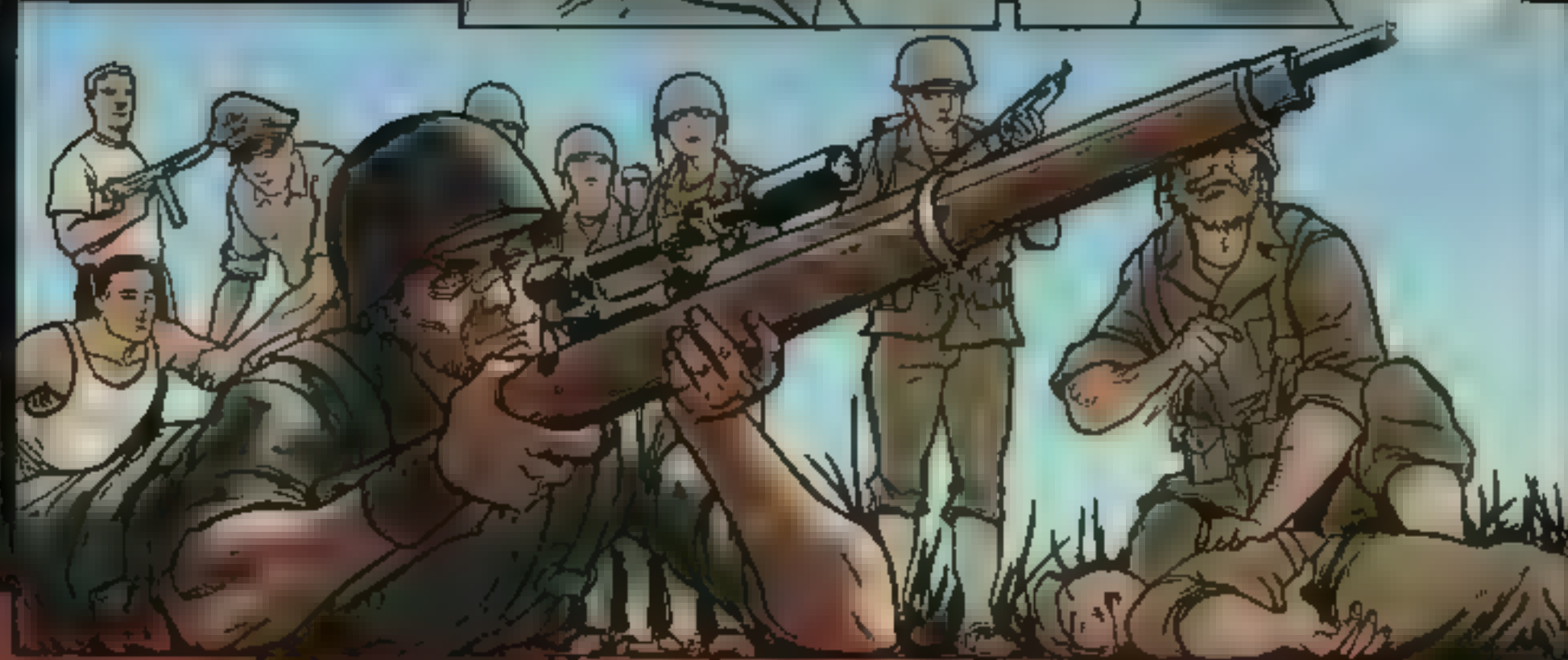
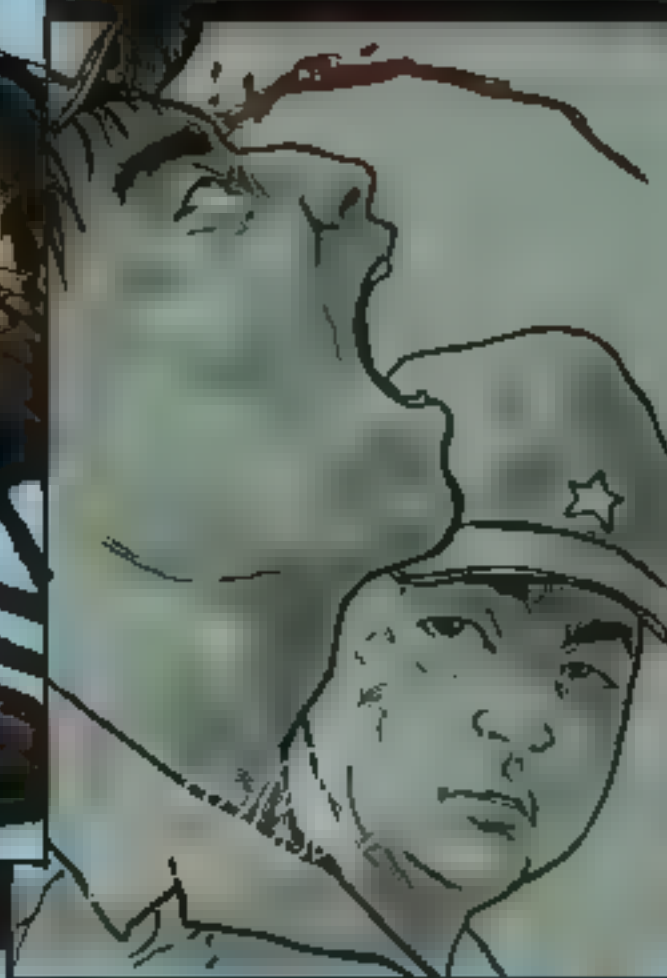
Yeah,
he does
that.

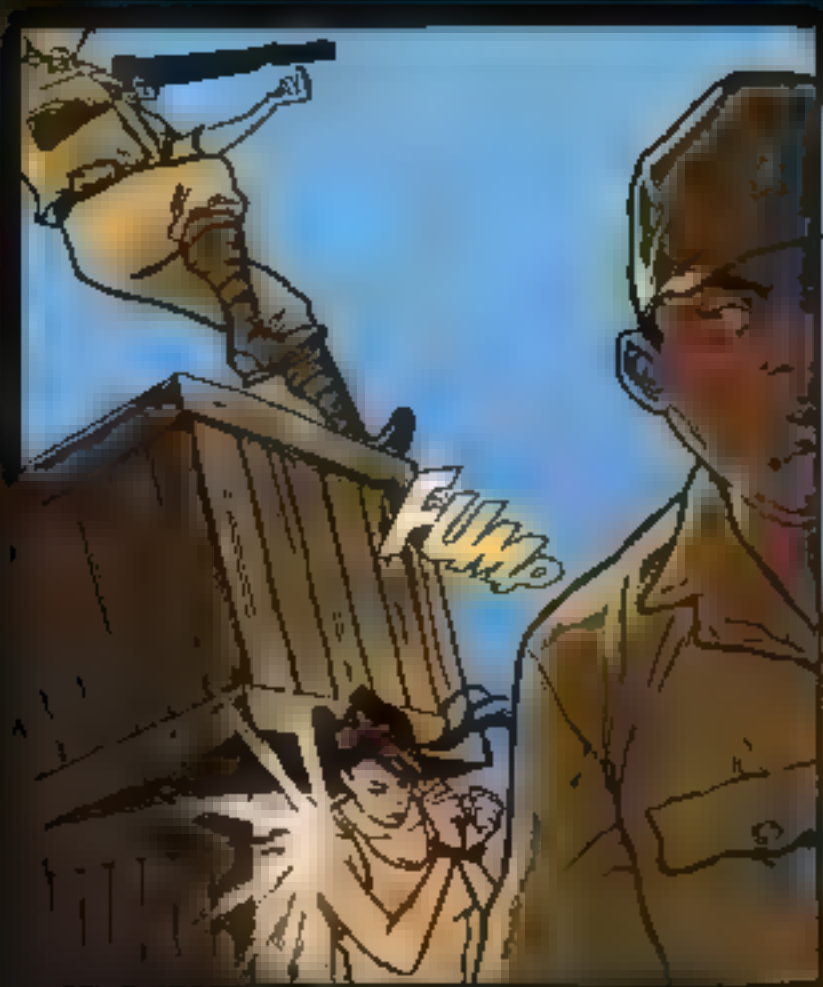


We'll never
mind, then. At least
this way we won't
shoot him by
accident.

Okay,
ladies. One.
Two.







<Well, well.
This would appear
to be the *American*
Army unit for which
my men have been
scouring the
jungles.>

<I can see
when all this is
over I shall have to
teach some more
lessons.>

<Sometimes,
Stahlhart, I feel
like the only
competent man
in the world.>

<Indeed.
Your orders, mein
Kommandant?>

<Sound
the drums.>

Lifeson,
get to that
tower and provide
us with some
overwatch!

B-team!
They're rallying
at the supply
crates. Go dig
them out!

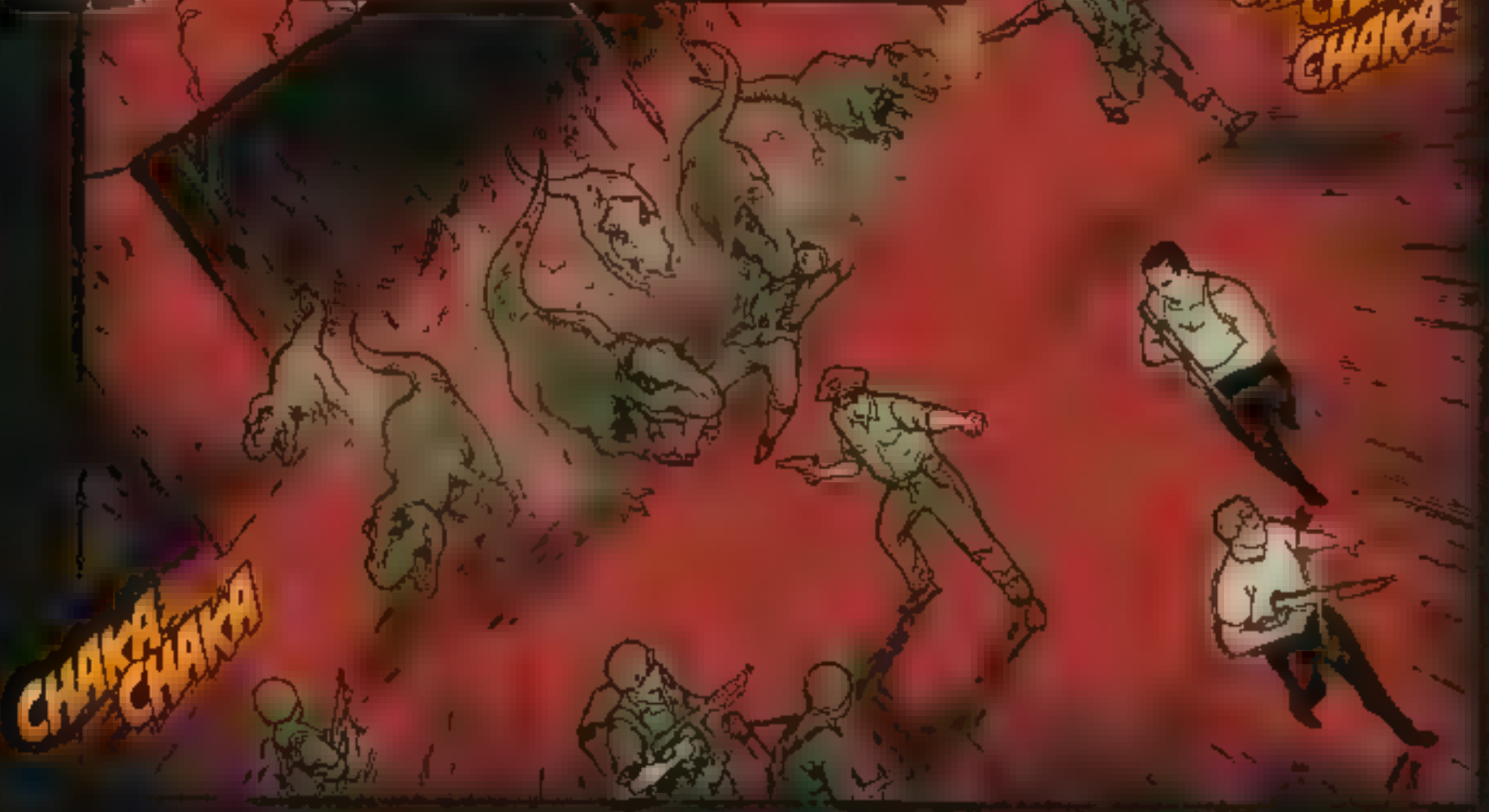
This is
for *God* and
Country,
ladies!

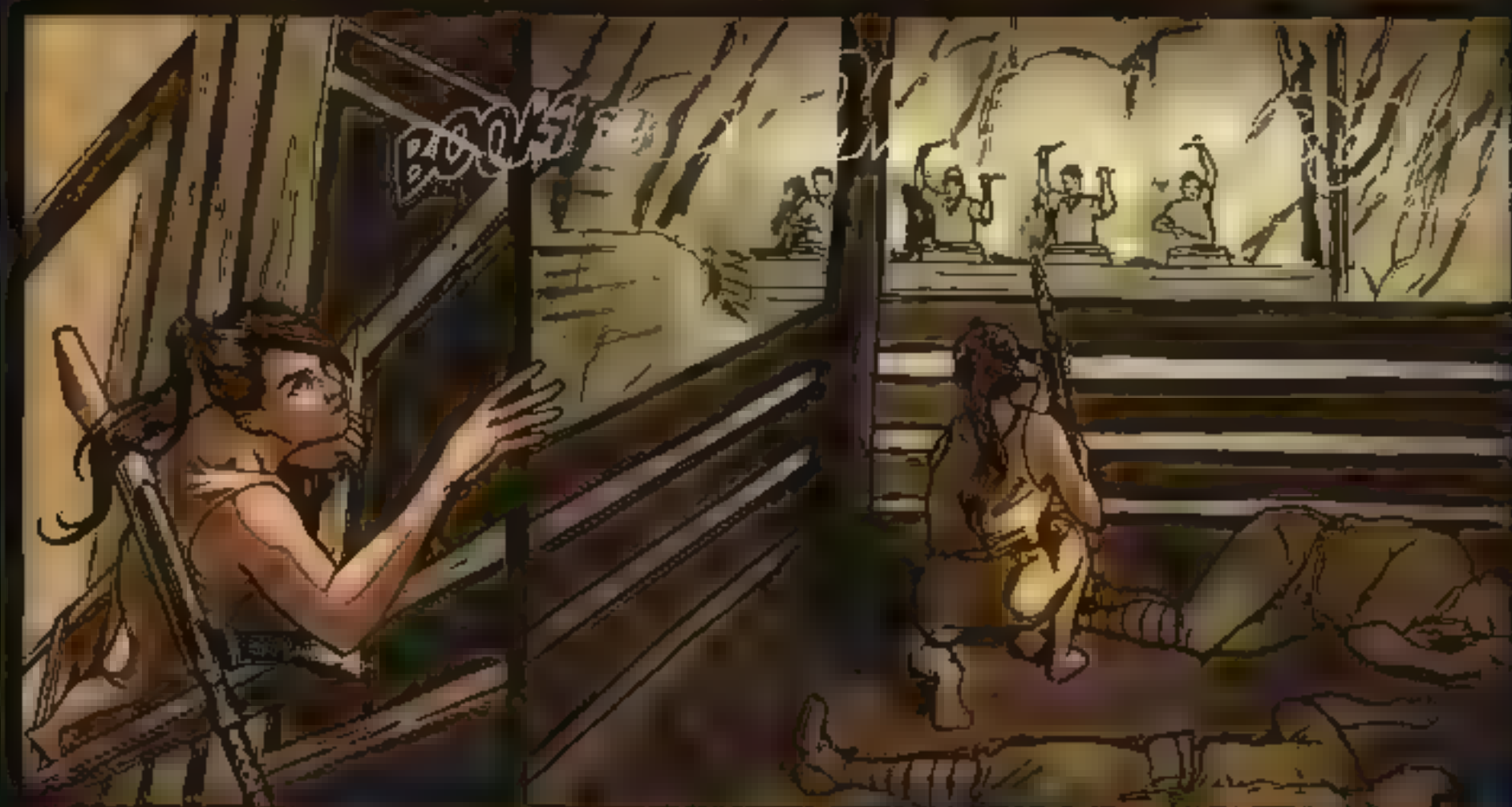
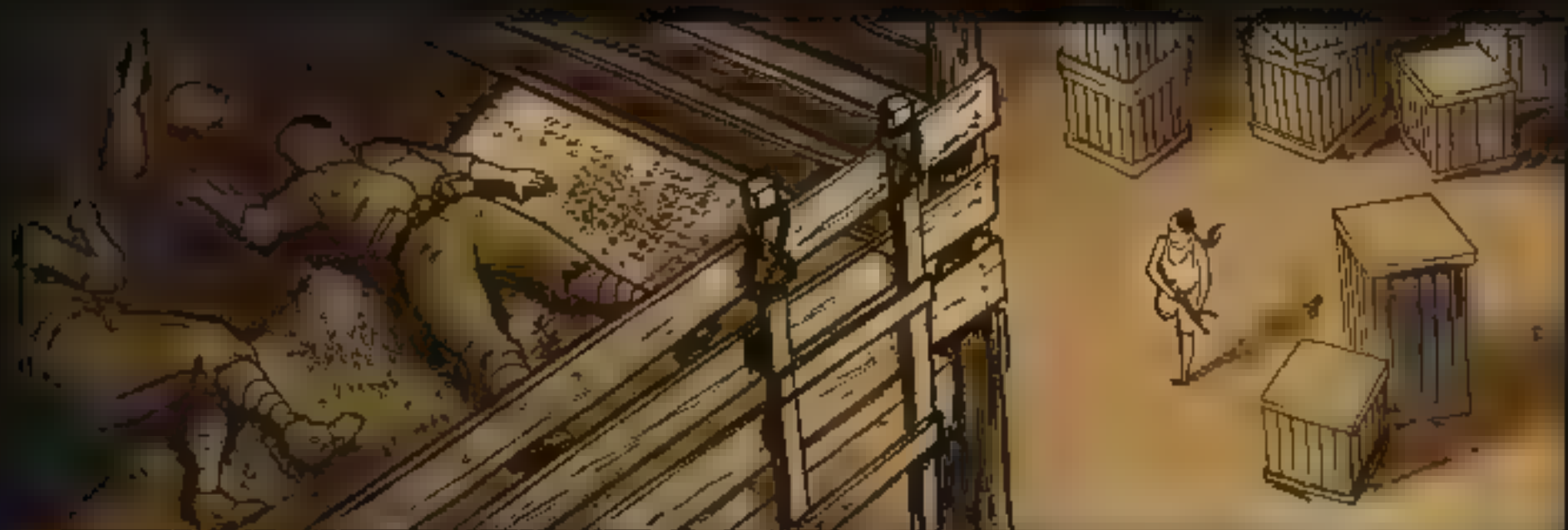
You think
he's got her
back down in
the cells,
Ricky?

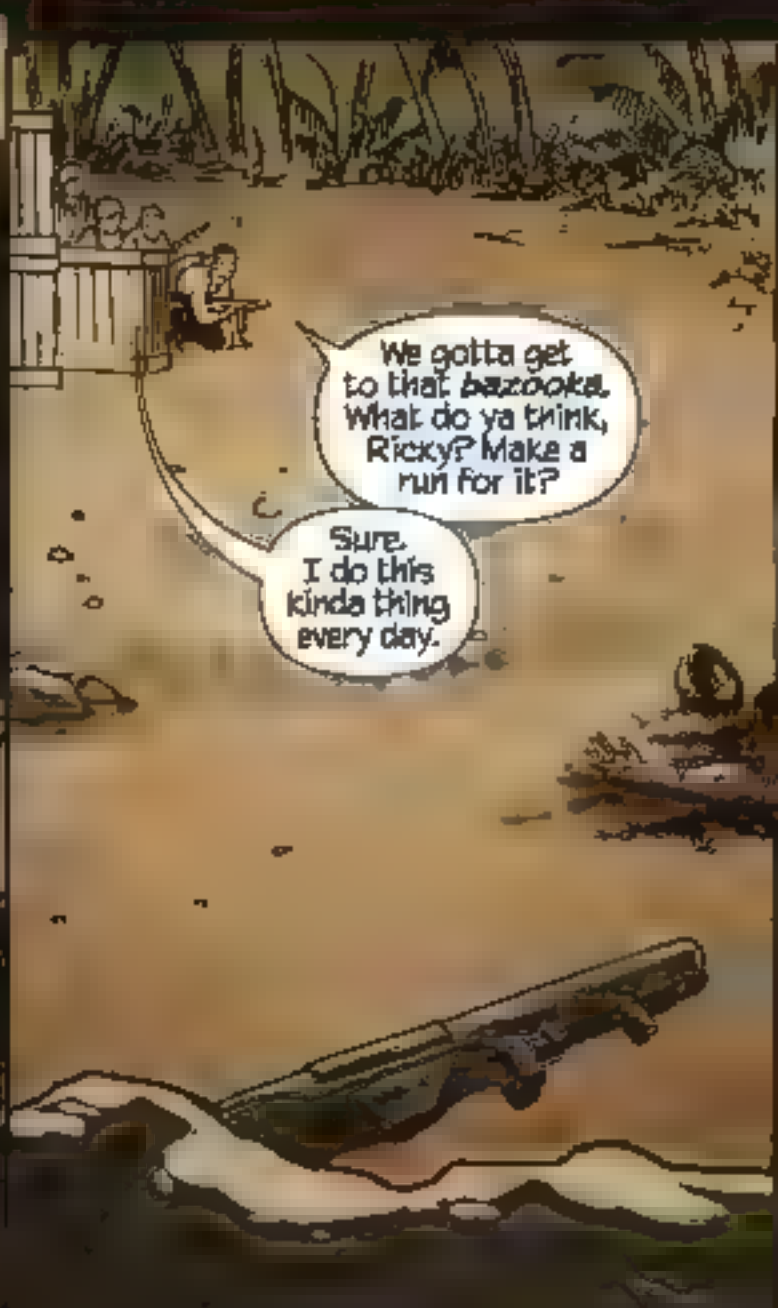
Who knows?
Way I figure it,
we just cover every
inch of this place,
*one dead enemy
combatant* at a
time, and she'll
turn up.

Wait.
You hear that?
It sounds
like--

Drums.
It sounds like
war drums.











Hah!
Saved your
life again. By my
count, that
means you owe
me now.

Preposterous.
I've saved your
life at least twice
more than you've
saved mine.



Precious as
this argument is,
can you two wait
until we aren't in a
damned killing field
to have it?

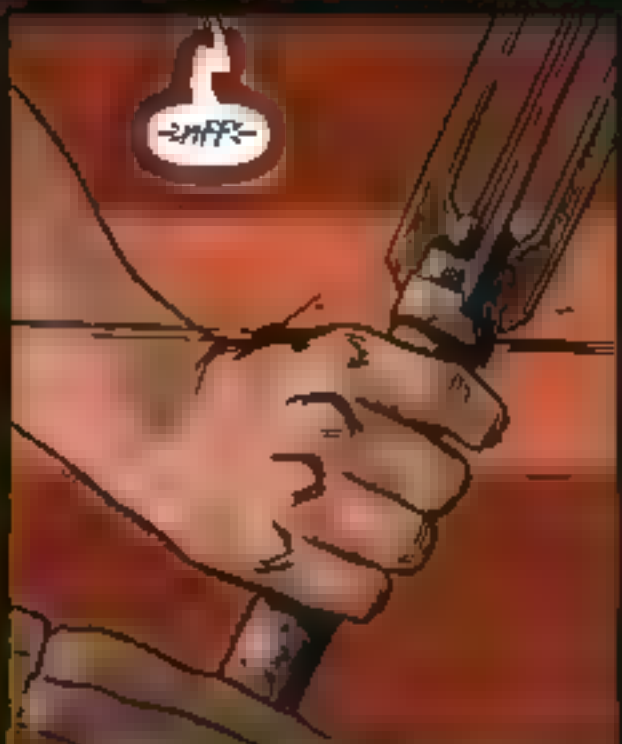
For
now—



—no, but
you hand me that
other rocket,
Tony?



And I'll
see how far
I can shove
it up their
ass.





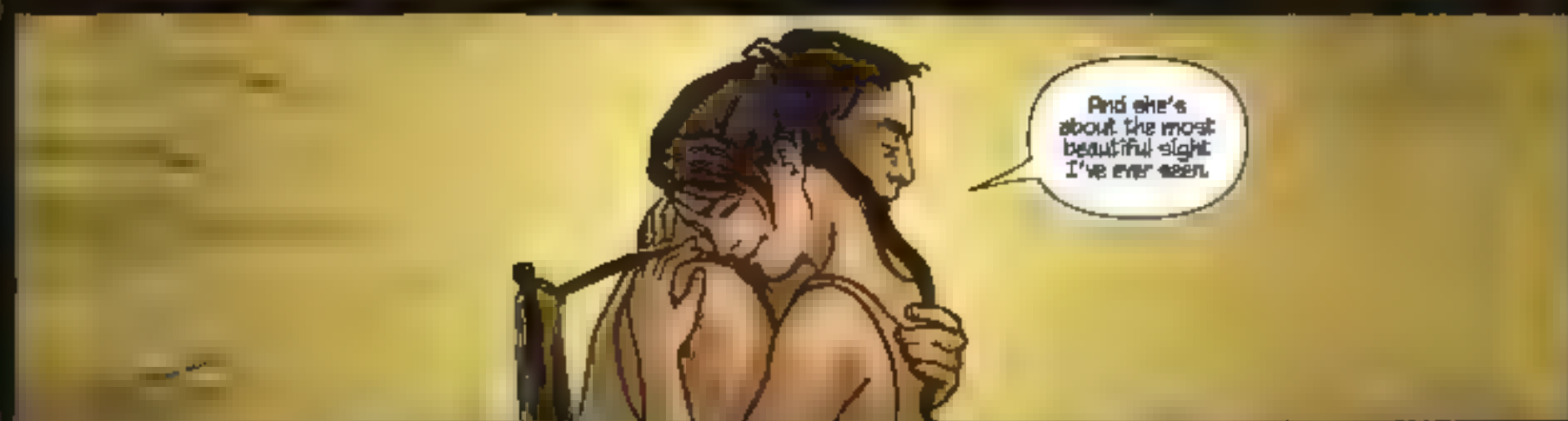
Not half bad, jarhead.



God's truth, son. A few more maneuvers like that might just convince me the U.S.M.C. is a real outfit.

This our missing girl?

Yeah, that's her...



And she's about the most beautiful sight I've ever seen.



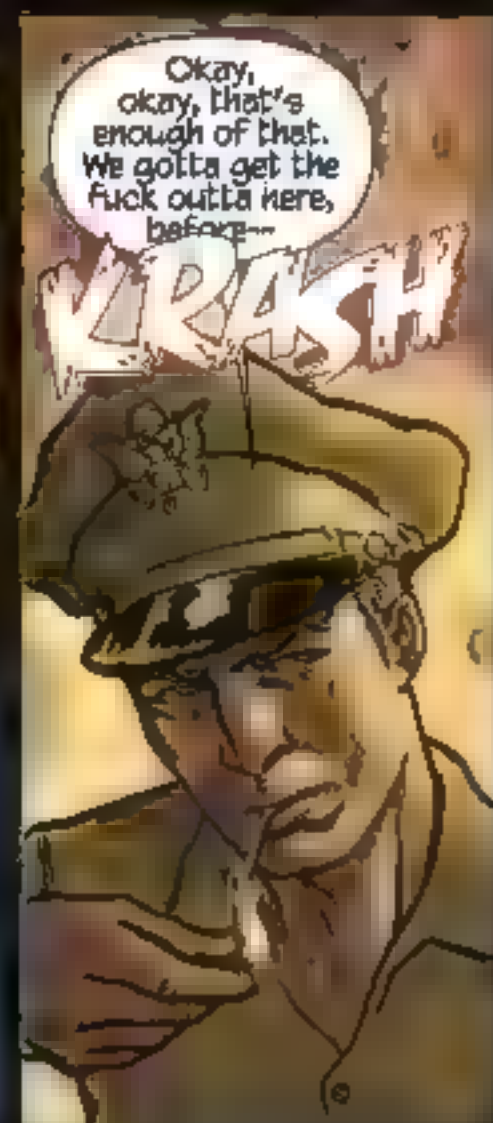
I wanted to go back for you.

Well, you're an idiot.

Ricky punched me.

Good.

Someone had to keep you alive until I could come back and do it.



Okay, okay, that's enough of that. We gotta get the fuck outta here, before--

KRASH



Y'know, for the record, I've saved *both* your lives on *multiple* occasions.

Okay, I guess we're all special fuckin' snowflakes, aren't we?

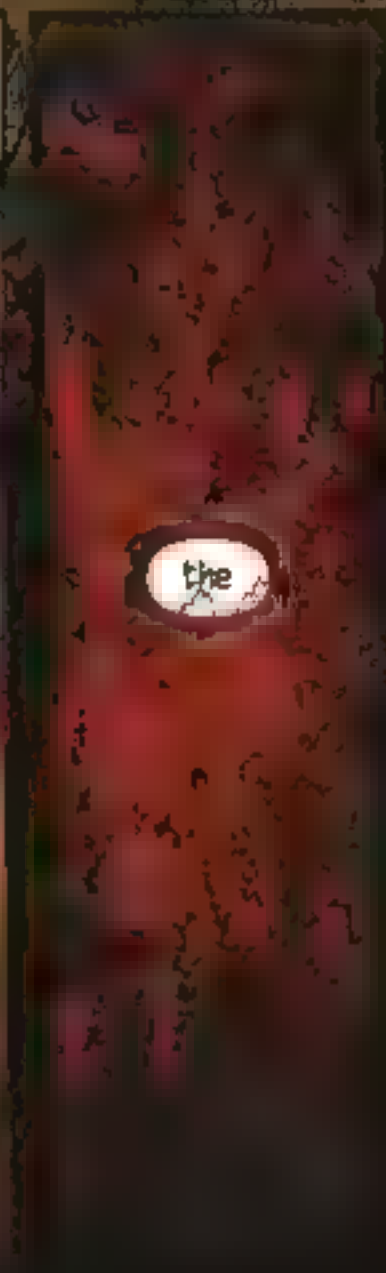
Ha ha!

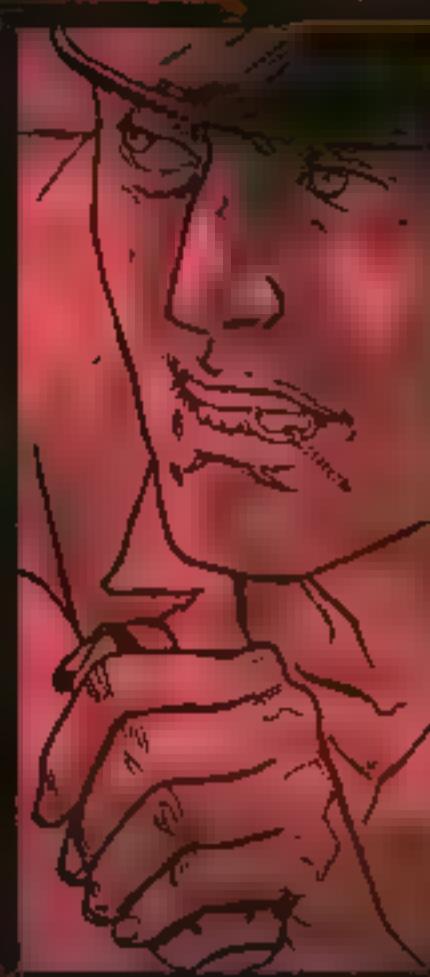
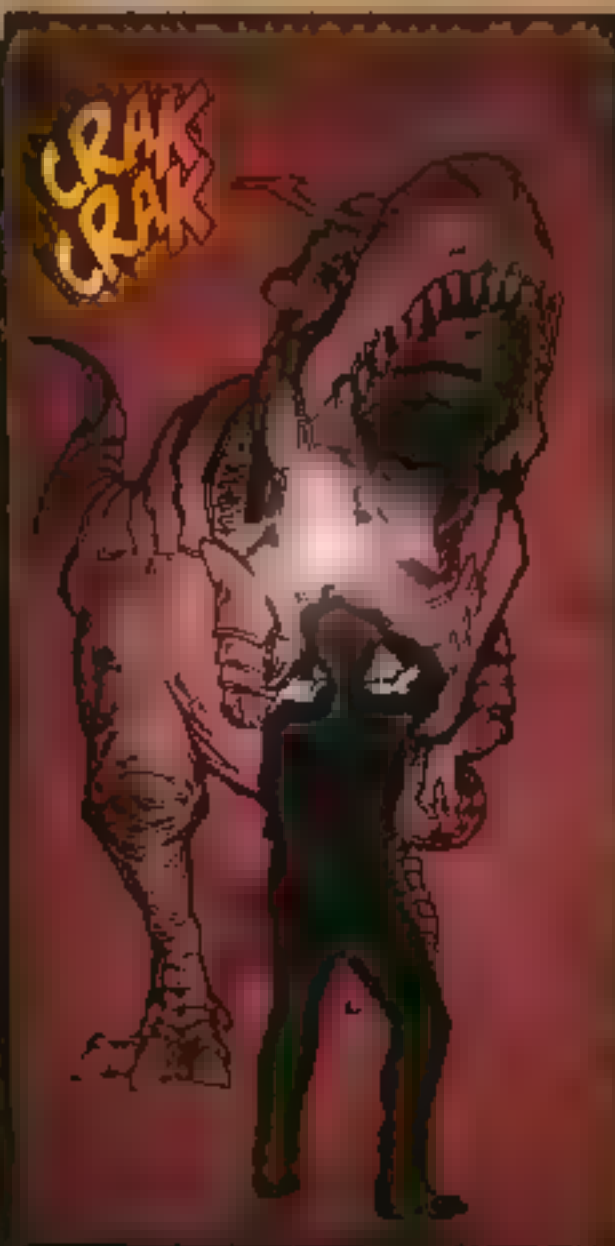


RARPH

No, I think no one is going anywhere.







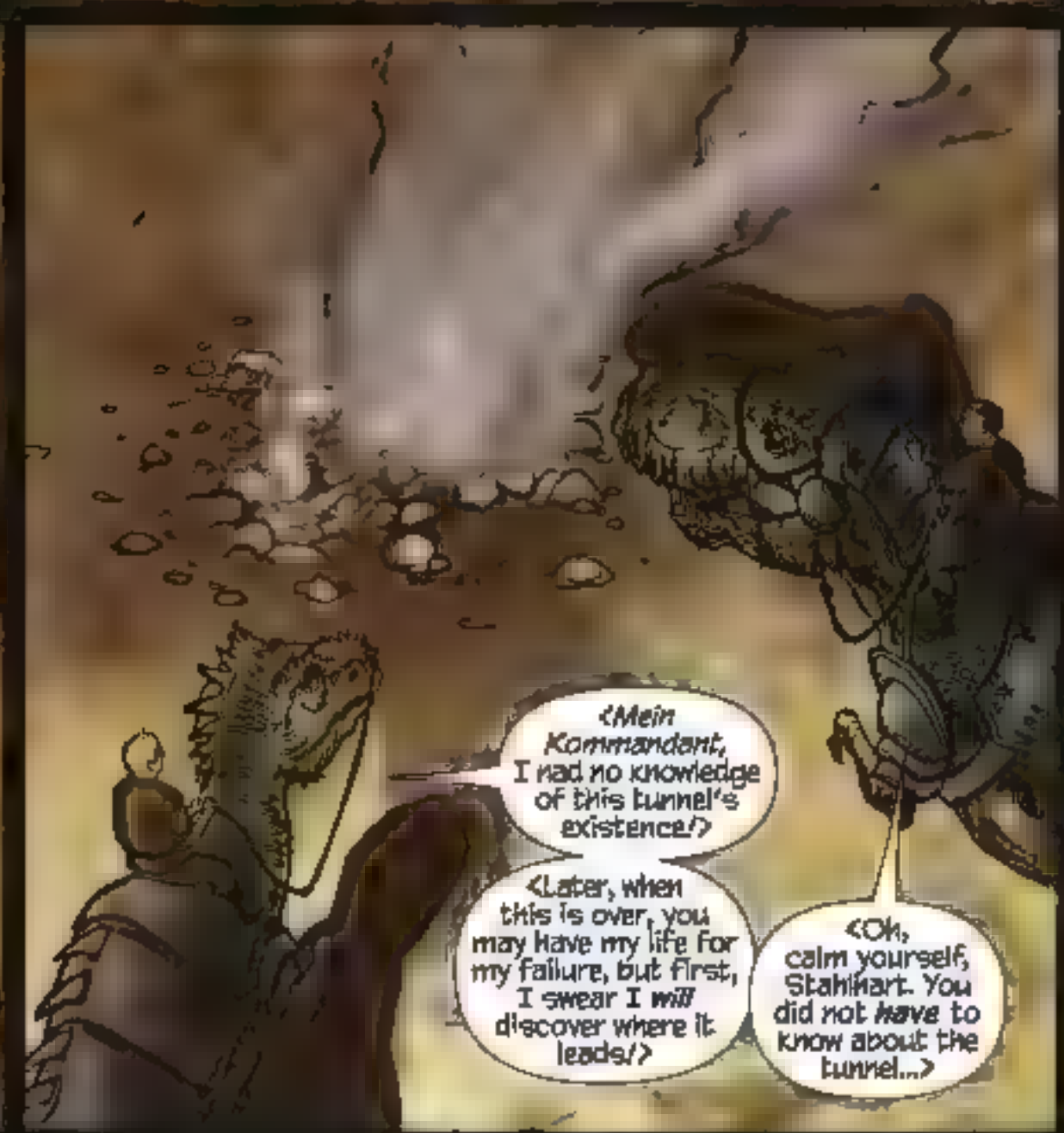


Fuckin' lizards, I swear to God.



At least the *rockslide* cut off pursuit. Thank God for small favors.

This is the way we came. Let's get the hell out of here.



<Mein Kommandant, I had no knowledge of this tunnel's existence!>

<Later, when this is over, you may have my life for my failure, but first, I swear I will discover where it leads!>

<Oh, calm yourself, Stahlhart. You did not *have* to know about the tunnel...>



<...because
I did.>

*<I have often found it
advantageous to have a
way in that the enemy does
not think you know about.>



*<Particularly a way
in that does not
lead out again.>



*<They will have to turn
around and follow
the other branch
of the tunnel.>

*<The *only*
other branch.>

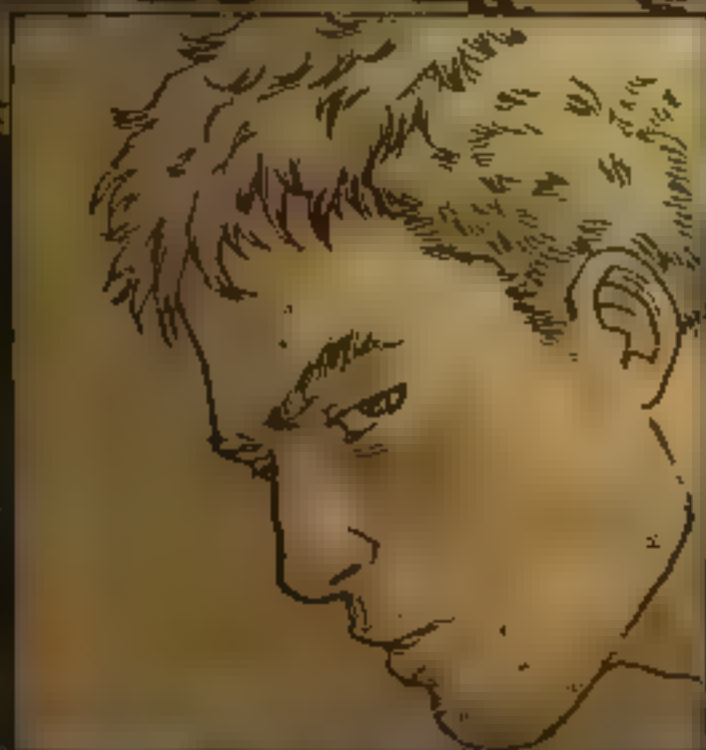
*<We know exactly where
the other branch goes.>

*<And *that* is where
we shall be waiting.>





Works for me. I don't mind sittin' on my ass for a minute, I'll tell ya.



We passed an underground river back there. I'm gonna go refill the canteens.

Good idea, Corporal.

Thank you.

So, uh--

Private Caravaggio, I need to ask you something. About Corporal Novak.





Oh. Well, I can think of better subjects for this conversation, seeing as it's probably gonna be our last, on account of us all gettin' murdered by General Crazy Face.

But okay, knock yourself out.

Back in the world--



"Ah, jeez. If you mean was he convicted of acceptin' a bribe to facilitate the escape of a notorious gangster from police custody?"

"Then, yeah, that happened."

"If you mean did he actually do it..."

"was he actually dirty?"



I think you know that's what I mean.



Am I think you know enough about Ricky by now to know the answer.

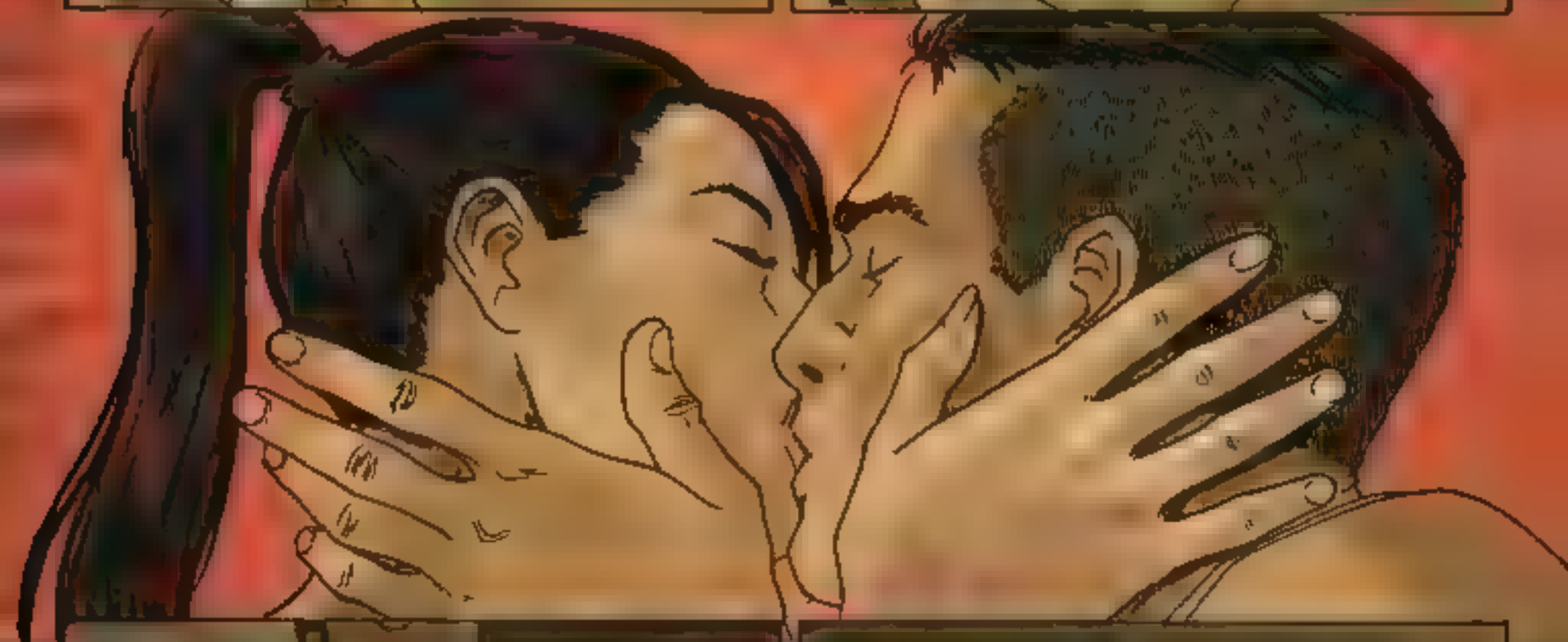
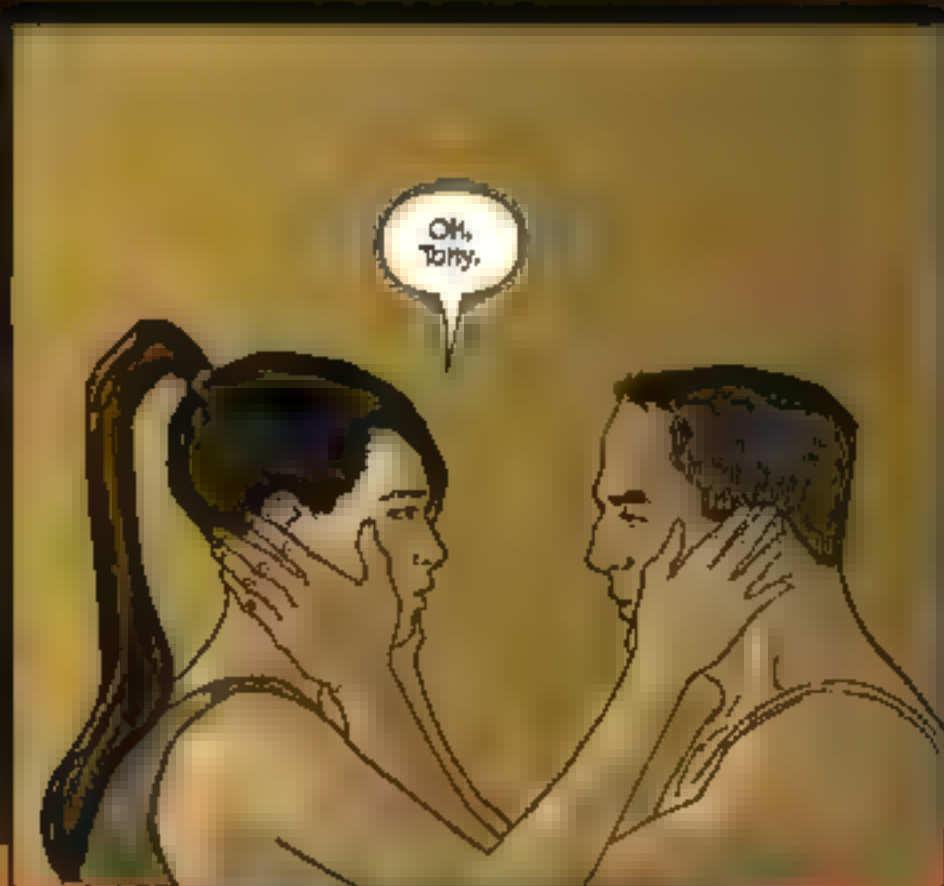


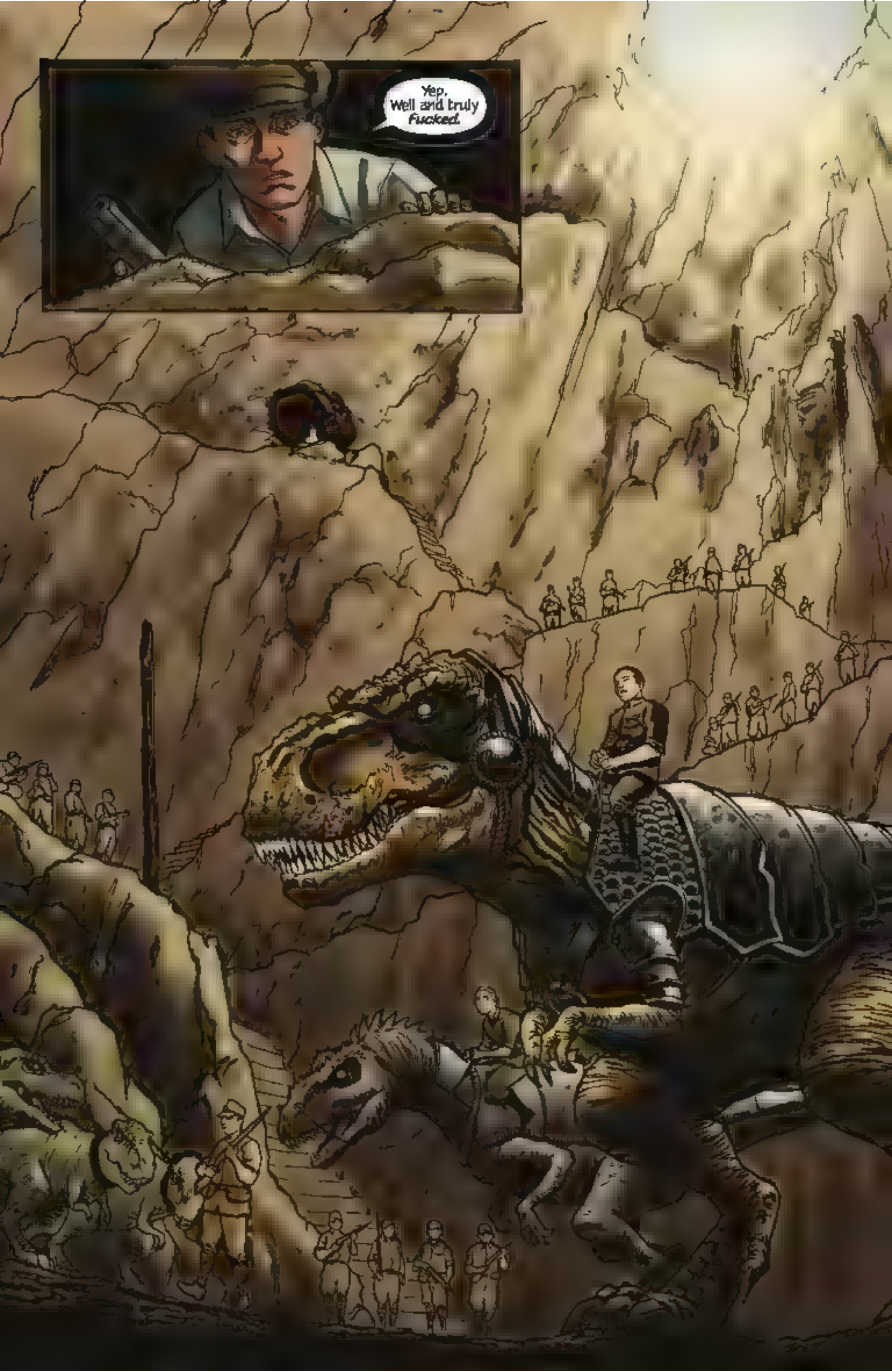
I guess the real question is, does that, you know, *sour things*? Between you and me, I mean.

"Between you and me?"

Well, that depends on--









So, we're fucked.

Now, when you say "a bunch"--

I mean a *giant fucking bunch*. Enough to make gathering actual numbers tactically useless.

And they're squatting right across the *only path forward*.

Now, the only question is: Do we go back the way we came and try to figure out how to get through that big, undoubtedly *now-well-guarded gate*--

--or do we *charge* the godless bastards and go out in a *blaze of glory*?

I have better idea.



Isamu. Fancy meeting you here.

I thinking maybe you need *help* get out.

Also: I need *help* get out.



Okay, so what's this *bright idea*?

We *swim*.

We *swim*?



There is, how you say--

<Agh! It's too complicated to describe in English, and I hate sounding like a fucking barbarian!>

<The river back there, it goes underneath a rock wall, and then comes out in an underground harbor.>

<We jump in, let the current pull us through the passage, and then we're free. The harbor will be guarded, but you seem to have brought plenty of weapons.>

<So, what do you think?>



What'd he say?

How are you gentlemen at *holding your breath*?

Seriously?

How do we know he's *right* about this? What if the river just goes deeper and deeper under the rock?

Call it a *leap of faith*, Corporal.

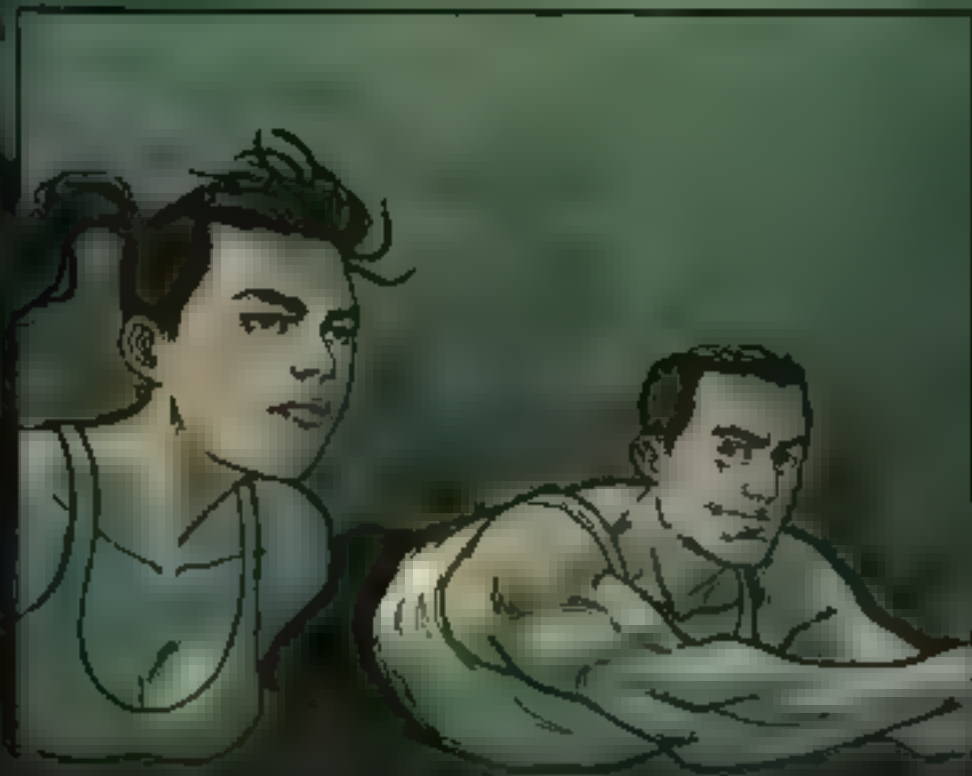
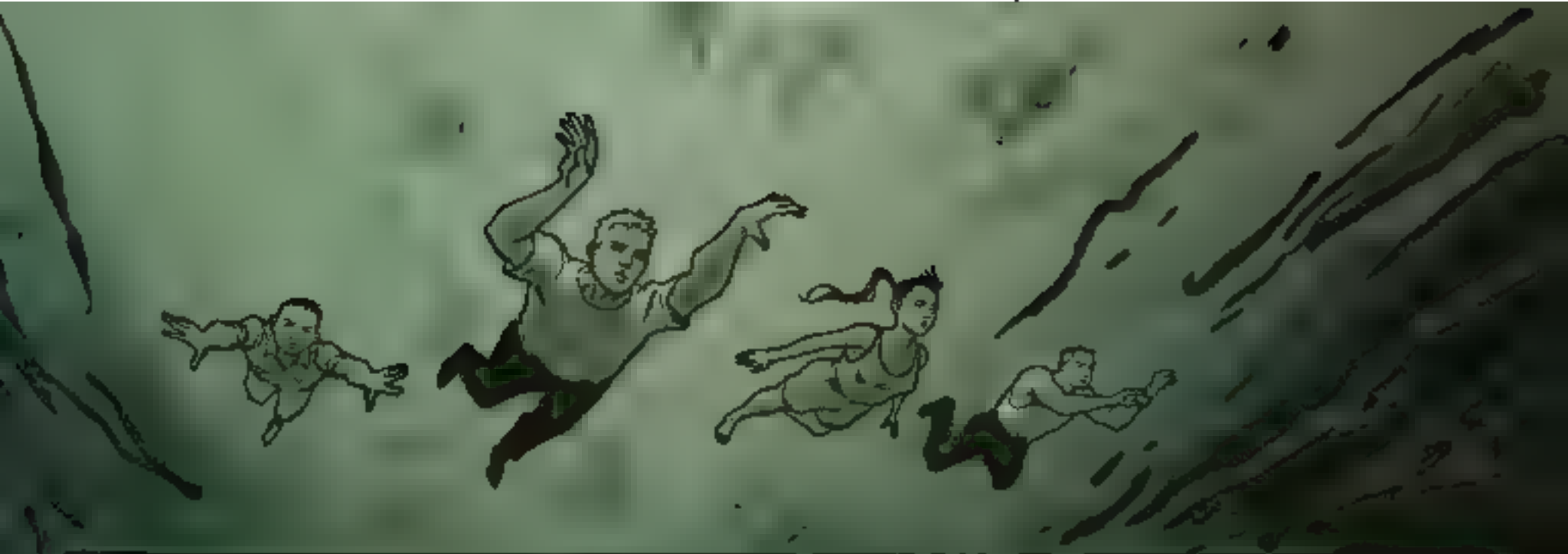
I mean, *seriously*? This is the *plan*?

Christ, Make way, ladies, there's a *real American* coming through.

Well, I guess it won't be the *first time* I've almost drowned this week.

I can't believe this is the *fucking plan*.

SPLASH



There.
That wasn't
so bad,
was it?



The...
big water
is there.

The
underground
harbor.

Oh yeah.
I took a peek
while I was waiting.
You ain't gonna
believe this
shit.

Then
what are
we waiting
for?



<This is intolerable! They should have arrived by now.>

<The underground ways are... complicated and mysterious, is that not so?>

<Mein Kommandant, it is possible they have discovered another route.>



<They do not reveal all their secrets to just anyone, do they?>



<Ah, Stahlhart, you have always understood so many things so well.>

<Our captives seem to be missing. All of you, fan out and find them!>

<Keep in constant communication. Scour every last centimeter of this base.>

<I want no stone unturned, from the highest hidden corners-->



<--down to the very depths
of the submarine dock.>"

Okay,
that's pretty
impressive.

Sure is.
Now, let's
take it.

Lieutenant
King, you take
the asshole on the
platform. I got the
one nearest the
bridge.

Novak,
Caravaggio,
you guys got
the ones by
the water.

No gunshots
if you can manage it.
If you can't, then make
sure you *shoot*
to kill.



Well, well, ladies. Not too bad. Might make ~~real soldiers~~ out of you yet.

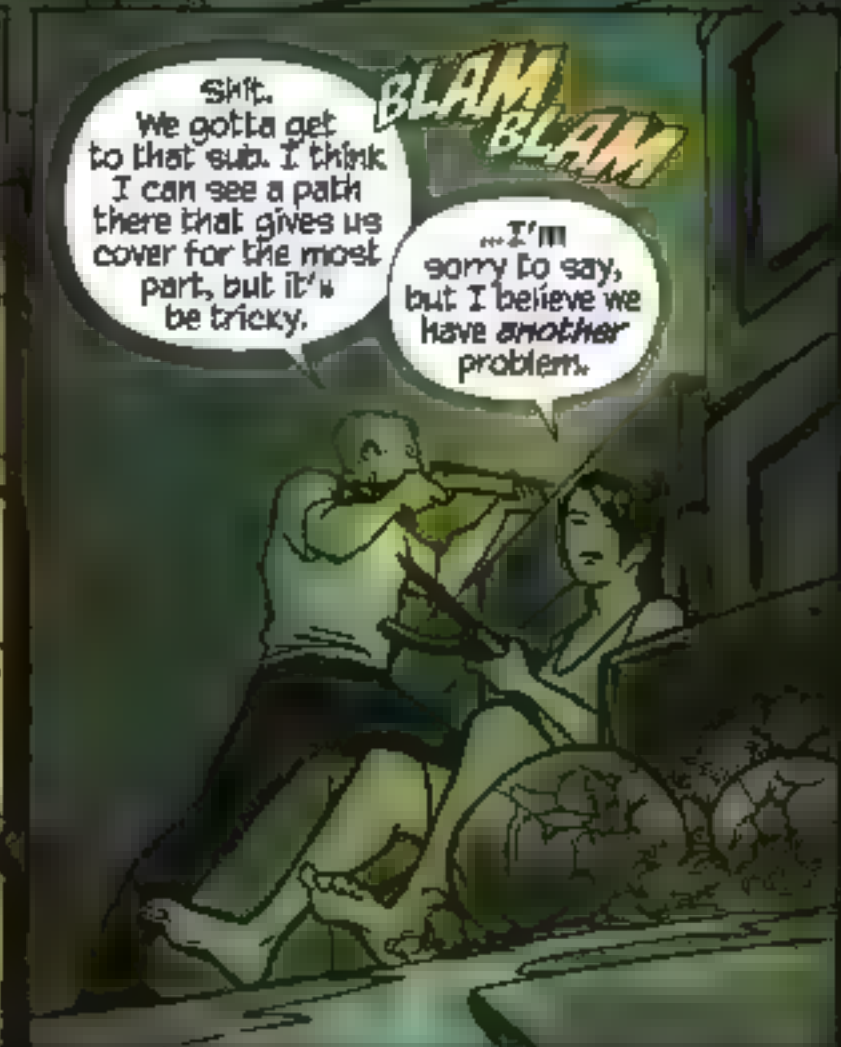
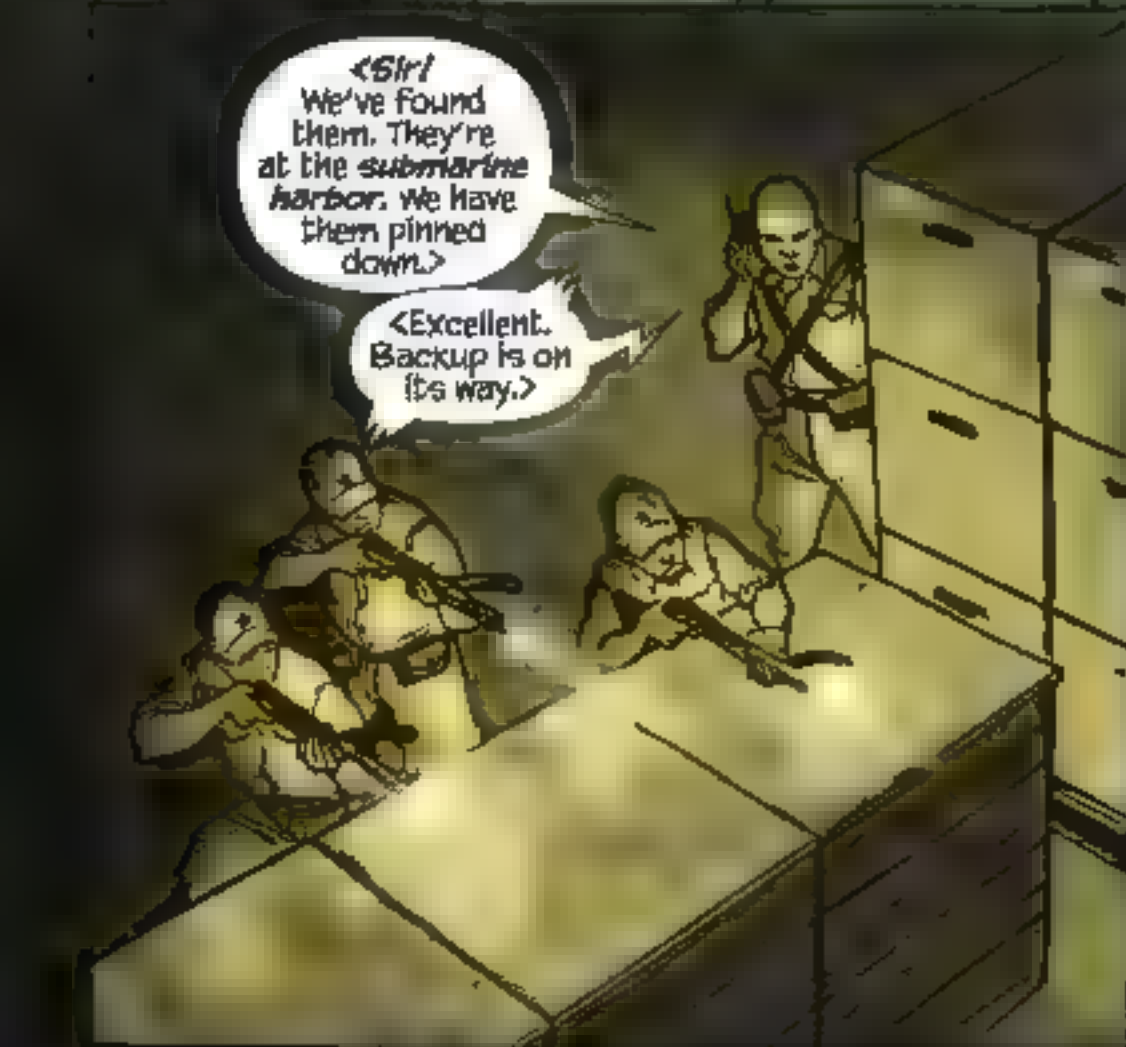
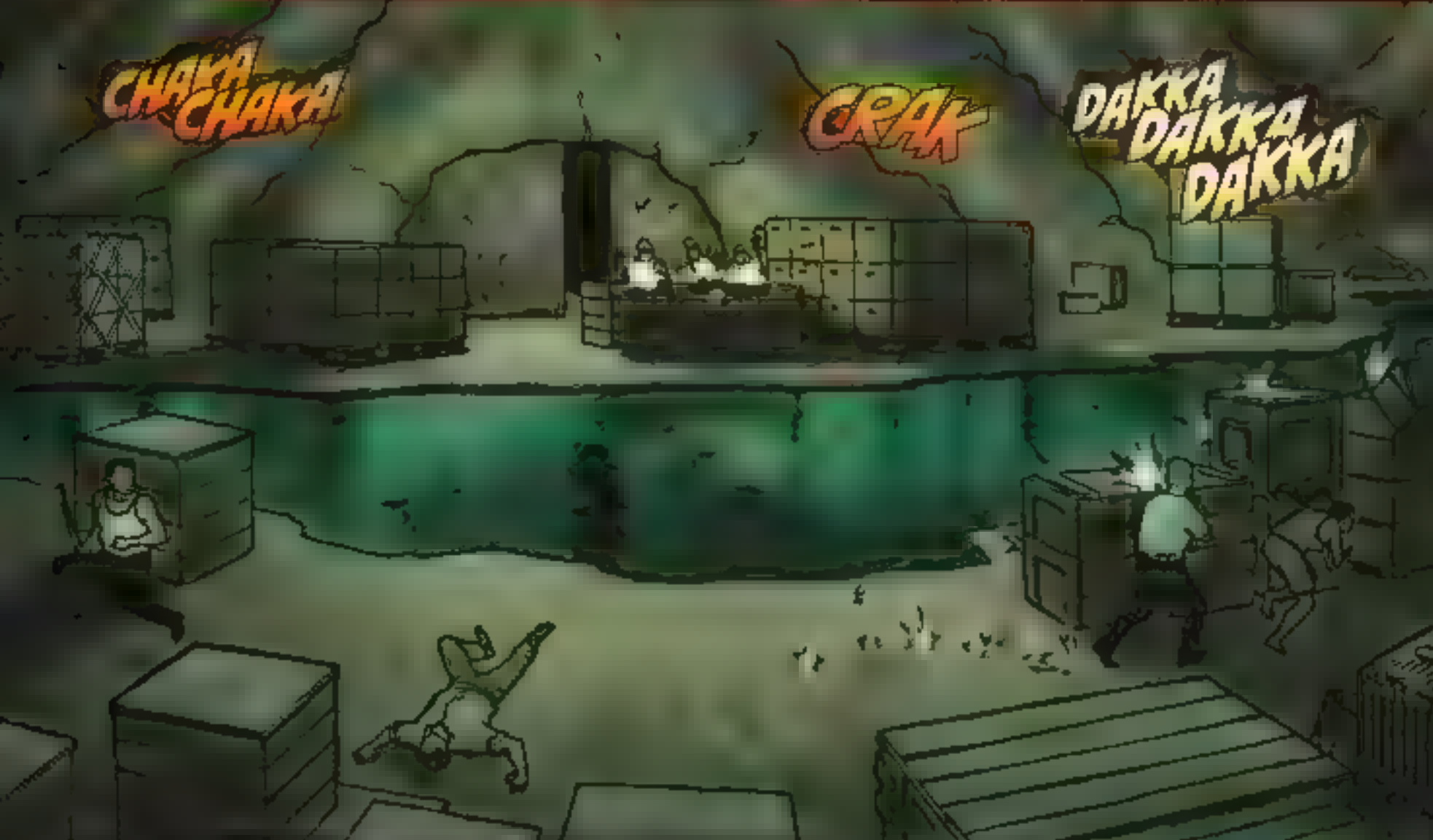
Charming. Remind me to invite you to the *range* some time for some *friendly competition* when we get back to the world.



Hal
I wouldn't do it, Buckey. She's a *ringer*.

Nonsense. It's a *date*, darlin'. In the meantime, though, it looks like the Japs have been kind enough to leave a *submarine* lying around for us.

That is gonna be our *lifeline*.





It's another one of those eggs, so?

So, it's not just one. These crates are full of eggs. All of them. Look at the shipping labels. They're headed out *all over the Pacific*. To every major Japanese base between here and New Guinea.

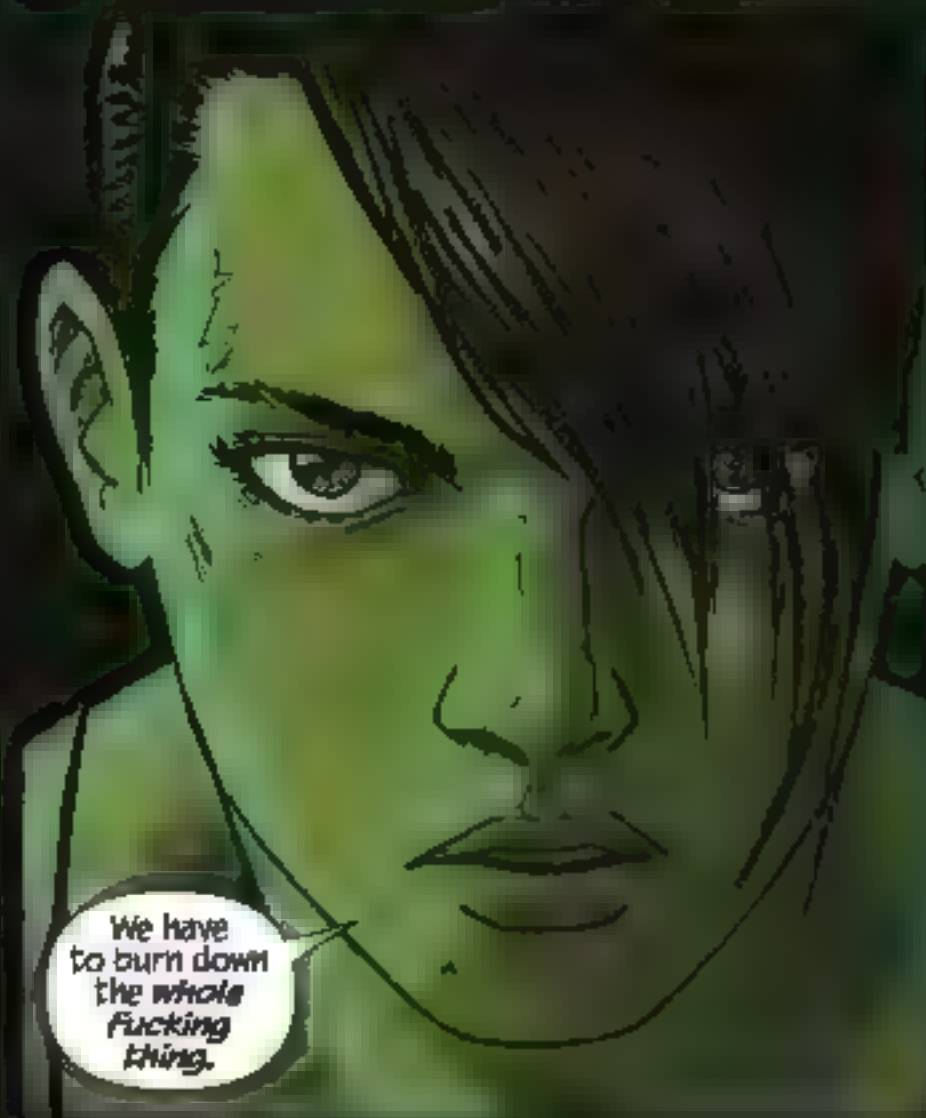


Ryu is going to fill the world with *monsters*.



Okay, well, first we get *outta* here, then we tell the *marines* about this crazy shit, then--

No, no, we have to end this *now*. If we wait—or worse, if we don't make it out—it'll be *too late*.



We have to burn down the whole *fucking* thing.



Hey! You guys having a nice little *sewing circle* over there? Any thoughts on getting us the hell *outta* here?

CRAK

We don't have time. Or, you know, a *bomb*. Or even anything that makes *fire*, as far as I know. Hell, all the *packs* are back up in the *tunnel*.

Those pallets of *aircraft ammo*. This *twine* makes a *fuse*. And Buckley's got a *lighter*.

There: *bomb*.

Are you *serious*?

When have you ever known me *not* to be?

Son of a bitch.

Tony!

Oh, hey, you remembered I'm still here.

We think we have a path to the sub. It'll mean being *exposed* for a few seconds, but it's workable.

But first, you're gonna have to *cross* to us.

Yeah, I kinda *got* that. You got any thoughts about how I *do that* without getting my ass shot full of *bullets*?

CHAKA CHAKA

CRACK

We'll cover you. But we need you to do something on your way.

You have to get Buckley's *lighter* off his body.

BLAM

<Backup's here! Where do you need us?>

<Split your men, cut around to each side, and flank them.>

CHAKA CHAKA CHAKA

I'm sorry, for a minute there, I thought you said I had to stop right out in the fuckin' open and get a dead guy's lighter.

But that can't be what you said, because that would be the stupidest fuckin' thing I heard in my life.

You're right. This is my concern. I'll get the lighter.

Corporal, you cover both of us.

What? No! Don't you move your cute little ass from that spot, ya hear me?

Why do you need this damn thing so bad?

CHAKA
CHAKA
CHAKA

We need it to burn this place to the ground. It's my mission. The whole reason I'm here.

Ah, enough jawin'. I'll do it.

No.

No, I'll do it. Either of you comes this way, you'll just have to go right back.

I'll do it. You just make sure to fill the whole goddamn air around me with bullets while I do, you got it?

Ready.

Ready.

Fuckin' hell.





CRACK

AAGH!

Tony!!



**DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA**

Fuck.
Fuck! How
bad is it?



It's pretty bad. I think the
bullet broke the bone. But you
probably won't bleed out for
a few minutes, so we
have time.

Uh, that's
reassuring,
I guess?



CRACK

CRACK

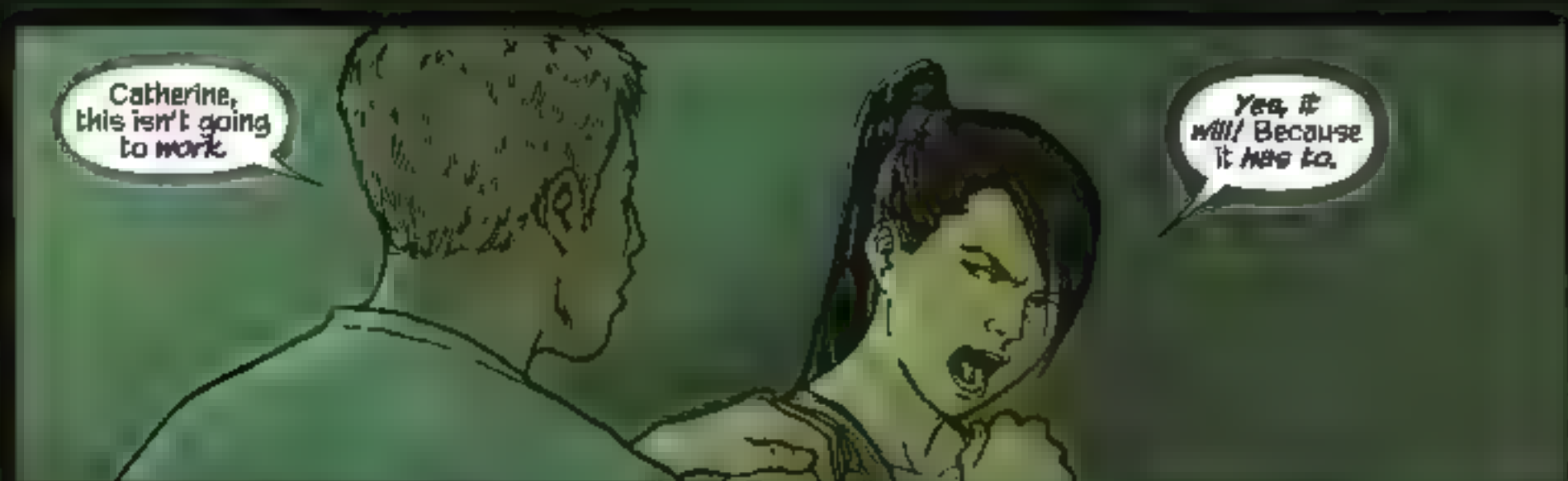
I'm
out of
ammo!

I've got
a little more.
So, here's the plan:
We light the pallet,
and then we run for
the sub. I cover
our retreat. You
drag Tony.

Damn it!
The twine is wet.
It won't light.

I'll need
something else
for a wick. Let's see.
Our clothes are
all wet too—

**BUDDA
BUDDA**



Catherine, this isn't going to work.

Yes, it will! Because it has to.



Catherine!

Damn it, I--
Look out!!



Son of a--



Isamu!

Great timing, buddy. I just assumed you'd disappeared again.

Me? Never disappear. Crazy idea.



But we **HURRY**, now. More soldiers coming.

Jesus, he's right. There's a ton of them.

CRACK

CHAKA CHAKA CHAKA CHAKA

CRACK



Our position only gets worse from here, Catherine. We gotta go.

No, this can still work. Corporal, you take Tony by his arms. I just need a *wick* of some sort. Something—

Catherine.



It's over. You have to go.

We have to go.

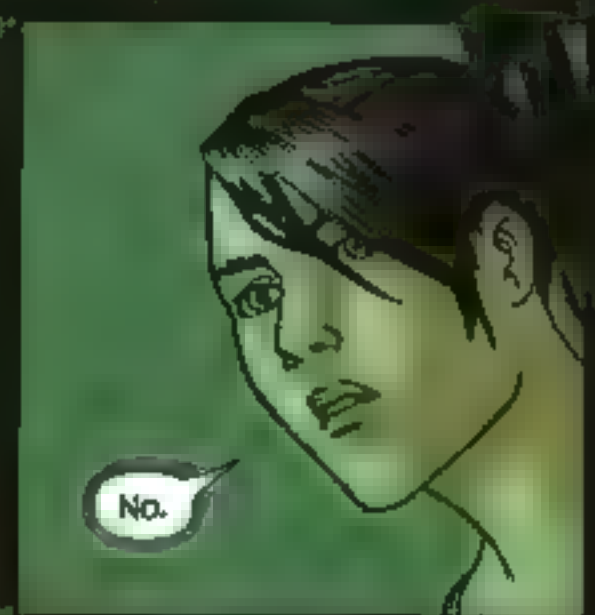
No way. You gotta cross open space between here and the sub. Ricky drags me out there, we both get shot to death.

Then you're going to have to walk.

Hal! There's **NO** way, sweetheart.



You gotta leave me here.



No.



There's no way we can detonate the ammo from a distance. Someone has to be *here* to light it up.

Leave me some *guns*, I'll give you *covering fire*. You get to the sub. When you're safe, I'll blow this whole freakin' place sky high.

Either you three get out and you *complete your mission*, or we all *die here*. You look at it that way, it ain't much of a *choice* at all, is it?



Damn
you.



Here, I
want you to
take this.



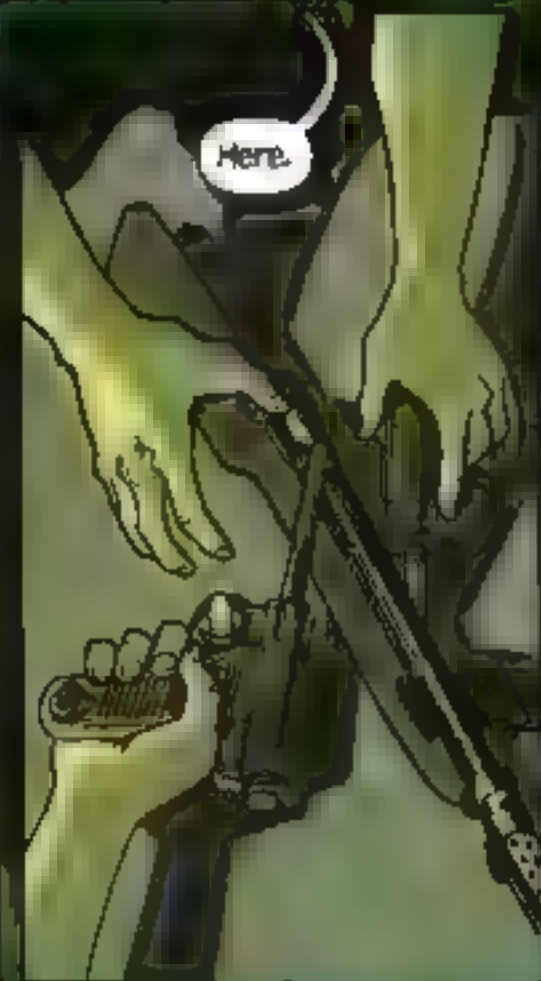
Hopefully
it's luckier for
you than it
ended up being
for me.



They
coming.

CRACK

**DAKKA
DAKKA
DAKKA**



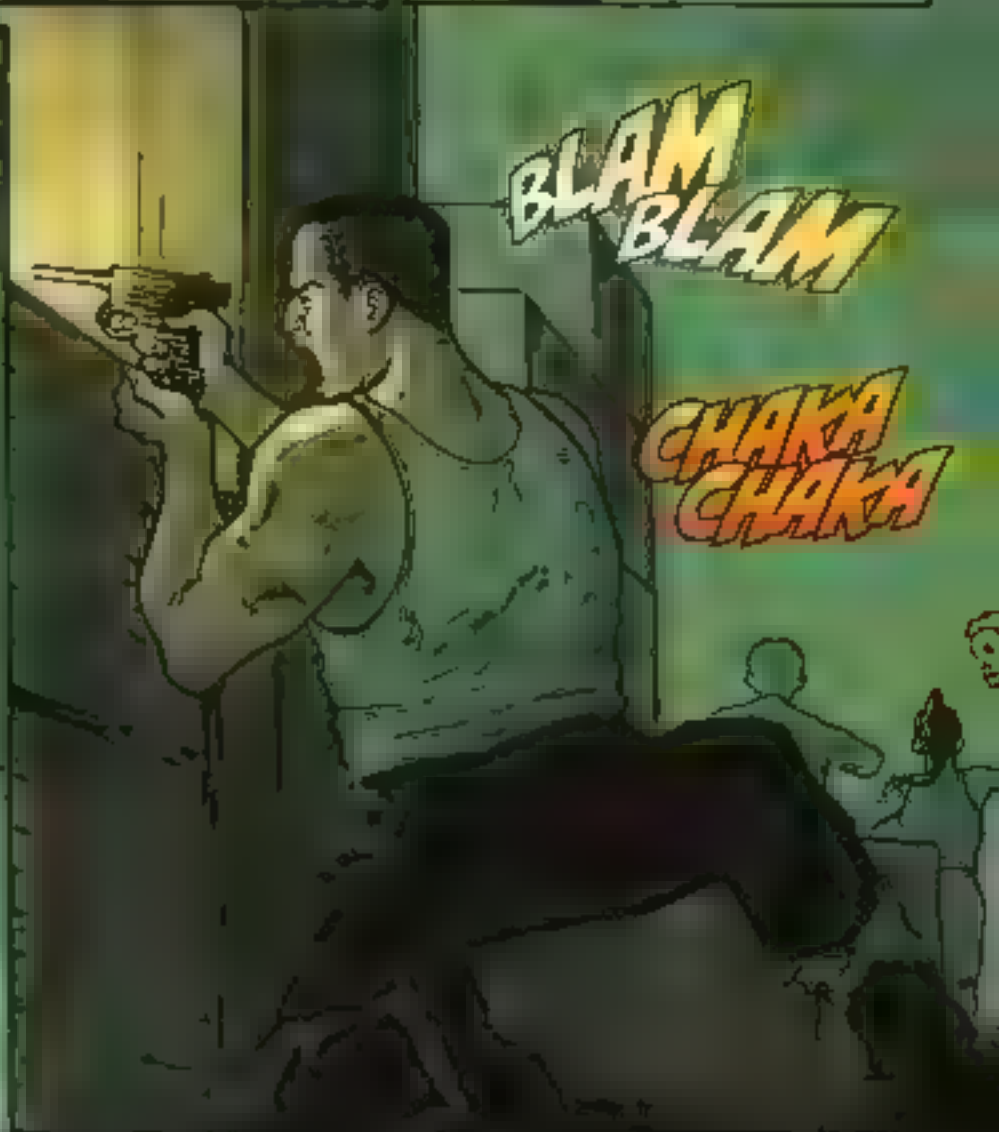
Here.



It's too
bad, Tony. I was
looking forward
to putting you
back in jail.

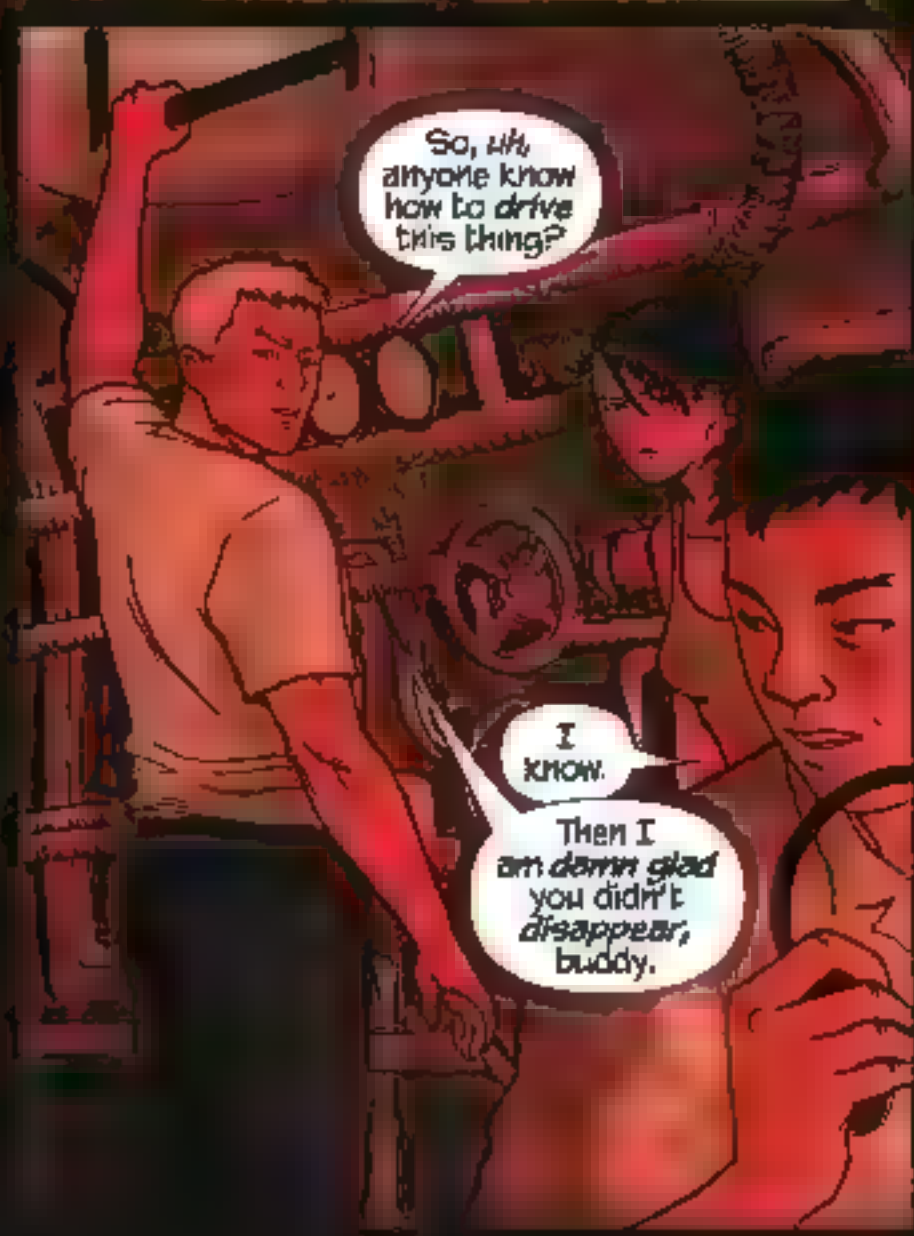
Ah, you
never could
make anything
stick to me,
copper.

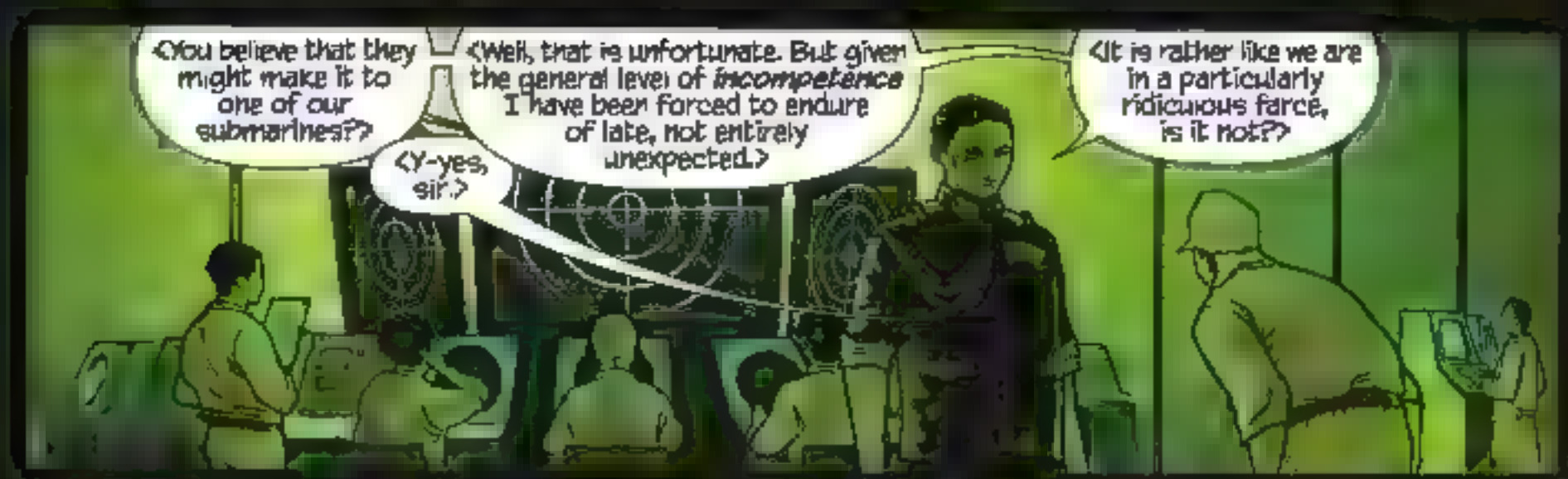
Now, get
the fuck outta
here.



**BLAM
BLAM**

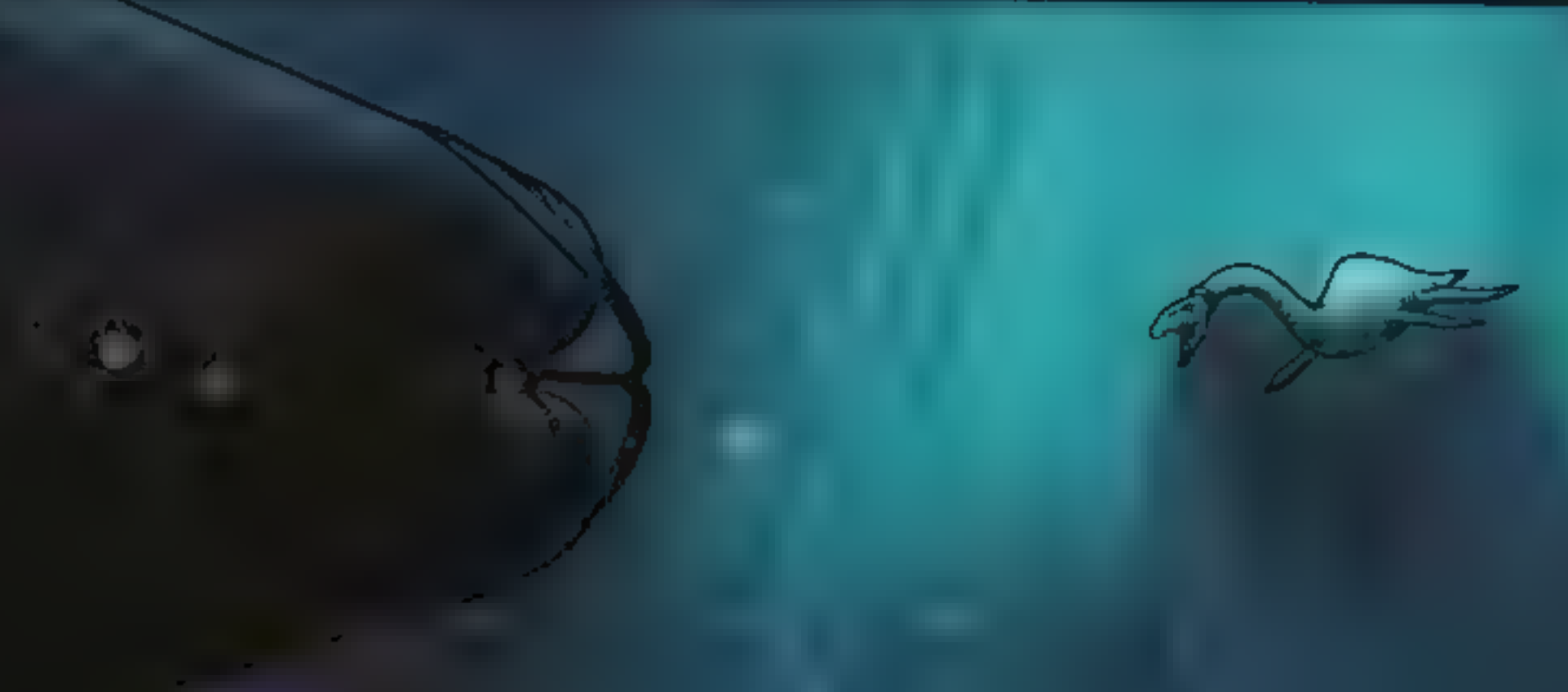
**CHAKA
CHAKA**

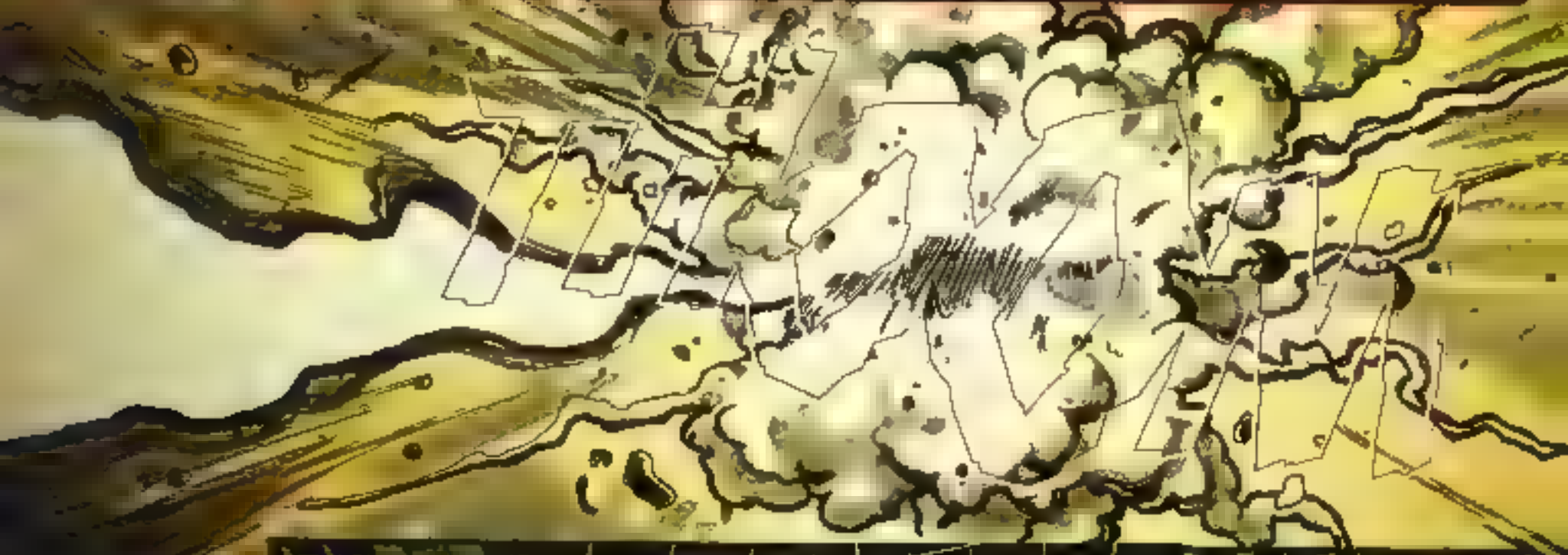






"...because things are about to get rocky."



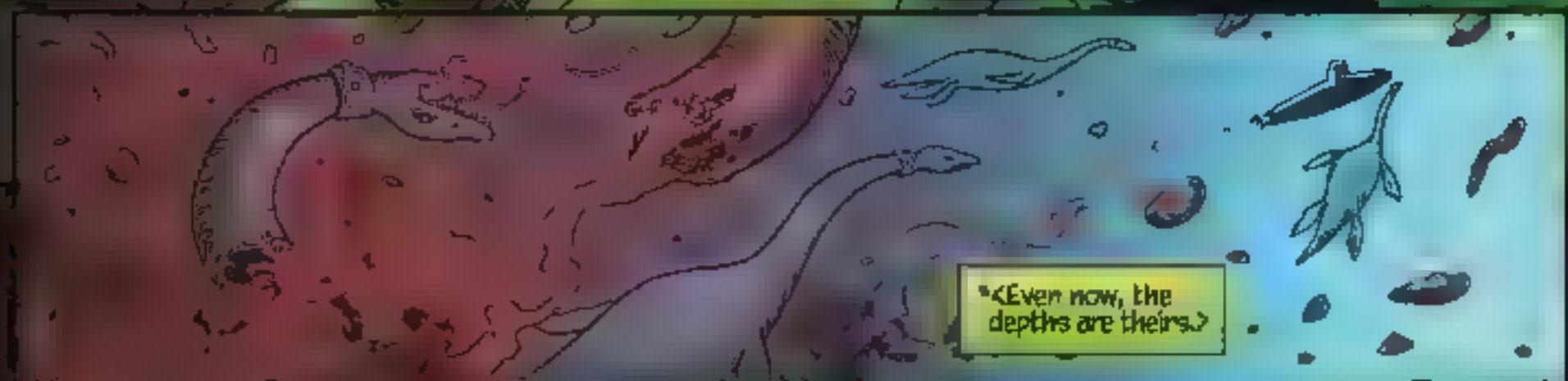




<They have killed one of my dragons, then. No matter.>

Mein Kommandant.

<My beautiful monsters will still prevail, Stahlhart. It's *their* world, you see. We were only borrowing it.>



*<Even now, the depths are theirs.>



*<The best we can make —the best *technology*, the best *toys*—>

*<—and they will *obliterate* it without a thought.>*

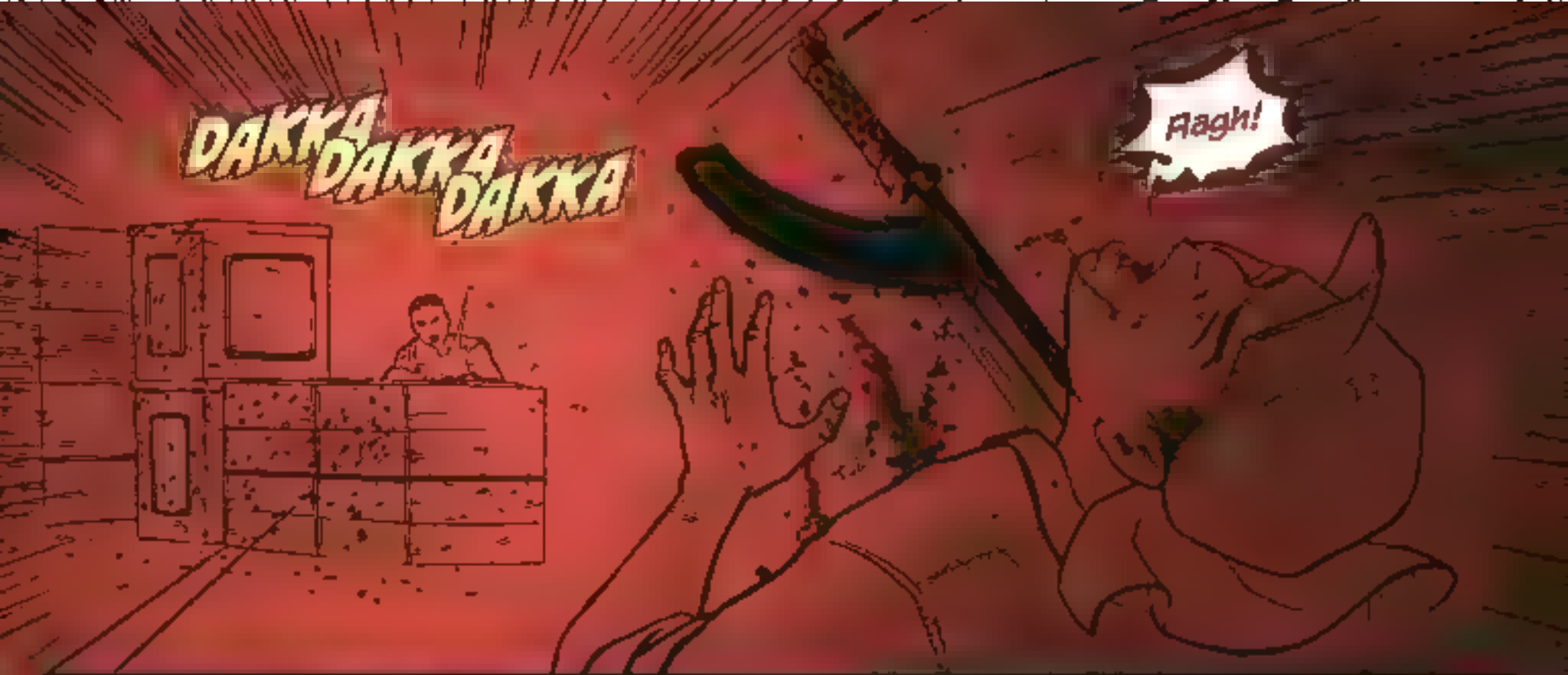


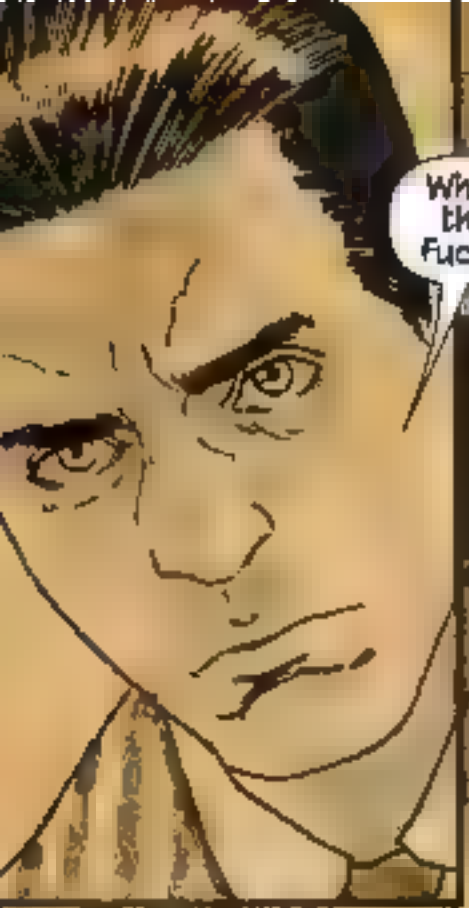
They pushing us deeper! We will crushed!



<They will blanket the world, Stahlhart. All my dragons. They will take back what is theirs.>

<And all will be consumed.>





What the fuck?

TWO YEARS AGO

I mean—
I'm not a vain
guy, but *what the fuck?* That's the
fucking picture
they use?

I look like
a degenerate
drunk.

If it
bothers ya so
much, ya shouldn't
go *drinking* before
the coppers pick
ya up.

I wasn't
drunk, you idiot.
I'm saying, it
looks like
I was.

I swear,
that asshole with
the camera waits till
you're looking away, or
distracted by some
other asshole cop,
before he snaps
your picture.

It's
insulting, is
what it is.

Listen,
Tone, I'm
real sorry about
your picture an'
all, but we gotta
move.

Yeah, boss,
you shouldn'ta
come back to the
neighborhood in
the first place,
y'know?

I got
agita just
bein' here.



Yeah,
yeah, I just
gotta—
Hey.

This gives me an idea.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!

Defend your Country
Smash the Nazi scourge



JOIN THE ARMY TODAY

The thing about broads can do it too! They sure can if "it" is my satisfaction!

No, dummy. The army. I need to get lost, right? I could join up.

Spend a couple years in Europe, fuck some French chicks, and by the time I'm back, it's all blown over

I don't know, Tone. Sounds dangerous.



Oh, 'cause the Bronx is so safe for me?

Besides, hey, I'd get to kill some friggin' Nazis, y'know? If I'm gonna be poppin' guys, it might as well be fascists, instead a guys I grew up with.

C'mon, boss. The plan is Philly. We got guys there, we greased the right palms, you'll be good. No need to go all the way around the world to get shot at by a buncha fucks that don't even speak English.





Yeah.

Yeah,
you're
probably
right.



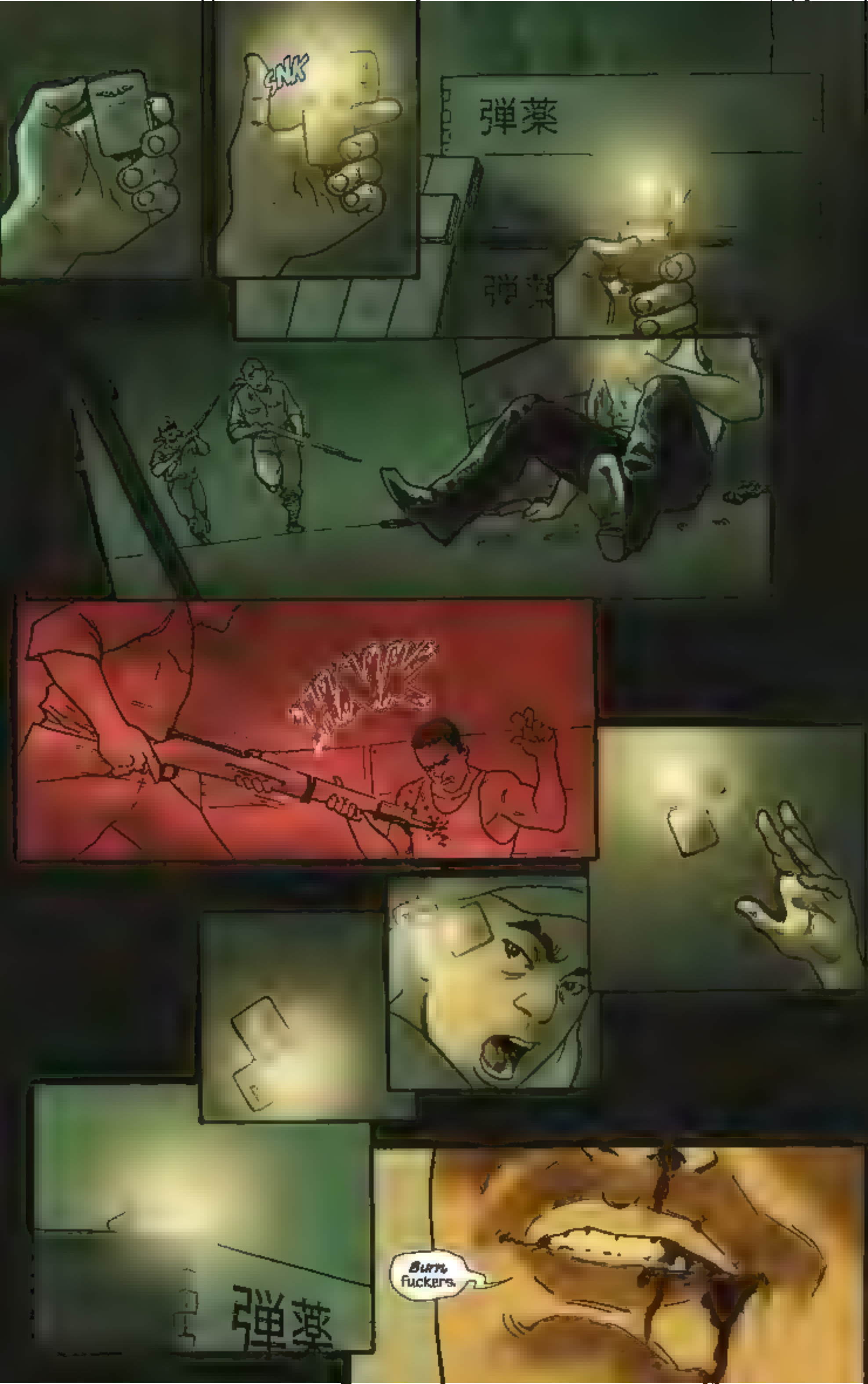
It's a
stupid
idea.

**YOU CAN MAKE
A DIFFERENCE!!**

Defend



Hey, at least
I didn't end up in
Philadelphia.



彈藥

彈藥

5N1

彈藥

Burr, fuckers.

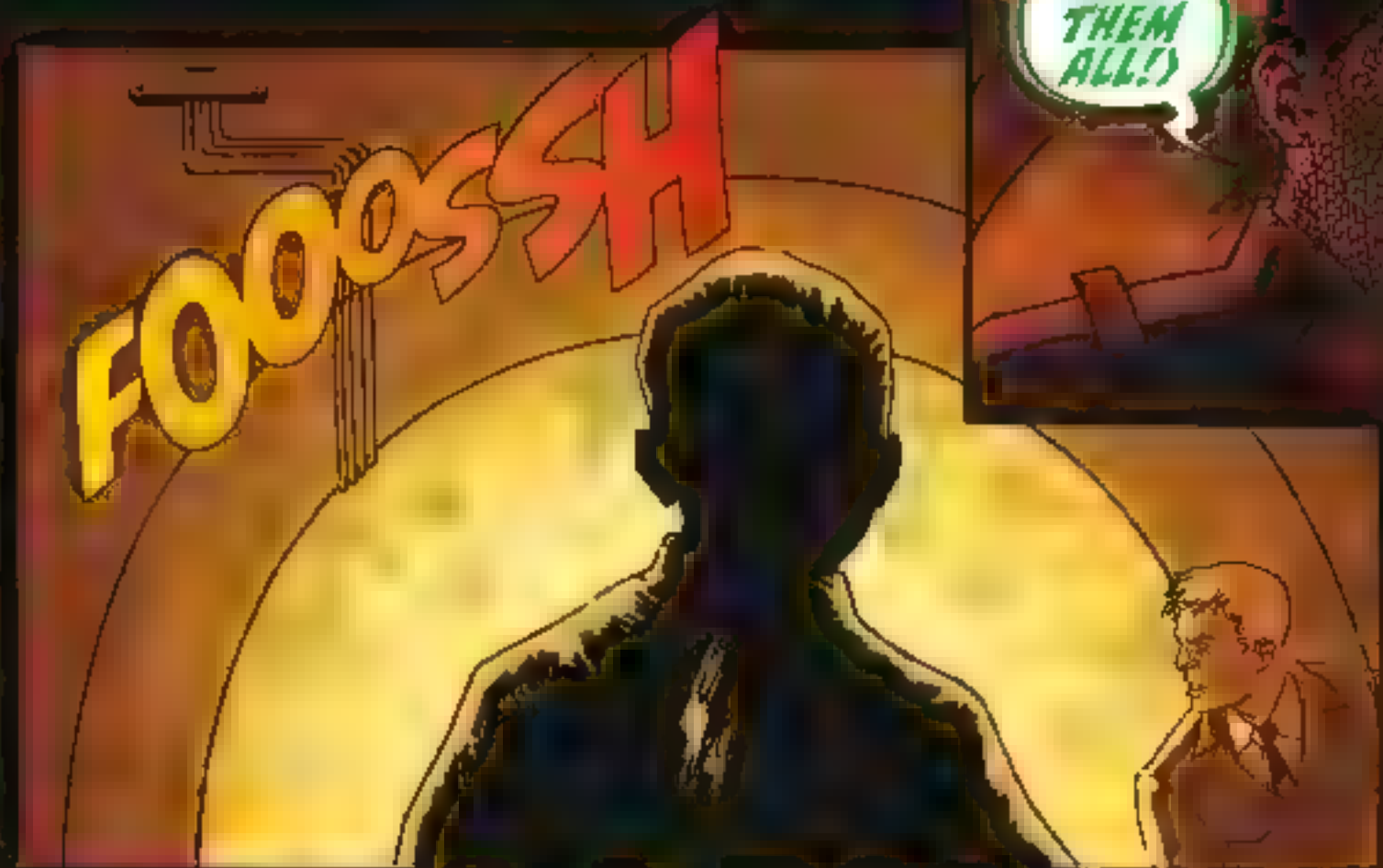




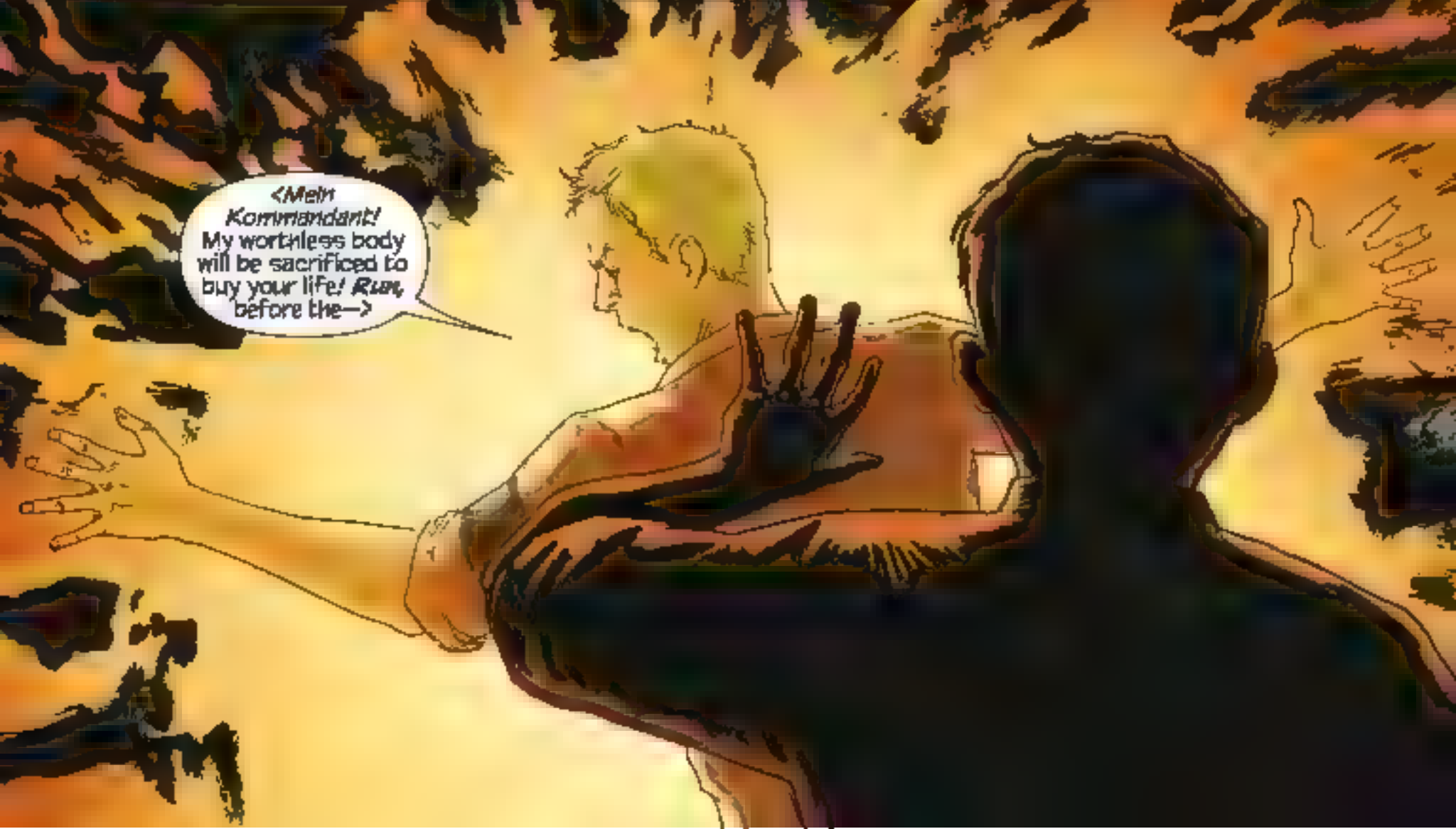
<What
is this?>



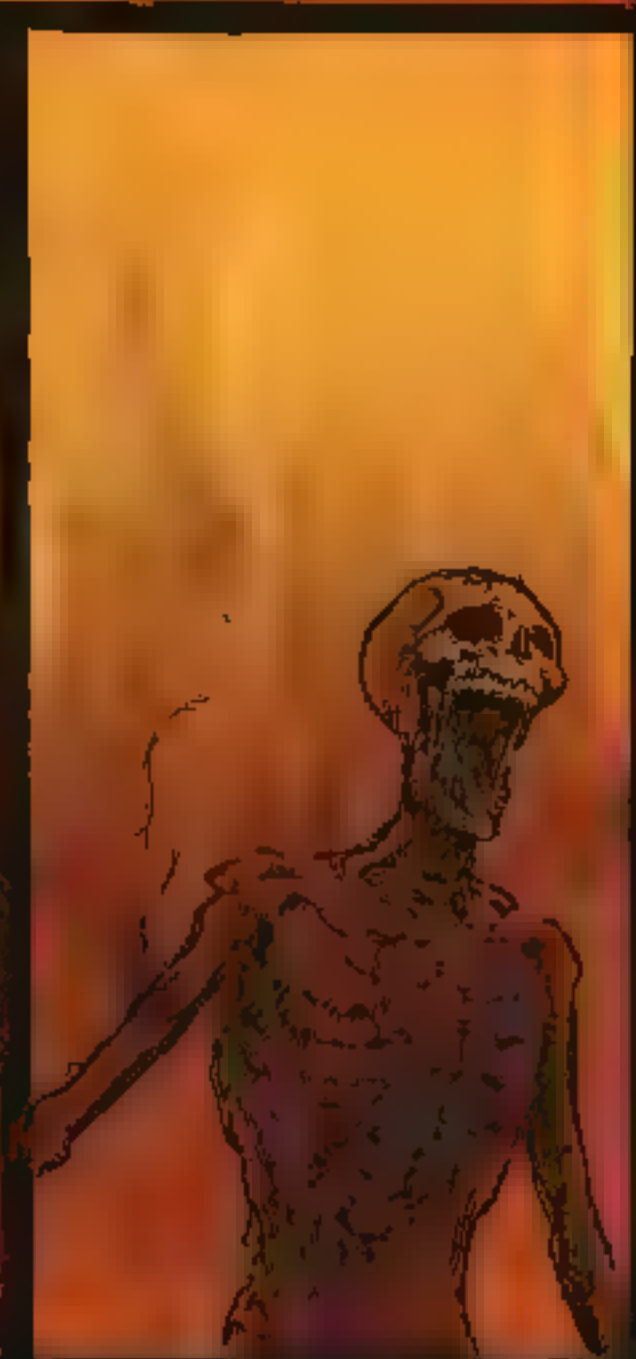
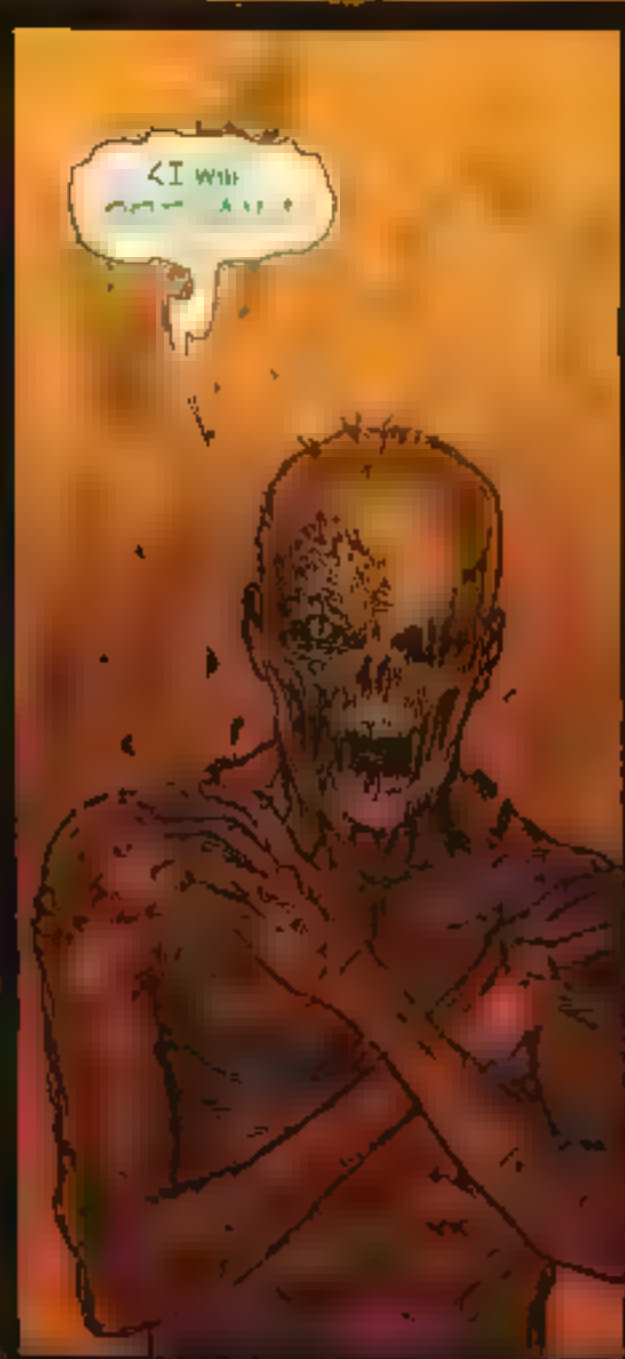
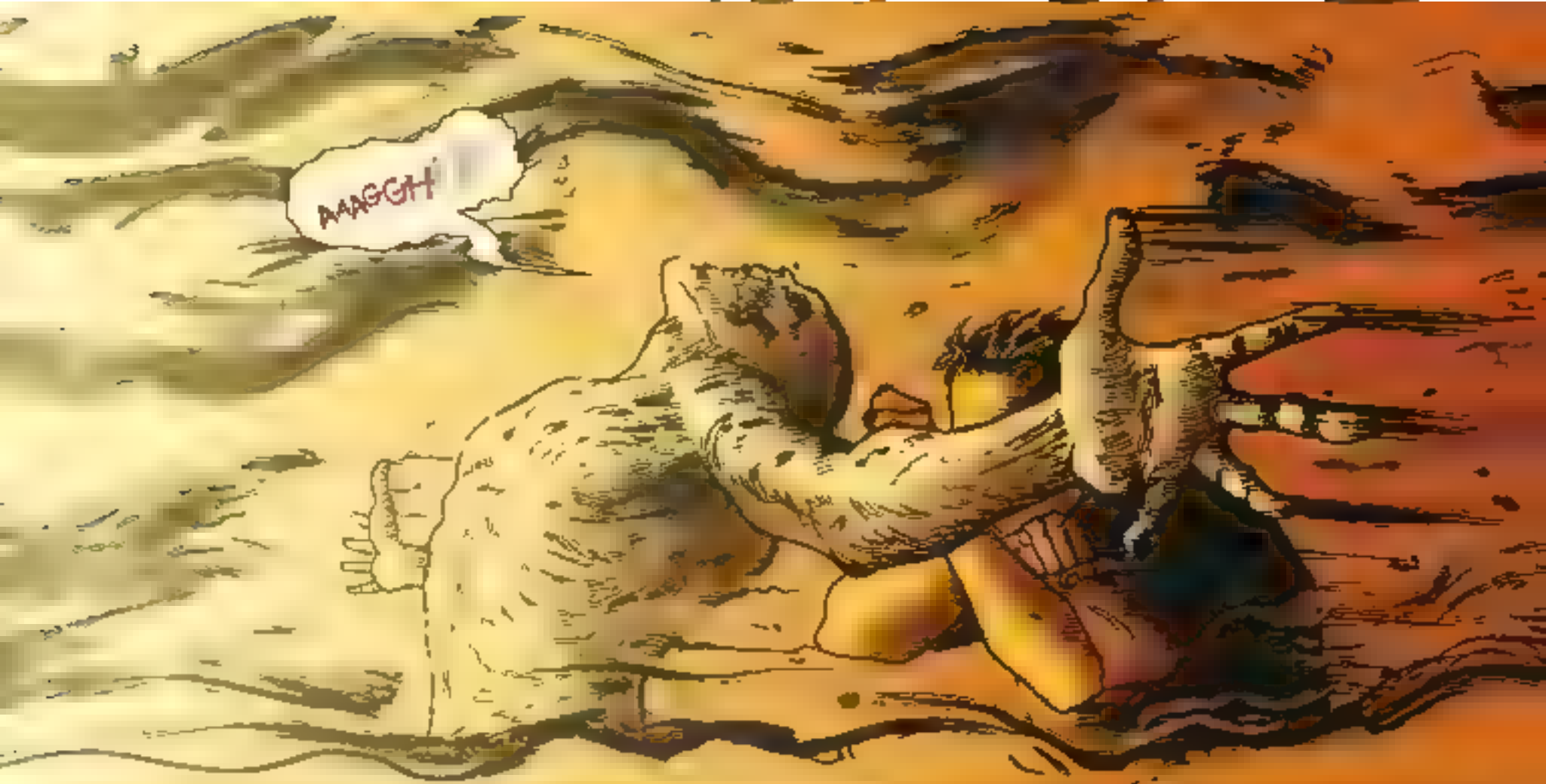
<Get up,
you lazy diots!
Get up, discover
who is attacking
my home, and
kill them!>
**<KILL
THEM
ALL!>**

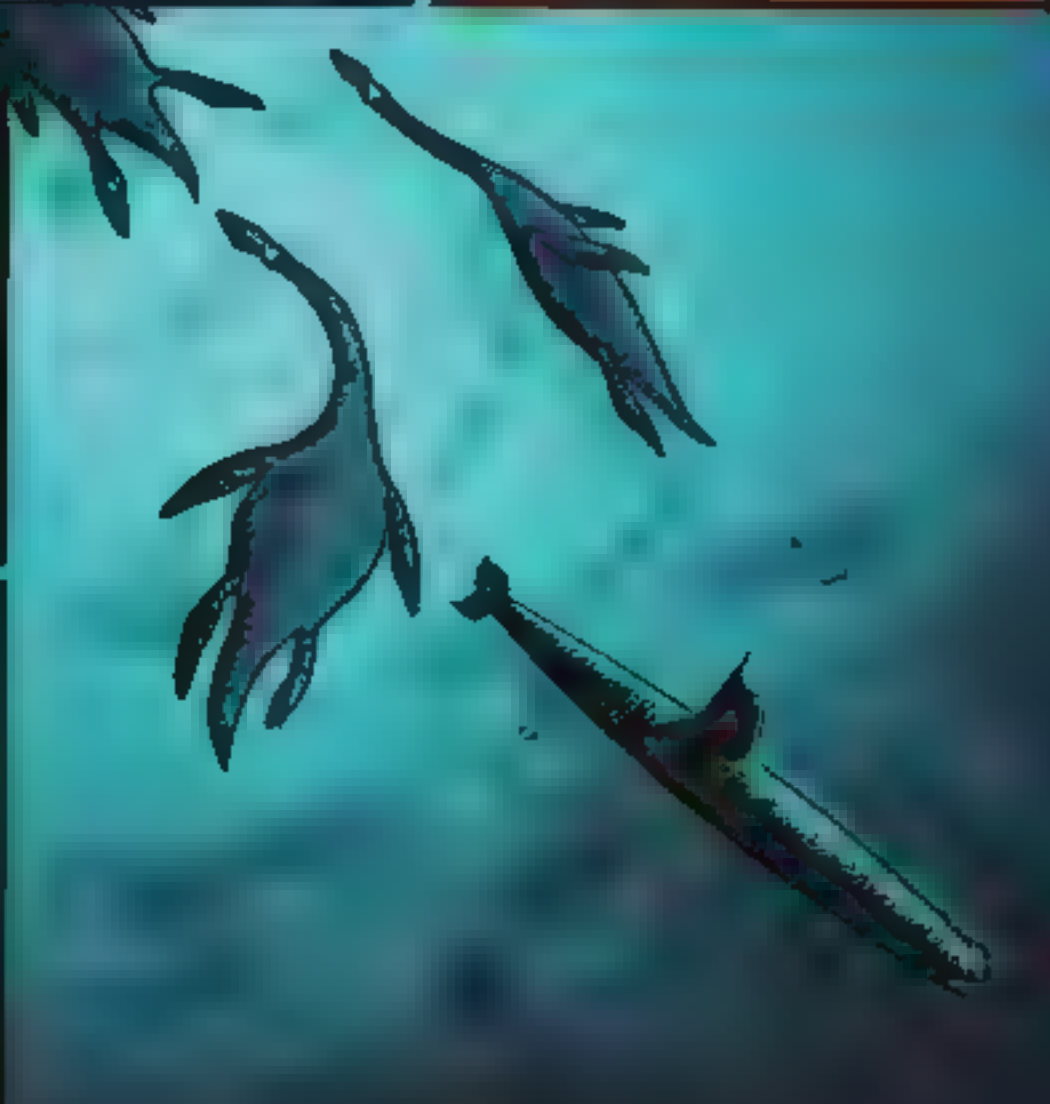
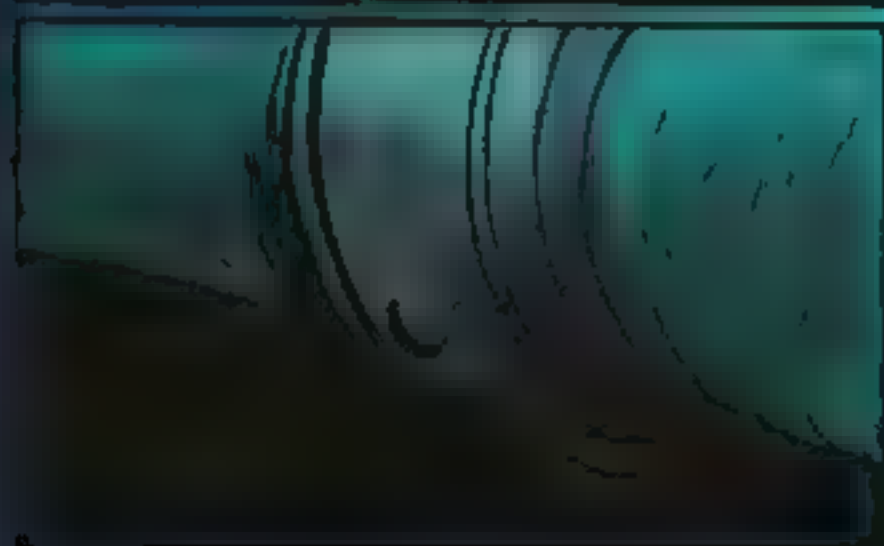
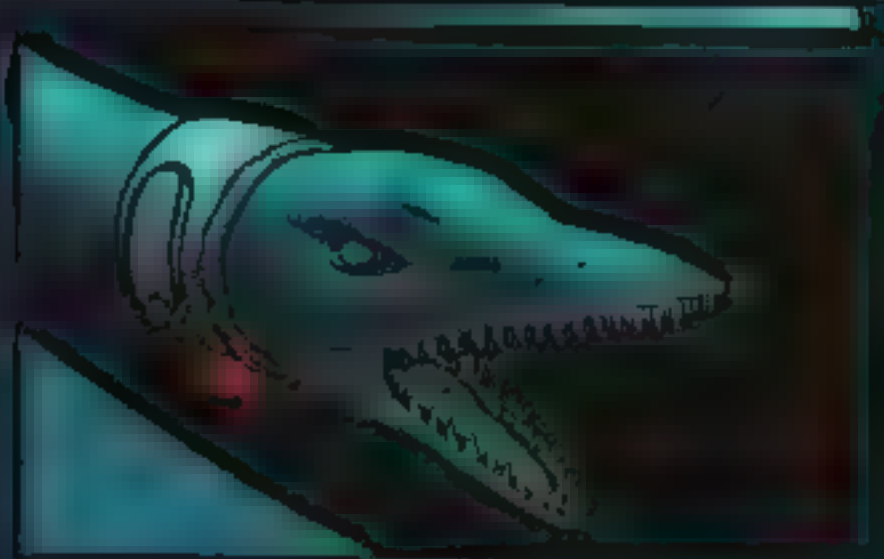


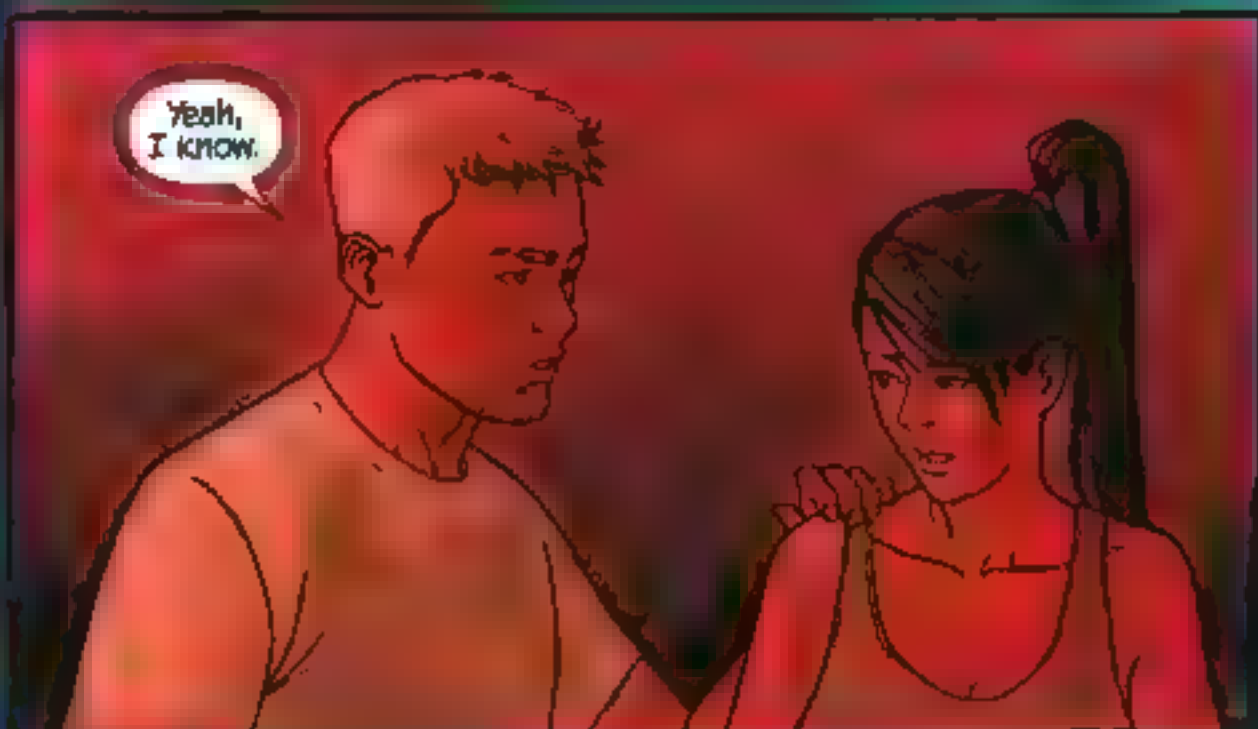
FOOOOSH

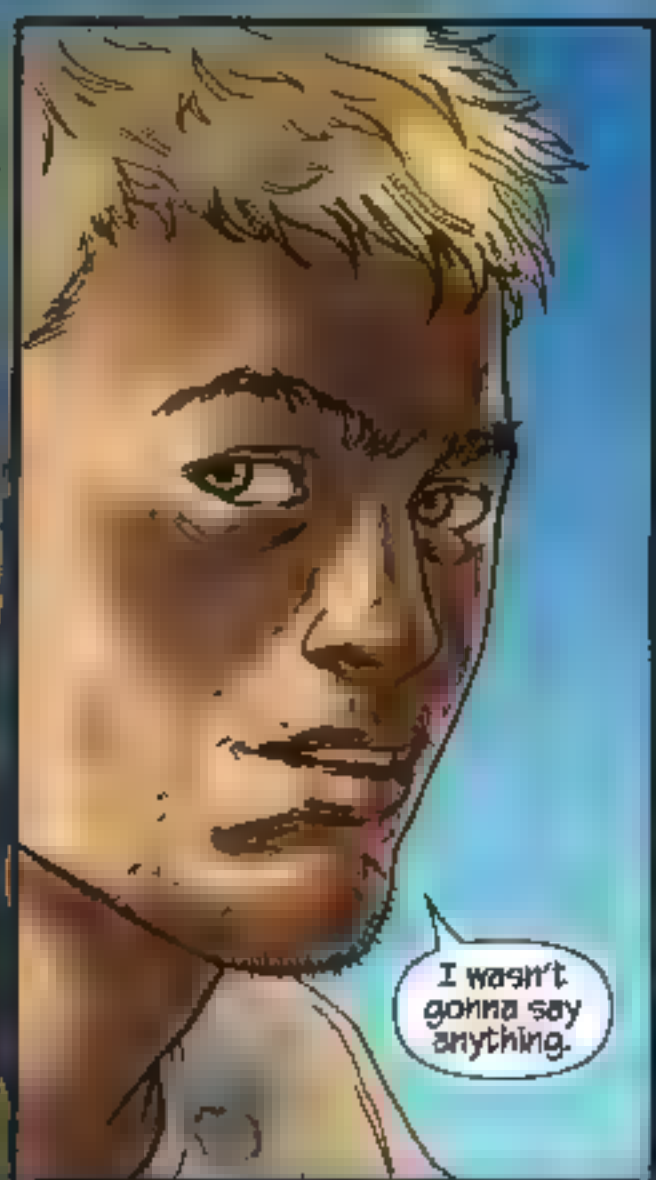
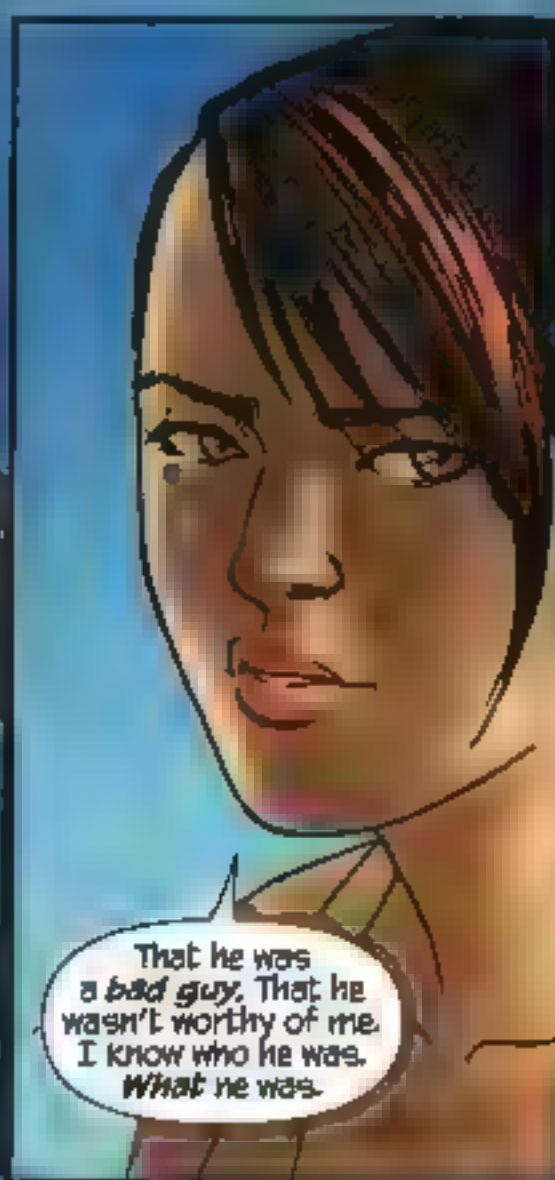
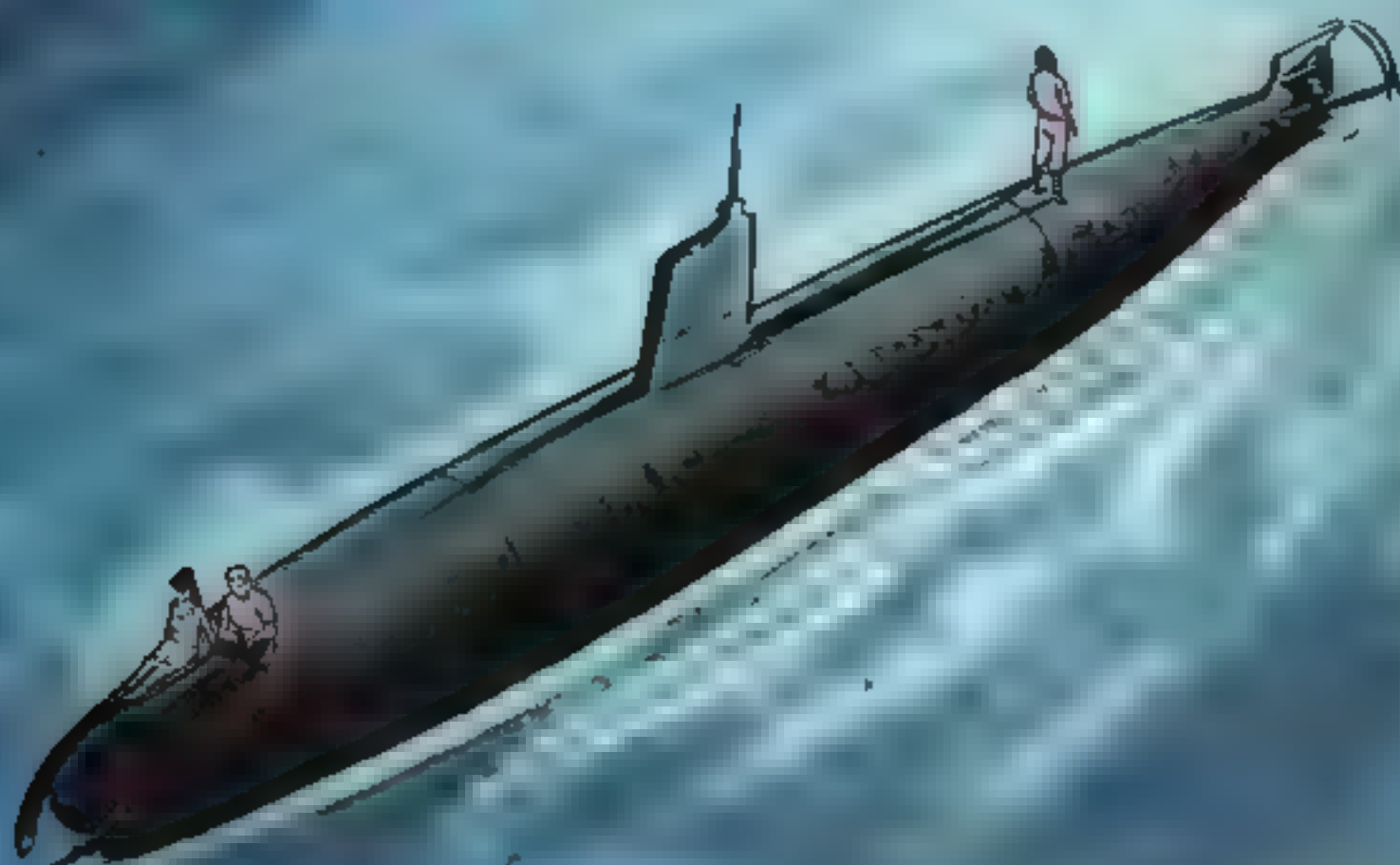


<Mein
Kommandant!
My worthless body
will be sacrificed to
buy your life! *Run*,
before the—>



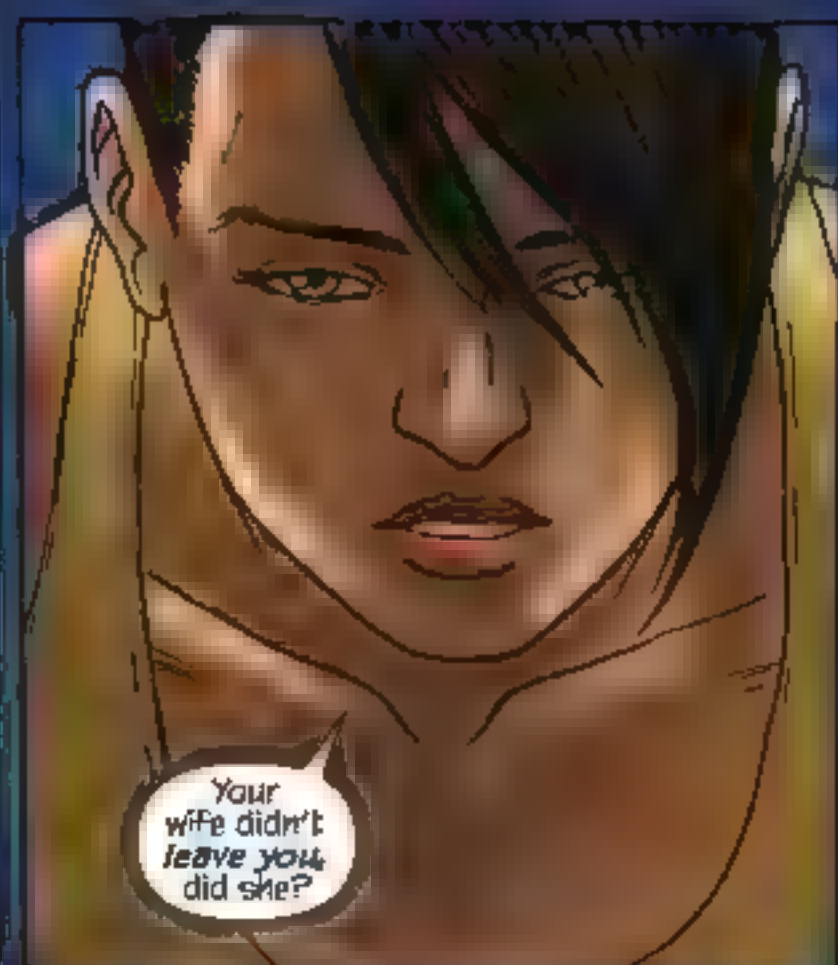








None of us are who we were back in the world.



Your wife didn't leave you, did she?



What do you mean?

You said it yourself. After your conviction, you'd never work for the department again. There was nothing waiting for you after your tour. No pension, no security, no prospects.

Ex-con, ex-marine for a father. You'd only drag your family down.

So, you left her. You left them. You pushed them away as hard as you could.



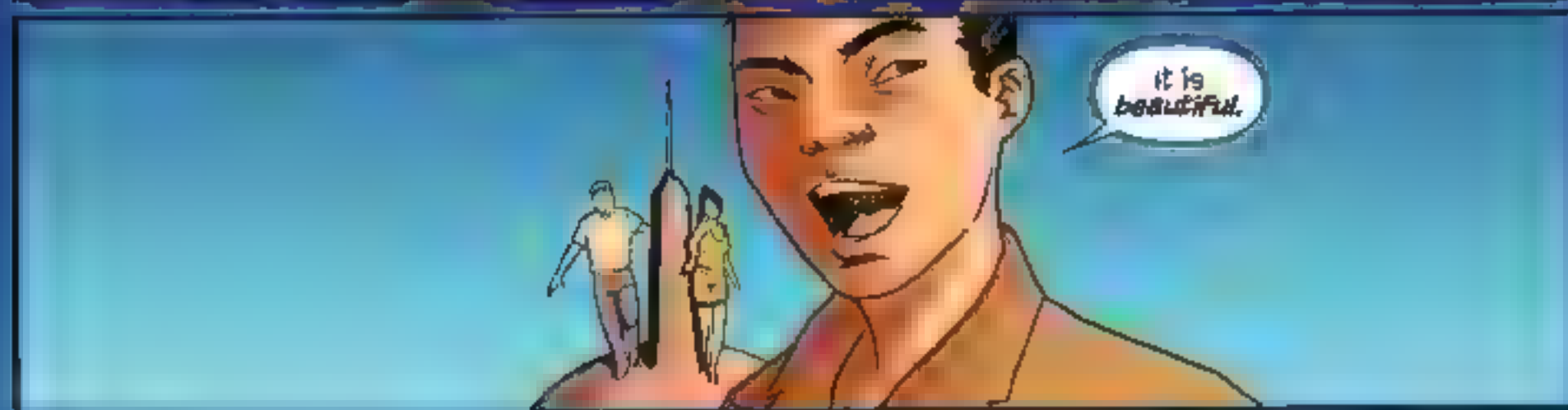
Well, it doesn't matter now, does it?

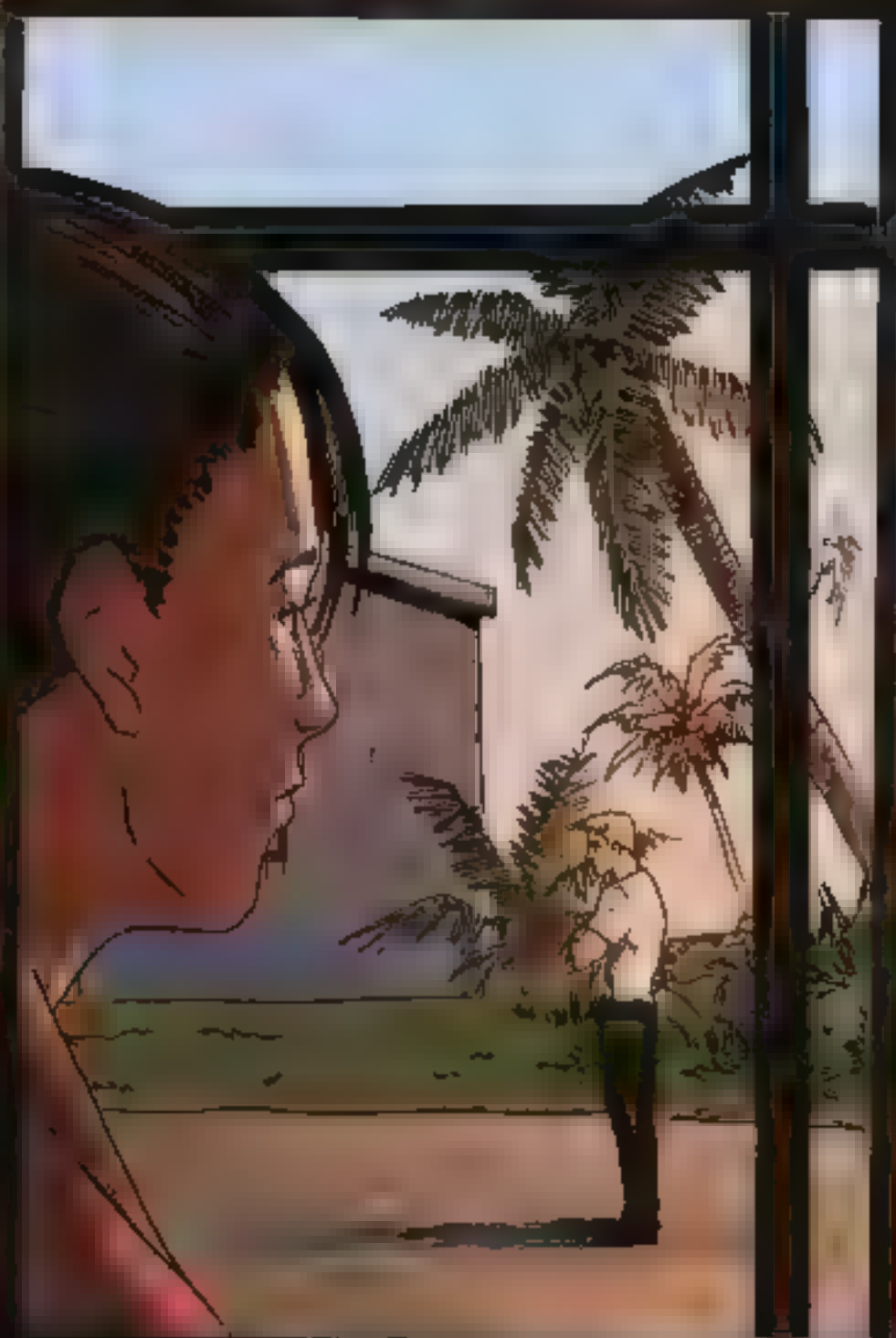
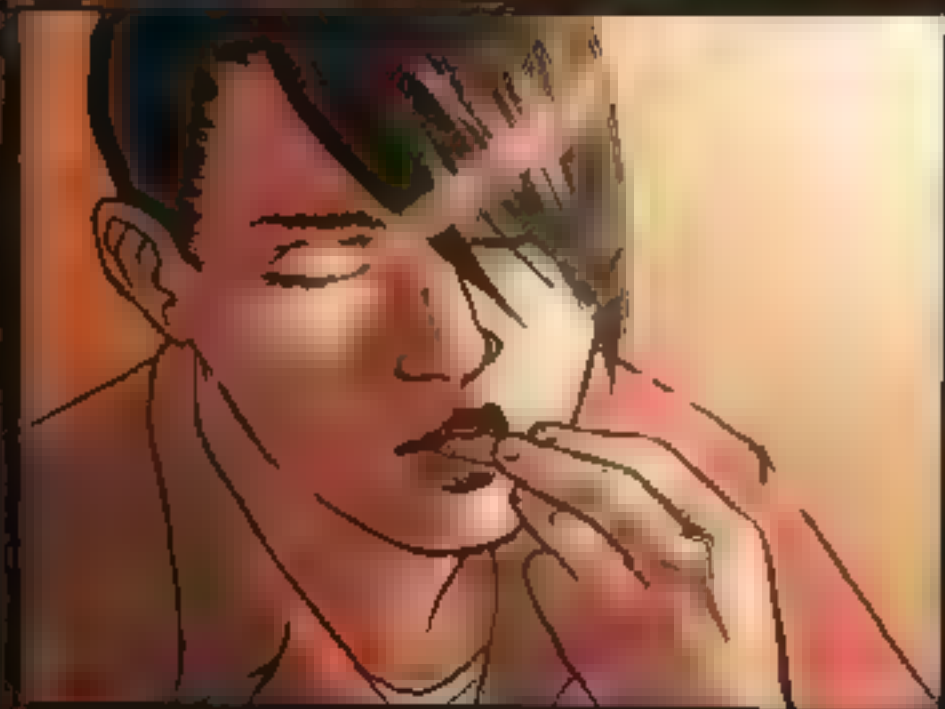
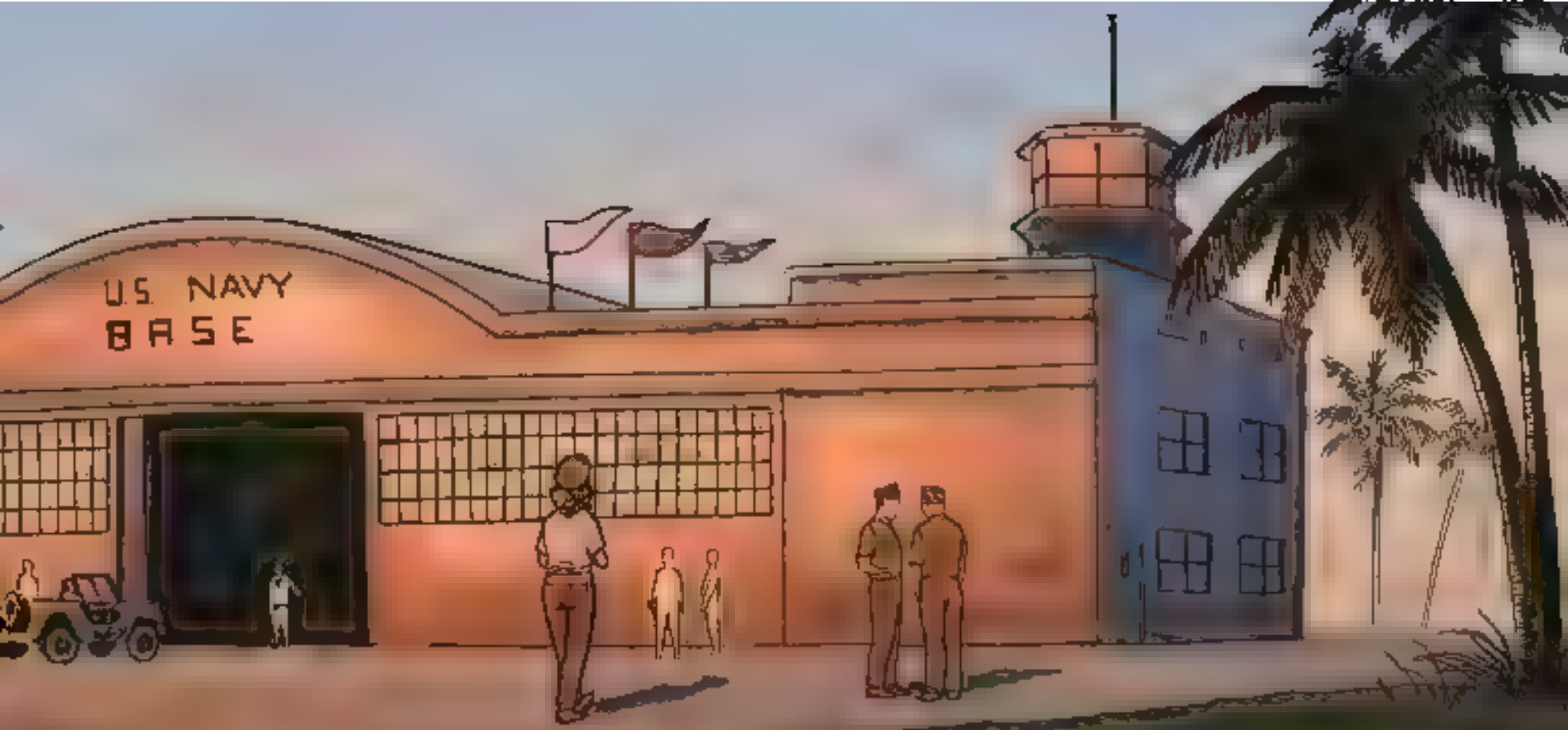
On the contrary. I think it matters a great deal. You're a hero now. And that's not a word I throw around lightly. What we've done today is heroic.

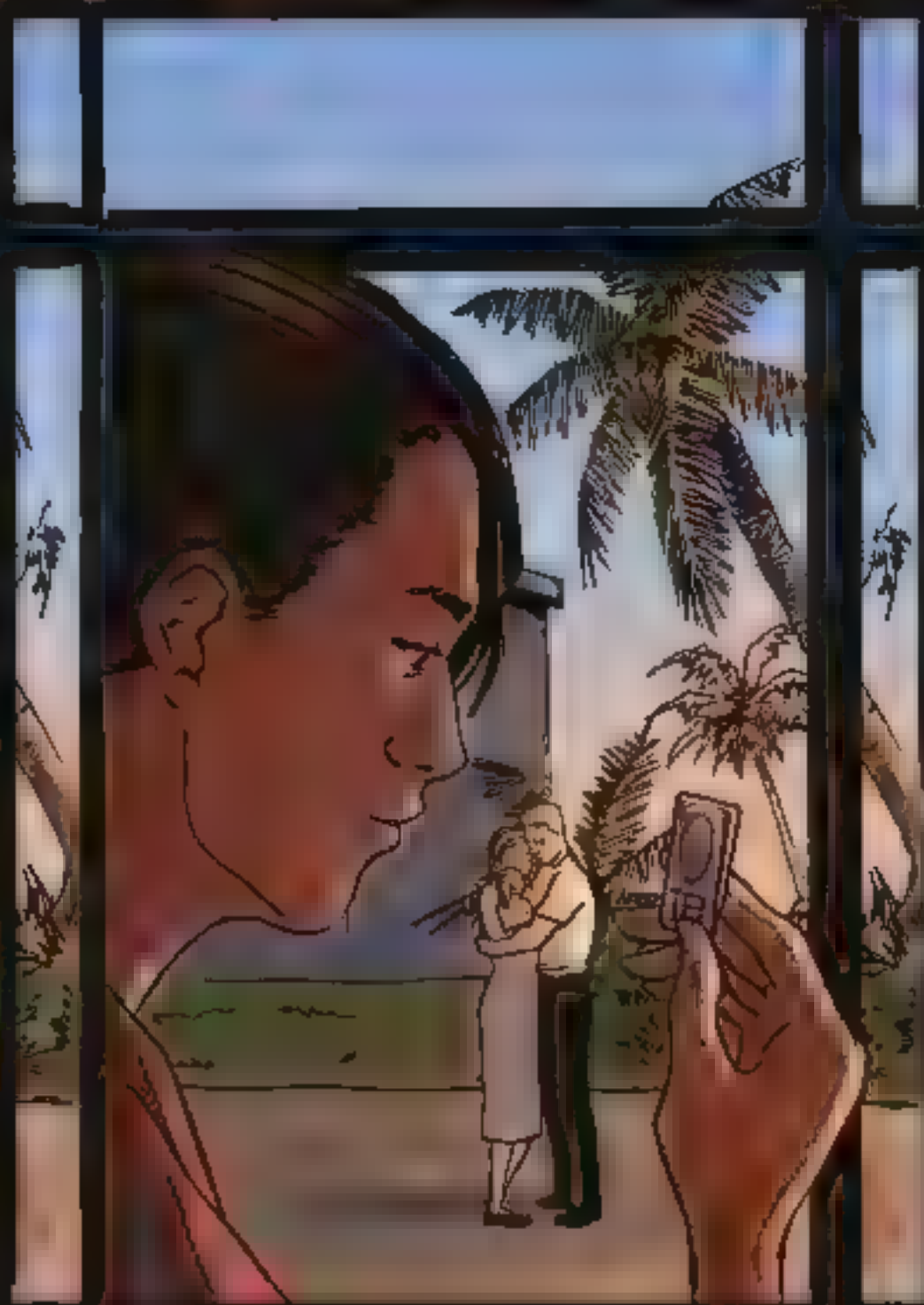
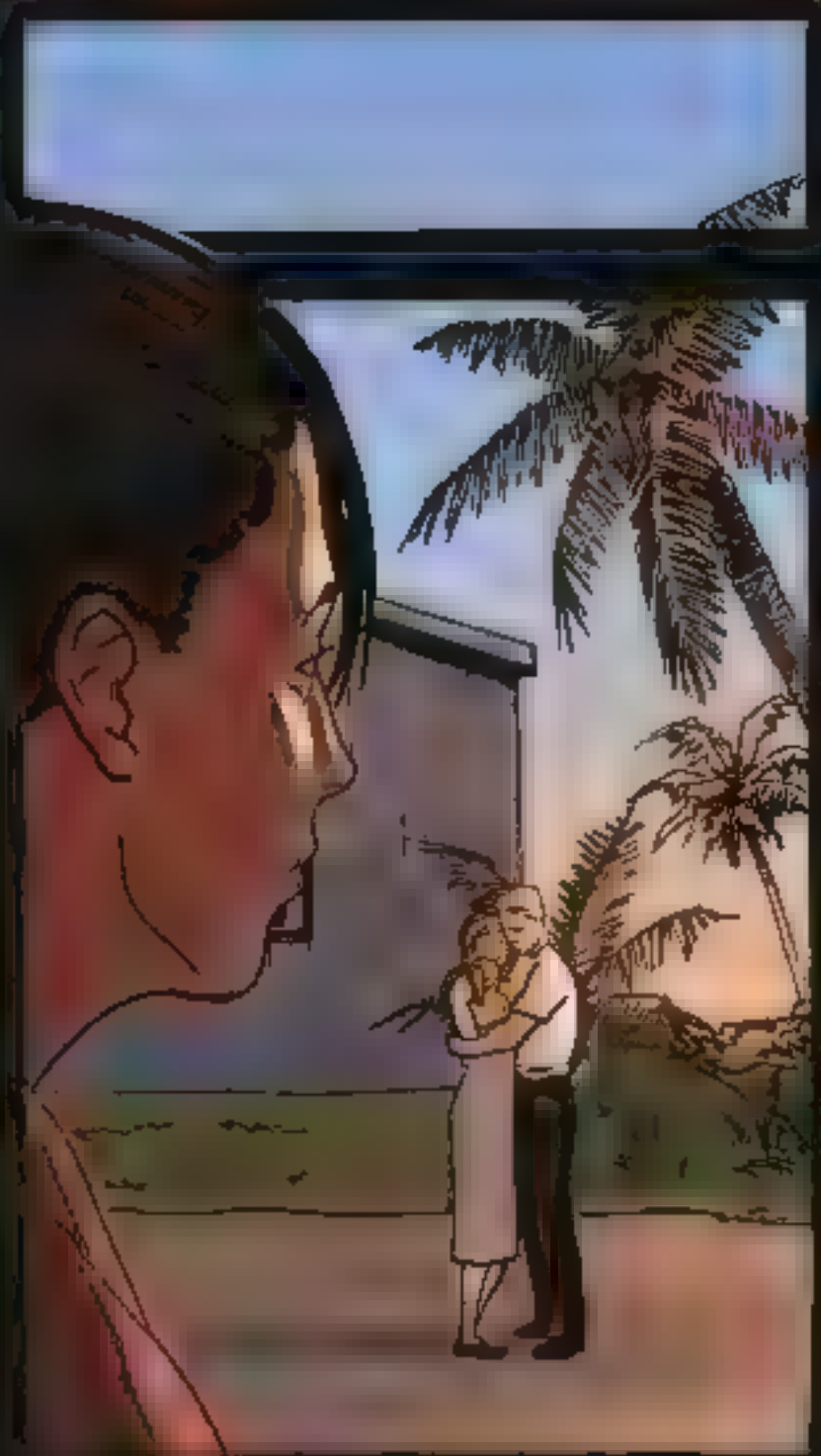
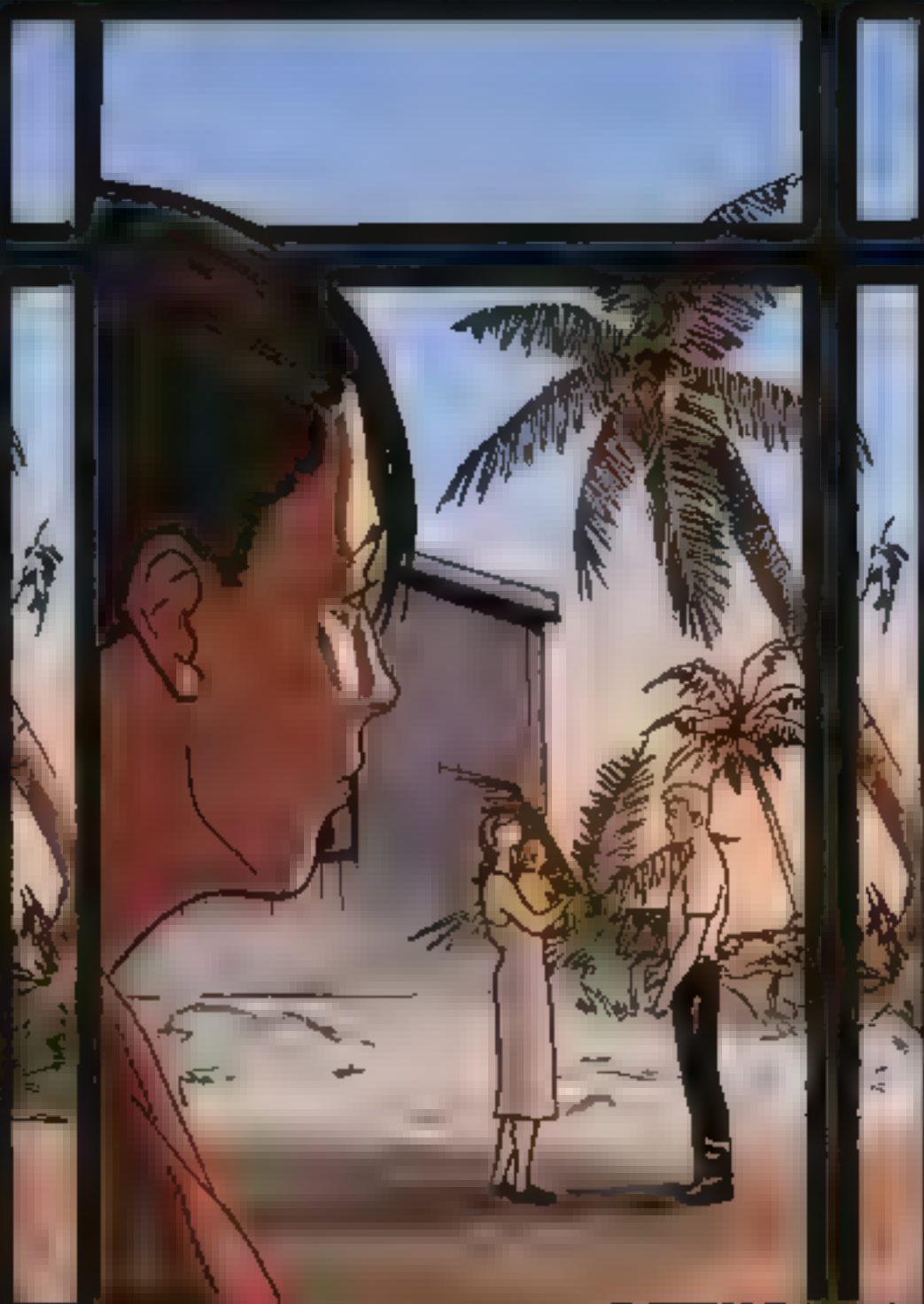
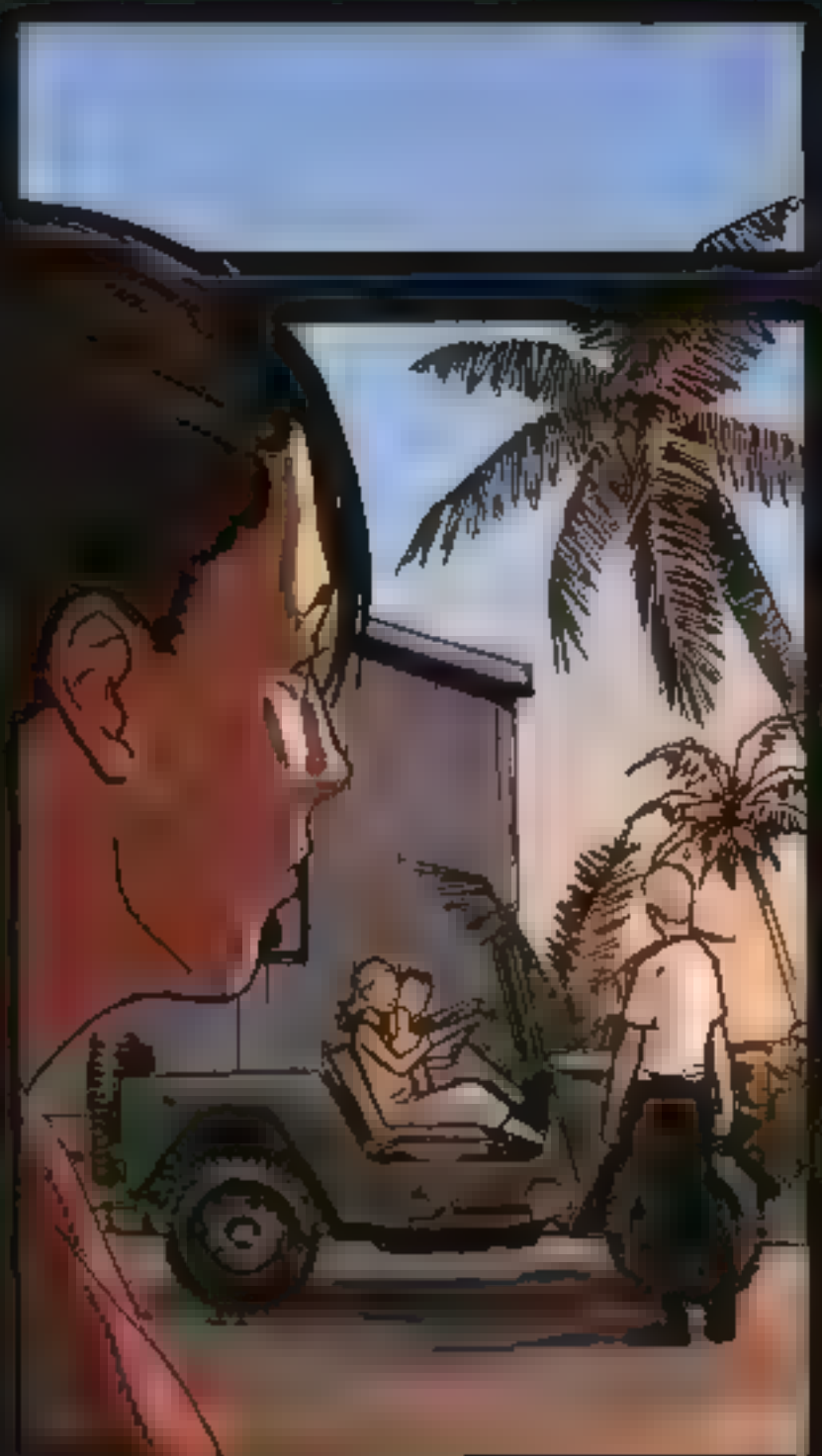


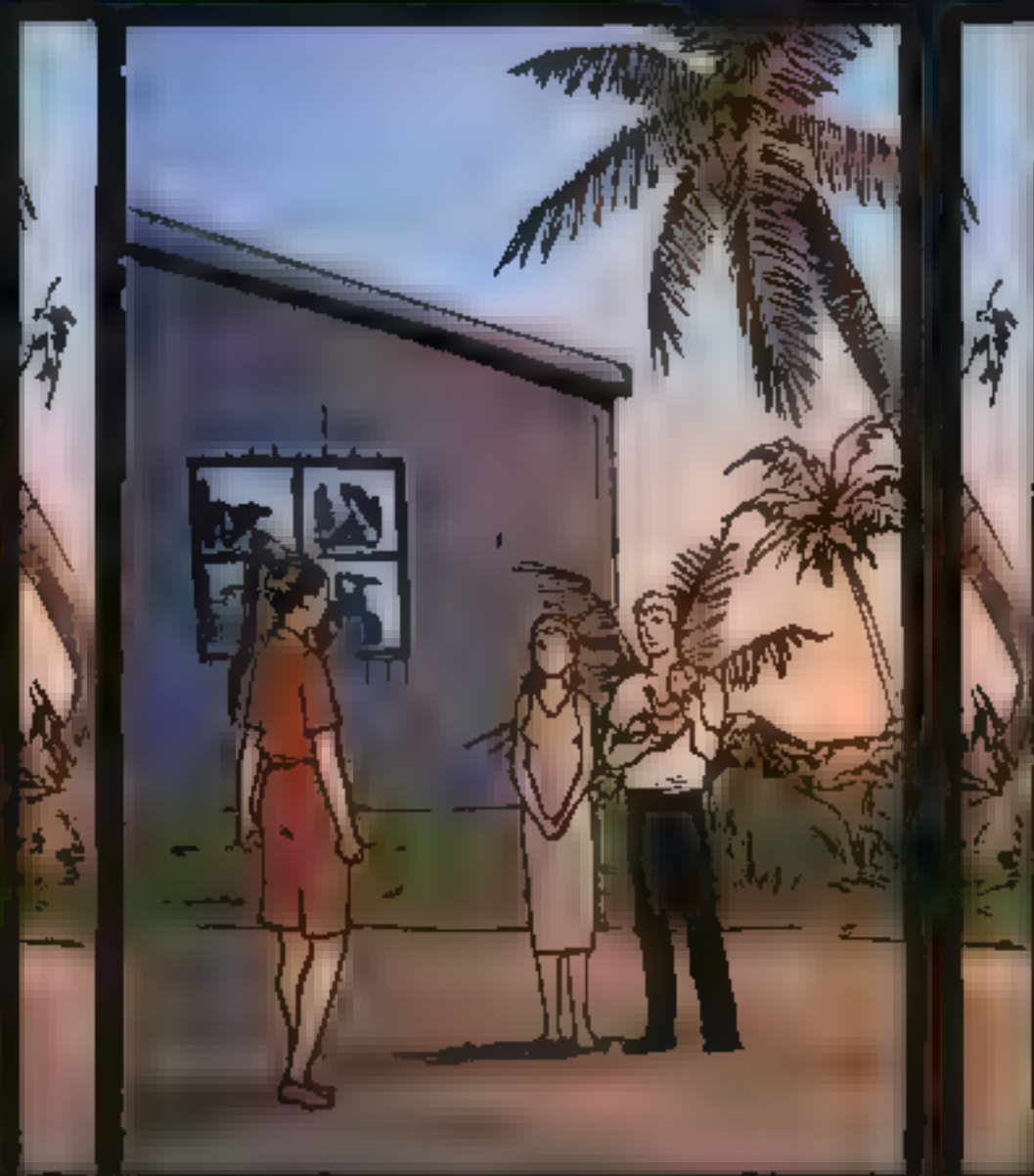
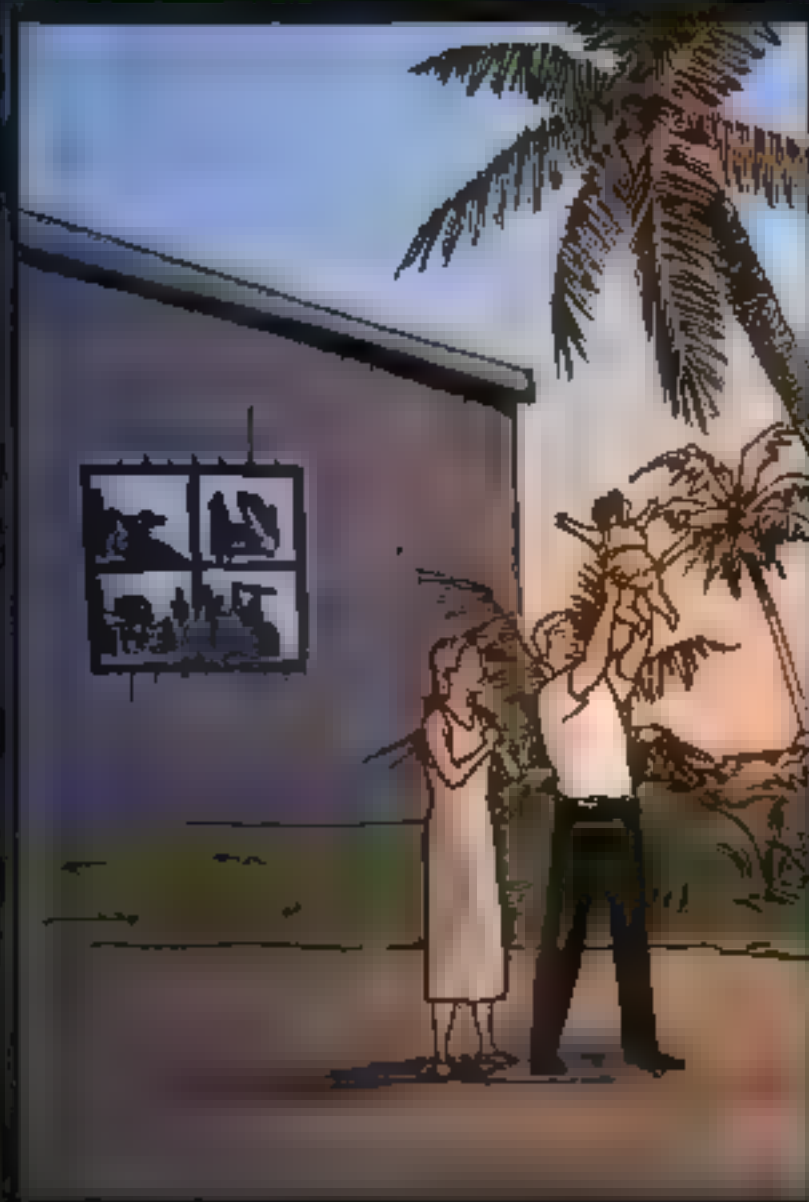
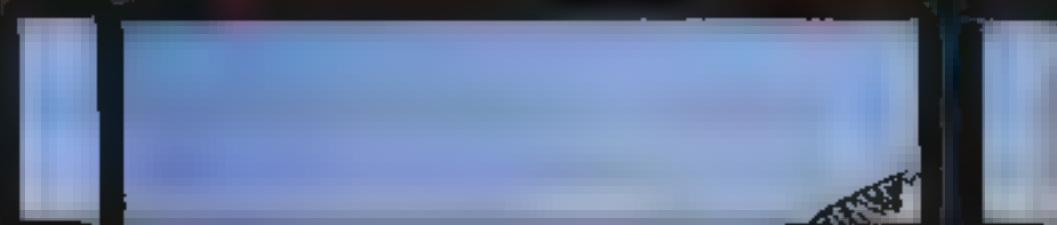
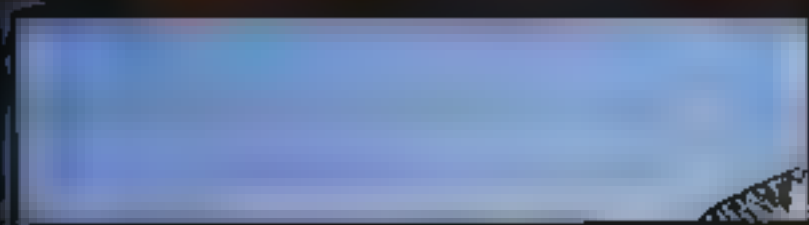
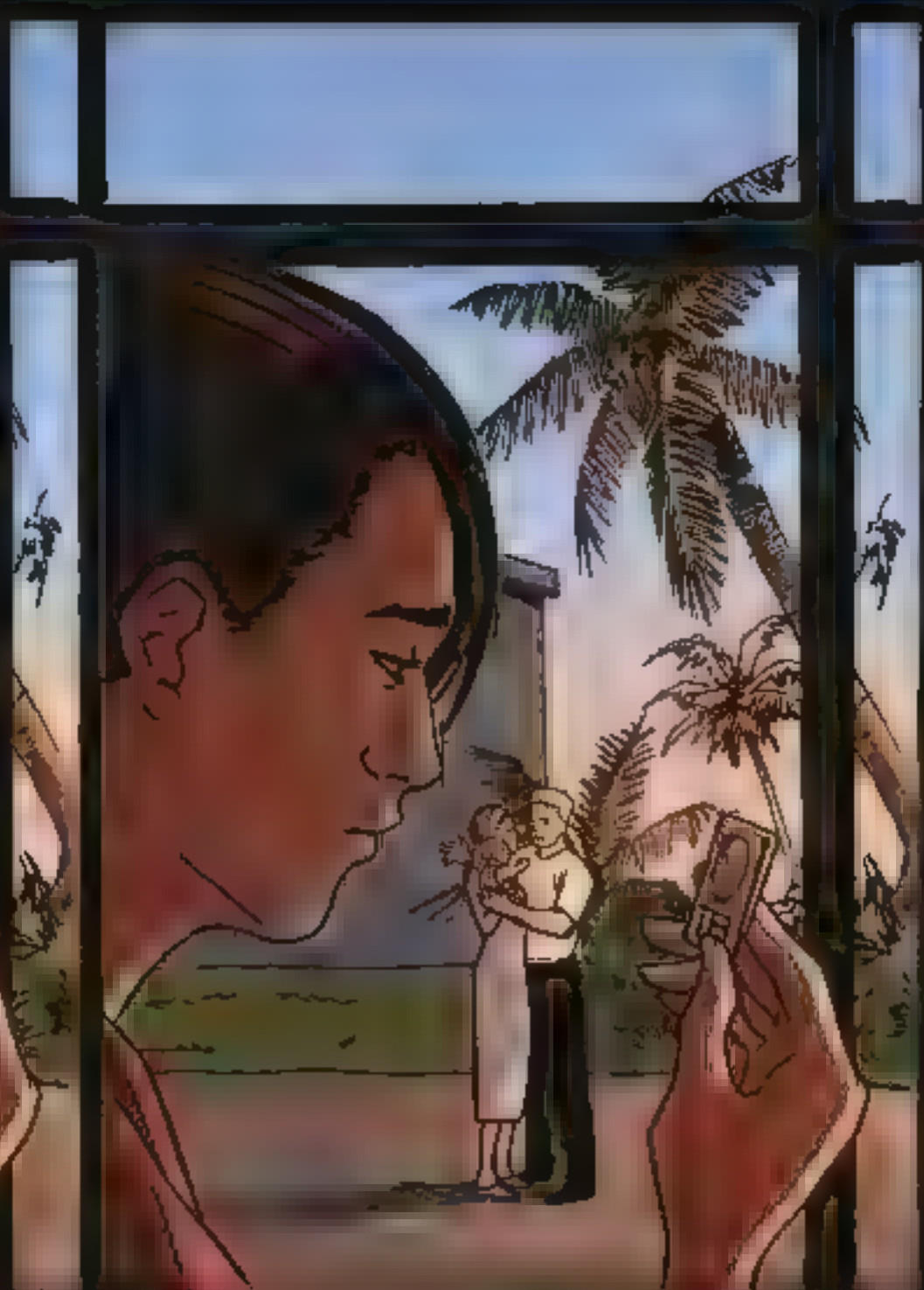
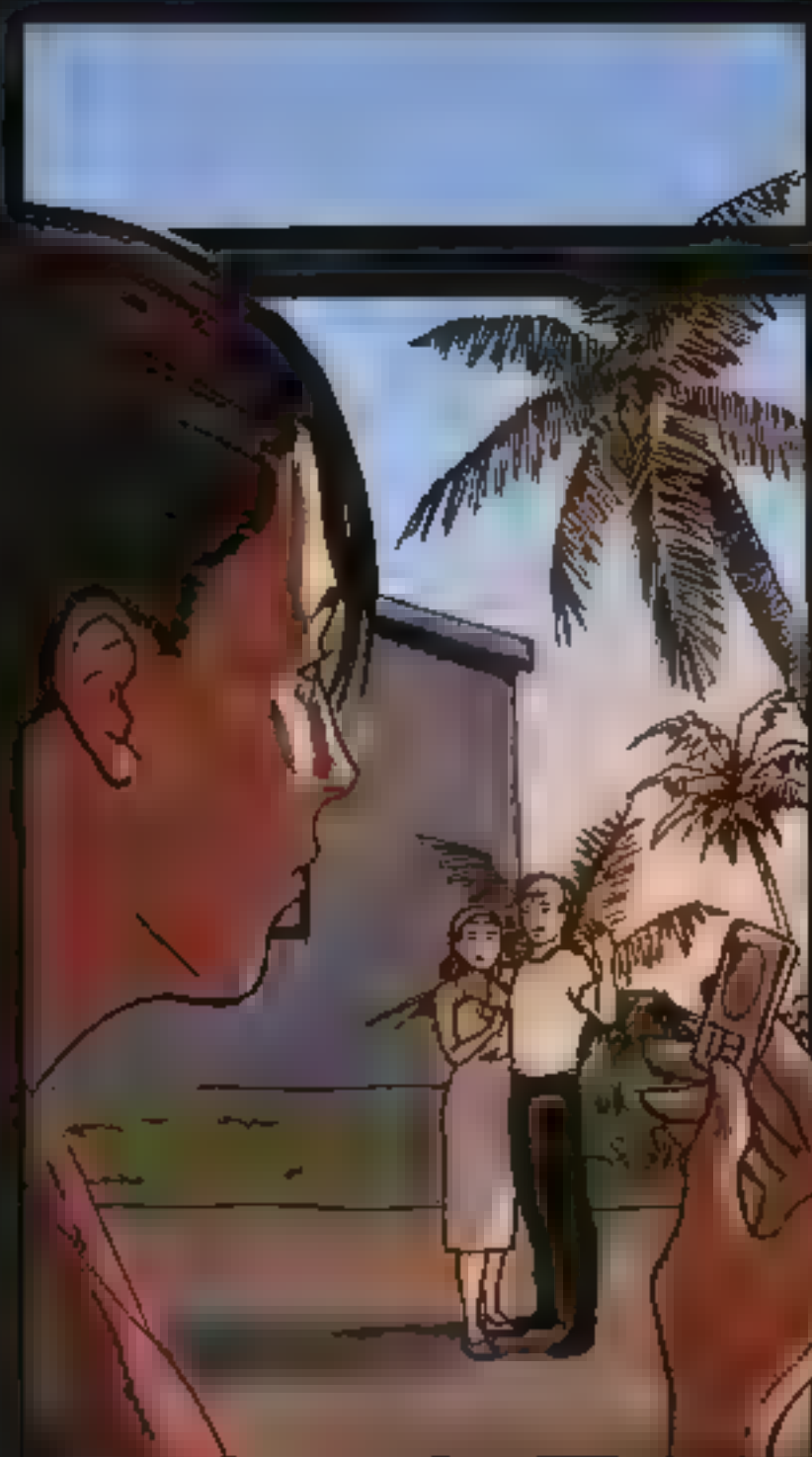
Whatever private hell you've sentenced yourself to, perhaps you should consider that you've earned a bit of a reprieve.

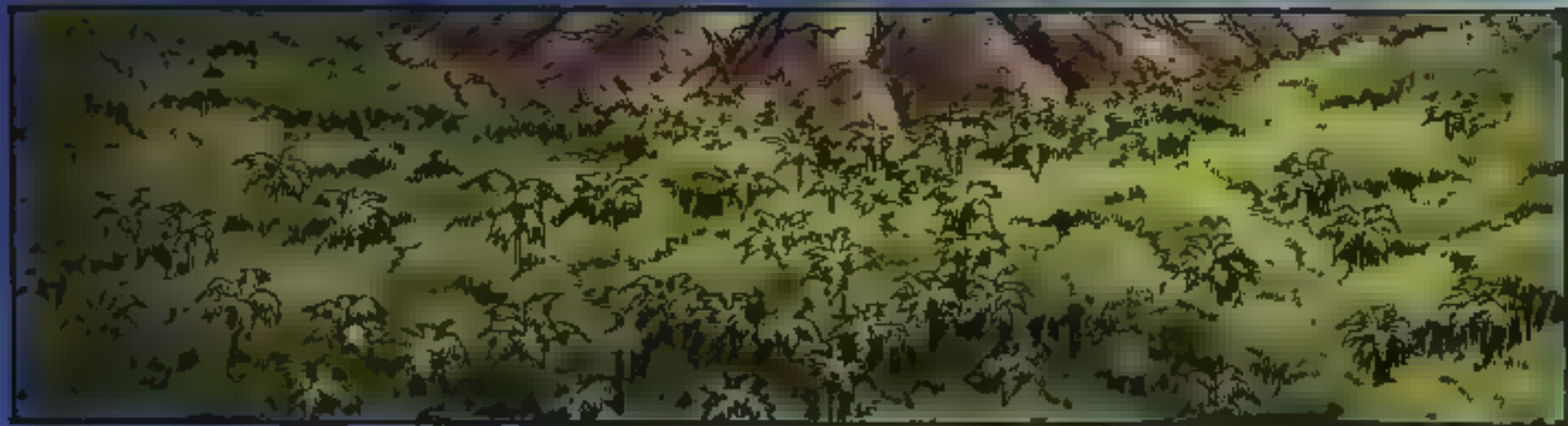
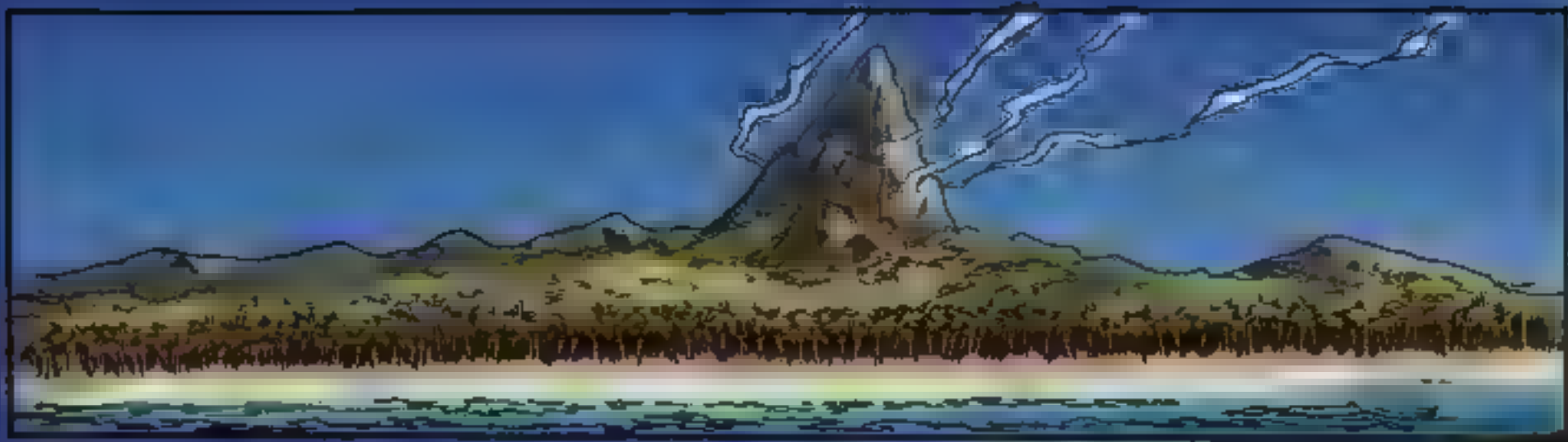
Yeah? What would you suggest?











THE END



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